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PEOPLE AND POLITICS

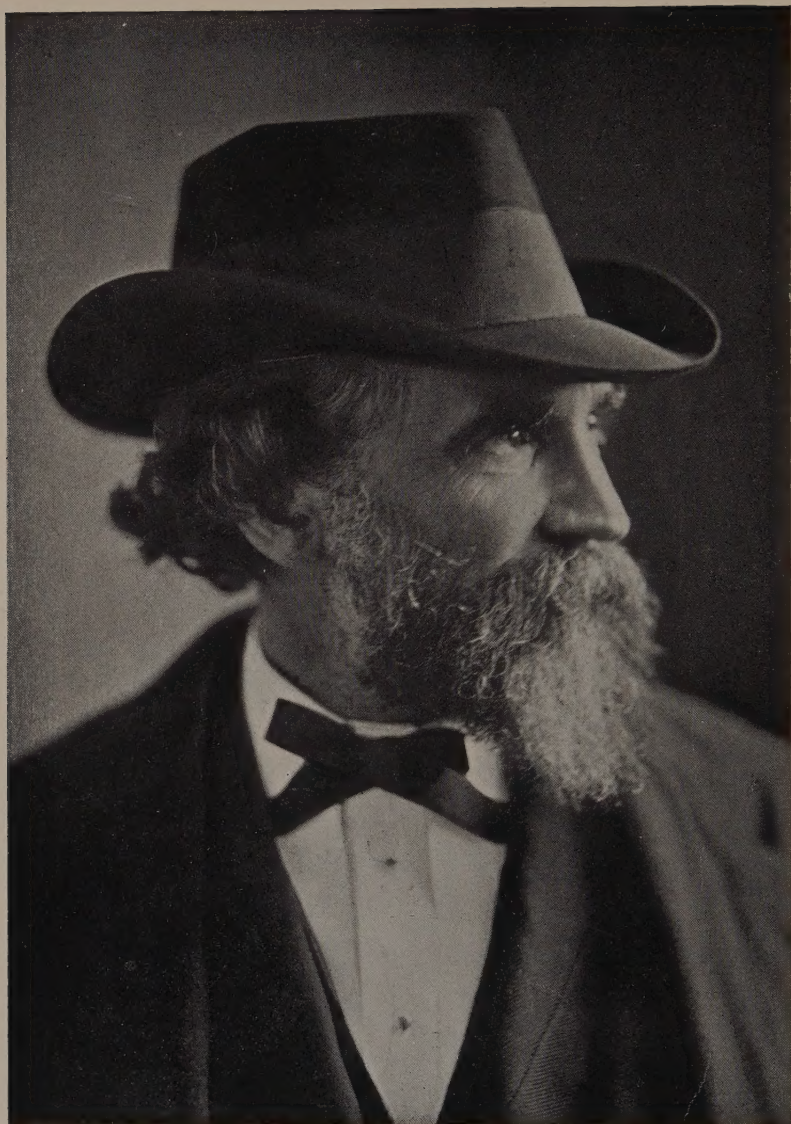


Photo. by Sarony

SAMUEL BOWLES THE ELDER.

Frontispiece.

PEOPLE AND POLITICS

OBSERVED BY A
MASSACHUSETTS EDITOR

BY
SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN

With illustrations



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TO THE LONG LINE OF FINE FELLOWS
WHO HAD PART IN MY NEWSPAPER LIFE
OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY
ON
THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN
THESE MEMORIES ARE
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFACE

THE PURPOSE

“Do you think you have had a fortunate life?” asked my wife after we had been discussing the passing of a friend. Since I have no fellowship with troubled souls who waste time and force in introspection, the interrogation was disconcerting. But as thought came of the lines wherein my lot had been cast — of surroundings of boyhood, of the joy experienced in my own home, and in newspaper work long sustained; of the friends made, and of the city wherein I had lived and toiled; above all, of the interesting people with whom I had come in contact, and the public events observed at close range and often with intimate knowledge of them — as all these considerations passed in panoramic survey, there seemed to be but one reply to make to the challenging question.

As not before apprehended came the conviction that more of the fullness of life had come to me than falls to most persons. Education comes through experience, and my experiences, while intensive — in that I had been allied with only one stated calling — had been broadly manifold, insomuch as newspaper work touches men and events at all points.

So had come enrichment and many satisfactions. To tell something of this has been the purpose of my writing.

This is not a book with a mission, one prepared to advocate a cause or to establish any contentions. It is the simple story of some of the happenings of a busy life, and so preserves impressions and matters believed to be of general interest. Richter has said that "Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out", — and that is why autobiographical writing appeals as one's years become many. It permits living in the paradise of recollection, for all human experience is suggestive of our own. When Pope declared that "the proper study of mankind is man" he uncovered the kinship universal. Most of all do we love to read about the people of "our own time", for they seem part of us. But happily for those who write, that which appeals to us may interest those who belong to other generations. By such touchstone these scattering recollections and observations may reveal some measure of justification.

SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN.

February, 1923.

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PART I

PICTURES OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE

PEOPLE AND POLITICS

I

SPRINGFIELD IN THE SEVENTIES

SPRINGFIELD in 1872 was a homogeneous municipality of the best New England sort, having a population of about thirty thousand. The Federal census of two years before gave it 26,703. In July of that year a boy, then nearing twenty years of age, born in Williamstown, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, first saw the attractive little city. He came down from the hills by way of Pittsfield, and from the Boston and Albany train of which Stephen Chapin was conductor first beheld the "winding and willow-fringed Connecticut", as Doctor J. G. Holland had characterized the river in his recently published "Kathrina", much read by college boys. The stream was impressive and beautiful in its great sweep. Not so the big, barnlike shed into which the train rolled after crossing the river, — the departed old railroad station on the west side of Main Street, so long despised and execrated, but destined ere its life was ended to impart many memories to this youth entering a city of fine character that was destined to have a splendid future.

At that time railroad tracks passed over Main Street at grade, and so the north half of Springfield was cut off from the south half when trains moved east and west through the city over the Boston and Albany Railroad. The people bore with that handicap on their free movement as they did with rain, or any other accepted inevitability, for railroad crossings at grade were a commonplace of that time, and regarded as an inescapable part of the progress which the age of steam had brought.

Into that railroad "depot" — for so it was almost universally called — came also the tracks of the Connecticut River Railroad, from the north; and those of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, from the south. People went out of town and returned "by the cars." The effect of this focusing of railroad facilities was to concentrate important business interests on the west side of Main Street. People passing to and from the old railroad station walked on that side of the street, and merchants wished to appeal to them going and coming. The east side of Main Street was for this reason considered less desirable for business purposes.

Circuses no longer exhibited as of old on the Barnes lot, but not for many years was that open stretch of land to be built upon and take its important place in the business heart of the city, and the east side of Main Street to be considered the equal, or superior, of the west side.

The Barnes lot originally extended on Main Street from Bridge Street to Harrison Avenue, and swept eastward to Chestnut Street. At this time Dwight

Street was continued from Harrison Avenue to Lyman Street, and Hillman Street was laid out. The First Baptist Church stood on Main Street, on the northerly corner of Harrison Avenue, the site now occupied by the *Republican* building of my day. From the steeple of the church an irritatingly sharp bell pierced the Sunday morning calm. Harry Keene, a *Republican* reporter, and brother of James R. Keene, Wall Street magnate of the time, used to say that the bell always awakened him and said, "Go to hell! Go to hell!" Ever after, when the Baptist bell rang, one could hear that irreverent message, and no other. From the church northward to Bridge Street there were only a few insignificant buildings, and a large photographer's car was not out of place in their company.

Soon the town brook was to be diverted in North Main Street and led into the Connecticut River. It had hitherto carried the drainage of Ferry and other streets, but now more sewers were to be provided. Houses were being numbered in a systematic way. The year 1872 saw some two hundred new buildings erected, but the demand remained greater than the supply. The old toll bridge across the Connecticut River to West Springfield had just been made free. All of which suggests how long village ways lingered behind the city's growth. The elm trees of old days had not entirely departed from Main Street. Nor were they so decadent on Court Square as to call for the planting of pin oaks.

Turning north on leaving the railroad station, one came to the "Granite Building", well known as the

headquarters of the Boston and Albany Railroad, whose president, Chester W. Chapin, graduate from the ancient stagecoach, lived in Springfield. That now lightly esteemed office building was planned by Henry H. Richardson, of New York, the architect who blessed Springfield with the beauty of the Church of the Unity, and later designed the Hampden County Courthouse and the present North Church. Across Main Street from the Boston and Albany building were Cooley's Hotel and the headquarters office of the Connecticut River Railroad. Its president, Daniel L. Harris, also lived in Springfield. He had been a successful bridge builder before making railroading his absorbing business. Here and beyond lay Ward One, of more or less blessed memory in local politics.

And so past the Memorial Church and Round Hill, the north end extended until the Chicopee line was reached. Near that line, on a height, were the estate and house of Doctor J. G. Holland, which he had named Brightwood, and so calling it, builded better than he knew, for the name was later applied to the important manufacturing district which grew up below in sight of what had been the Holland house, by the side of the railroad and nearer the Connecticut River. Doctor Holland made his literary reputation on the *Republican* from 1848 to 1866. In 1870 he joined with Roswell Smith in establishing *Scribner's Monthly*, afterwards the *Century*.

But we are outrunning the knowledge then possessed by the young traveler. He turned to the south and proceeded across Railroad Row to the

Massassoit House, Springfield's best known hotel, which had long before won national fame for its cuisine in general, and its matchless waffles in particular. It was a rambling building, or rather buildings, built of brick, and painted a light color, with a respectable but not imposing front. On the Main Street corner was a narrow iron balcony opening from the first floor above the street, wherefrom guests of the hotel, persons often of national or international fame, looked down upon the railroad crossing and street scenes of very limited reach. Ethan S. and Marvin Chapin were masters of the Massassoit House, austere and highly regarded citizens, intelligent and informed beyond hotel keeping, with homes in a desirable residential quarter of the city. The Chapin farm, near where the Springfield Hospital buildings now are, was conducted by a relative, and sent its products to the hotel.

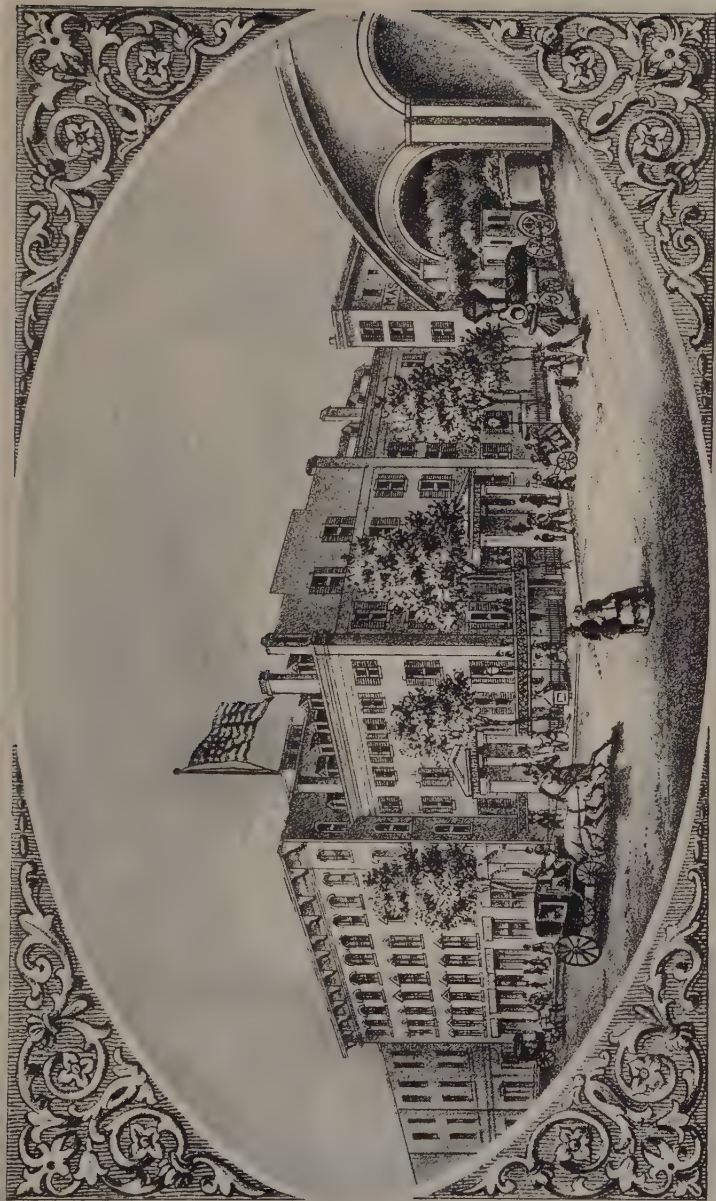
A good many blocks to the southward, past the old wooden North Church on the west side of Main Street, was the Haynes Hotel, conducted with more of the hustle of the time by its creator, Tilly Haynes, one of Springfield's forceful citizens. He managed its only playhouse, and to his hotel actors and commercial men were especially drawn. P. T. Barnum once sought an alliance with Mr. Haynes, and no doubt such a union of aggressive forces would have proved mutually advantageous, had the Springfield man then consented to leave the city he loved. To ride into the circus ring behind six beautiful horses, sitting beside the great showman, was a memorable experience yet to come. Nor does one forget how

Mr. Barnum's flagrantly false teeth clicked as he talked.

A block southward from the Haynes House, on the west side of Main Street, was Springfield's Court Square, with its ancient First Church building, Courthouse and City Hall, resembling the plaza of cities in Spain or Latin America. Here centered the city's public life. The residential quarter once lay chiefly thereabouts, but now old families who lived on the flat were comparatively few. Eastward, southward and northward the houses constituting what Frederic R. Guernsey later called in the *Boston Herald* "The City of Homes" were being built. The appellation was to adhere to Springfield long after Mr. Guernsey had gone to do newspaper work of exceptional quality in the City of Mexico, until the overthrow of President Diaz let chaos loose and ruined the *Mexican Herald*.

Again we are drifting while the boy awaits introduction to the man who was to influence his life beyond other men outside the home in Berkshire. From the Haynes House, corner of Pyncheon Street, Abner P. Hitchcock, who not long before had come down from Williams College to work on the *Springfield Republican*, pointed diagonally across Main Street to the building of the Second National Bank, and said, "There's the home of the paper." This stood on the site of the Union Trust Company building of to-day.

Aside from the banking quarters which occupied half of the first story, the *Republican* dominated the building. In addition to the equipment incident to



FAMOUS OLD MASSASOIT HOUSE IN SPRINGFIELD.

[By kind permission of Horace P. Wright].

the publication of the newspaper, there were job printing and binding departments, which had produced a fabulous number of albums for the preservation of photographs, such as were then to be found in every home in America. There, too, were turned out the convenient annual calendars of the paper — they still persist — for Samuel Bowles and Company had established a national reputation for making calendars of many kinds. But dissolution of the old partnership had been decreed by Mr. Bowles, who retained only the newspaper, and to it was given his entire attention.

Our entrance to the *Republican* office of 1872 was made on a Thursday, the day when the *Weekly Republican* was issued, — a matter of which, unhappily as it turned out, no note had been taken by the young men. The production of the *Weekly* brought Samuel Bowles into intensest action. His father had founded it, and upon it the son had grafted the daily. He cherished to the day of his death pride in the old paper, and gave it watchful attention. Behold Hitchcock, then, not long on the staff, leading the newcomer, like a lamb to the slaughter, into the little central room in the editorial department, where a bow window looked out into Townsley Avenue. The place was untenanted, and furnished with a single chair behind a broad flat-topped desk. This chair the visitor assumed, placing his tall gray felt hat, with its wide black band — a very popular style at the colleges — on the desk.

Not very long after was heard the sharp tapping of moving feet, and an absorbed man, with a scowl

upon his face, briskly entered. The boy reached for the hat — it seemed to him then to loom like a mountain — sprang to his feet, and stood at attention. It was a tense moment. Mr. Bowles had just completed in the composing room the closing of the *Weekly* forms and his absorption had not yet relaxed. "What can I do for you?" was snapped out like the crack of a whip. In silence a letter was passed over which conveyed the fact that the youth before him was the person for whom an interview had been arranged by his father and Professor A. L. Perry.

The letter was hastily scanned, and the editor said, "I don't believe I have any place for you!" To this, response was made that there appeared to be a misunderstanding. The visitor had not come to ask for a place, but to get the advice of Mr. Bowles as to the desirability of reading for a year in preparation for newspaper work. The fact was — not then or after explained — that the applicant had been first baseman on the successful Mutual Baseball Club of Berkshire County, which included the best part of the Williams nine, and had hoped after leaving college to play baseball for another season, at the same time doing something — or much — to equip himself for newspaper work and a looked-for opening in New York City. But older heads had led him into this trap.

"What have you done?" said the imperative voice.

"Nothing, Mr. Bowles."

"Have you not done much of the work on the college paper?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is something," he went on. "Can you begin work at once?"

"No, sir," replied the culprit with some heat. By this time the scowl had disappeared and there was something sunshiny about the eyes of the great man that made the boy feel easier in spirit.

"Can you come next Wednesday?"

"Yes, sir," was the ready and smiling response.

So ended the young man's dream of enjoying more of the delights of baseball, and he found himself facing, with full seriousness now, the stern realities of a life that was to be absorbed by this masterful man, a great newspaper, and a greater calling, to which he had felt drawn from boyhood. He had contributed local news and descriptive letters to the *Pittsfield Eagle*, the *North Adams Transcript*, the *Lee Gleaner*, the *Troy Times* and the *New York Globe*. His only pay had been the regular receipt of some of these publications, and that, to his unsophisticated judgment, appeared large reward.

Now he was destined to begin real newspaper work at an initial salary of twenty-five dollars per month, — surely princely pay to one who had not before earned regular money by his own efforts. But above all, here was the coveted start. Let it be added that never thereafter was a raise of pay asked for. As the newcomer grew in his work the Bowleses, father and son, recognized it with an enlarged pay envelope up to the limit fixed for the editorial department.

II

THE ADVANTAGES OF ENVIRONMENT

IN nothing does the writer account his life more fortunate than in this engagement to enter journalism by way of the *Springfield Republican*. He was, for one thing, to live in an exceptionally desirable community, and to have a share in suburban, as well as urban life. I do not know of another region offering choicer attractions in scenery and people.

County seats have an advantage over other towns and cities, and nowhere has this meant more than in Massachusetts. Springfield, Northampton, Greenfield, Lenox and Pittsfield, in the western counties of the State, were given not only distinction by the presence of the courts, but the intellectual stimulus which court sittings brought early established a status above that of neighboring communities. This counted for much in the years before the advent of more rapid transportation. Judges made long tarries, and with the lawyers entered into the local life to an extent no longer possible.

In that unhurried time the adjustment of values may have been saner, as it surely was more pervadingly sound. Larger recognition was given to the cultivated side of life, and those who paid heed to the amenities were highly regarded. So came

a recognized aristocracy of education, brains and social accomplishment.

But the character early stamped upon Springfield was in process of change. The time when parsons, judges, lawyers and professional men were most looked up to in the community was passing, or had gone. The era of railroads had affected conditions in many ways, and the inhabitants of a prosperous city no longer, as in the olden time, drew their prosperity mainly from the fertile meadows of the Connecticut valley immediately adjacent to Springfield, or further removed up and down the river. Railroading and manufacturing claimed an increasing measure of attention, and were growingly productive sources of activity, income and power. In mercantile business the city was reaching out for the trade of the region. Thus my association with Springfield began during a most interesting and critical phase of its transition, when wise or unwise direction was to determine how far old attractions and virtues were to be retained.

To the outside world Springfield was most widely known on the material side through the United States Armory, and the Smith and Wesson revolver; as it was on the intellectual side as the home of Webster's Dictionary and of the *Republican*. The armorers had long been esteemed a remarkably intelligent group of mechanics, who had pride in their work, and thought for themselves. But they were no longer alone in this. The men who made revolvers ranked in quality with those who turned out rifles, and a varied line of manufacturing had come to

diversify the city's industries. Thereby the base of its business life was broadened and strengthened.

Fortunately, not to this day has the city developed any one manufacturing interest so dominant as to constitute anything like its overshadowing asset, thereby to become a crushing liability in periods of financial distress. Bad times had not oppressed us to the extent operative in other places not having a many-sided commercial activity comparable with ours.

There was a more intimate relationship between the inhabitants of that small Springfield than has been possible since. Men and women knew each other more generally, by sight if not through social contact. There was social differentiation, but awe of the "old families" was being dissipated as it became manifest that dry rot was taking hold of many family trees that once flourished and towered, but were exhibiting in their branches and trunks unlovely signs of decay. Self-centered and resourceful men who had not come of socially elect families, or had entered from the outside, mutually indifferent to local pretensions, were coming to the front, with many more to follow them. Those new to the city saw things that were less evident to citizens who had grown up in it. But residents of Maple Street and vicinity, typical leaders of an exclusive social life, were obliged to take note of new elements that were advancing in a way to imperil an ancient and cherished supremacy.

There was something amusingly — or pathetically according to the point of view — provincial, about

factors in the old order, hitherto so sure of itself, but now lacking in perspective and grasp of present potentialities. Women were slower to see what was coming than the men, as old Springfield was pushed into the background and the way opened for a larger and more democratic, if it may be somewhat less cultivated, social life, where not much trace was to be left of distinctions once sharply existent.

There was charm and high satisfaction to be found in the best life of old New England, both in its outstanding personalities and in the atmosphere it had created in such a place as Springfield. One loves to recall the departed leadership of strong men and women once important in this city. Individualism certainly flourished more abundantly when the conditions of living were simpler, and when there was less of organization and of tiresomely mechanical efficiency in business and living. Small need was there at the time of which we write to consider the now vastly complicated relationship between capital and labor.

But change is the ever-commanding element in human experience, and we are forced to witness it, to move with it, whether with good grace or ill. It was a most attractive Springfield to which one's whole-hearted allegiance could be given, but one that was on the threshold of many overturnings of what had been, as growth in business brought increasing changes in the composition of our population.

Very gratifying is it that in honest government, in civic pride and watchfulness, the loss during the pro-

cess of absorbing one hundred thousand more people has been, upon the whole, so small, and the perpetuation of ideals and worthy achievements so great. As a conserving force it is only fair that large recognition be given to the press of the city for the preservation of standards that are essential to wholesome municipal conditions. If not at all times supremely wise, the daily papers have maintained their honor, which is the taproot of good service.

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III

ENTRANCE INTO A GREAT SCHOOL

IT has long seemed to the writer that in preparation for an effective ministry, an embryonic clergyman might serve himself and enrich his calling by spending at least one year in the local department of a newspaper. It does not much matter whether this be done in a large city or a small one, for human efforts, hopes and troubles do not differ with size of communities. The injunction "Know thyself" comprehends knowledge of one's fellows. In the Christian ministry, above all other callings, there is need for sympathy, reinforced by acquaintance with life. That tact is most potent which has familiarity with the problems under consideration.

I saw the validity of this theory beautifully demonstrated by the too short life work of Reverend William E. Wolcott, brother of the brilliant United States Senator from Colorado, Edward O. Wolcott, and an associate at one time on the *Republican*, who rendered the finest kind of service in the manufacturing city of Lawrence. Knowledge and sympathy knit Reverend Mr. Wolcott to his flock, made up considerably of toilers in the mills, with bonds exceptionally strong and tender. When, after his death, the church building burned, these friends of Wolcott risked their lives to save his portrait.

Certainly the newspaper worker who puts his best into his profession is all the time learning about people and social conditions, and the wider the range of interests he can touch, the better will be the equipment for his daily work. How much had been learned by the writer in boyhood and college was not then appreciated, for later it became plain that everything acquired will at some time come into play in journalism.

Our adventurer into newspaper life in Springfield thought it the part of wisdom to empty the mind of prepossessions, and make a new start. Delightful as had been the life in Williamstown, that chapter in a limited environment was closed. For the future he must act for himself and sit as an independent court to weigh men and affairs. Too much deference to conventions is a handicap from which most men free themselves slowly, while some never do this to any considerable degree.

It was my good fortune to be brought into close relationship with a remarkably virile and independent personality. Samuel Bowles was a recognized leader in the high-minded and progressive journalism of his time. After Mr. Bowles's death I gathered estimates from leading journalists who had known him — Joseph Medill, Henry Watterson, Charles A. Dana, Murat Halstead, Joseph Pulitzer, Horace White, General Joseph R. Hawley, Alexander K. McClure and others — and all held him to have been in his time perhaps the brightest star in the American newspaper firmament. I have not known another man so compelling and fascinating.

In a small provincial city, Mr. Bowles was making a distinctive newspaper of national and international fame. He realized the growing power of the press and its fine possibilities, and was jealous of its dignity and good name. To it he gave undivided allegiance, even life itself, and demanded like devotion and sacrifice from those who worked under him. He was punctilious about the niceties of newspaper-making in typography and text. To him it was an art demanding the utmost attention and the most scrupulous care. In these things he was an inspiration to editors near and remote.

Fortunate were the young men who came under his instruction, and no one on the staff worth spending time upon failed to be impressed with this. Graduates of the *Republican* then and after went out with the stamp of the master upon them, and experienced little difficulty in finding work to do in fields that were larger, and usually less well tilled. How many men passed a longer or shorter time in that admirable but not formally declared School of Journalism! And most of them to justify their training, and to dignify newspaper work.

As a rule good sense had large play at that time in the making of newspapers. The majority of editors felt themselves under contract to serve their readers with intelligence and good taste. It was left for a later time, with its commercial appeal for circulation at all costs, to introduce elements that were to confuse those simple standards, and to depress the tone of journalism. There was exciting fiction in vogue — older readers will remember the

Beadle dime novels well-bred boys furtively partook of — but not in the newspapers to any great extent. For people to whom *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* made slight appeal, the *Waverley* magazine offered innocuous fiction more or less trashy, the forerunner of a crop of modern "popular" magazines. A pink-tinted weekly paper told of criminals and crime.

But not yet had come a press that was to mix deliberately the dime novel and sensational and criminal doings for daily reading in a manner calculated to beget distorted views of life. Nor had the period arrived when newspapers strove to place a sample of all their goods on the first page, after the fashion of the shop window of an old-time Bowery merchant, who bellowed his wares and sought to compel all who came his way to become purchasers.

Old-fashioned was journalism then? It may have been when judged by some modern standards. But it was self-respecting and helpful; it paid careful regard to the rights of the reader; and it gave him straightforward service and reliable goods. One could take pride in his calling, and possess the assurance that there would be no bad taste in the mouth after the day's work was done. The continuity of news stories was preserved, with little skipping here and there over the pages of the paper or the magazine. Capitals were used sparingly. It became a saying among tramp printers — most interesting of our nomads — that "Only Jesus Christ and Sam Bowles were capitalized on the *Republican*." There was no muddle of loose sheets to flop about as

one read his paper. Uncommercialized common sense forbade the use of what was known in country printing offices as "stud horse type", but made display type the servant of sensible oversight, whether in advertising or the headlines of reading matter. The sum of it all was a satisfying service and self-respecting merchandising. The use of big black type leaves a paper with lessened resource when really great news is precipitated. It is forced to make itself a poster.

Let no one imagine, because these desirable things were characteristic of journalism in the seventies, the product was dull, unenterprising or inadequate. As a recorder of things worth knowing, of life and the experiences of men and women in adequate portrayal, that product will well bear comparison with the newspaper work of our time. Better news stories were never printed than appeared in the *Republican*, the *New York Sun*, the *New York Tribune* and other papers, not to speak of strong and individual editorial writing. The practice of giving the gist of an article in the first paragraph had long been fundamental in the *Republican's* teaching, as was the now too little considered art of putting much in little. When copy was set by hand, and typesetting machines were unknown, such compact writing there must be.

This was not only to the advantage of the patrons of the paper but it assisted in producing a well-considered and effective literary style. There was a minimum of confusion in writing so circumstanced, because clarity of expression was at a premium. The

Bowles teaching demanded that we get at the meat of a subject, and reject the husks that concealed it. Clearness, strength and carrying power were resultants of the process.

Mr. Bowles held that nothing in life is alien to the newspaper, which in turn is morally bound to see things in proper perspective and so to present them to the public. In this way everything in the university of life was for the study of the newspaperman. But as one acquired widely, so must he digest his knowledge, that it might be presented so as to serve the public welfare. Young men thus inspired were impelled to advance the best interests of the community, the State and the nation.

An atmosphere of enthusiasm and high purpose stimulates young men, and all educational institutions crave it. It was as such an institution that Mr. Bowles regarded his newspaper, which dealt much with young college graduates. By their advent the staff was recruited. The training of newcomers was irksome business, but youths with the divine spark in them yielded results that benefited journalism generally as they passed beyond the small pay the paper could afford to give them. "The *Republican* is as much an institution as any of the colleges," Mr. Bowles said to me. That is why it was his practice habitually to say, "The paper must do this." He seldom or never employed the personal pronoun. We were co-workers in a common cause, and so to esteem ourselves. The paper was the thing. When newspapers and all who serve them get such an understanding and sense of responsibility as this, they

are ready to render fitting and disinterested service most abundantly. This man was big enough to lift all who served him to the plane of his own wide and fine outlook.

IV

STRENUOUS EARLY DAYS OF SERVICE

THE paper was facing a stressful time when I began to serve it. The publisher of the *Republican*, Clark W. Bryan; the managing editor, William M. Pomeroy; and the local editor, Edward H. Phelps, all trained by Mr. Bowles, and long in the service, had left him. His brother, Benjamin F. Bowles, father of Admiral Francis T. Bowles, was still in the business department. Only Frank B. Sanborn remained of the old-timers in the editorial department, and he lived in Concord. There were try-outs of new men to be made that must have been infinitely wearying. Square pegs would not go in round holes. But while this repair work was in progress, the paper lost no ground permanently, and was in time to be more firmly established than before.

But the unstinted effort necessary to accomplish this result undermined the health of the editor. Six years later Mr. Bowles passed out of this life, and on the wintry day of his burial, Charles R. Miller of the *New York Times* remained with me beside the open grave. Only Doctor David P. Smith, an alert military figure, lingered at its head. Miller turned to me and said, "It was worth it." So we who worked under a master in his calling ever regarded

that life of toilsome service and brilliant accomplishment which was ended at fifty-one years, January 16, 1878. It had left its distinct and permanent mark upon the journalism of the United States.

It may be asked how the influence of the man and the paper made itself felt. Fellow workers upon important newspapers read and digested the *Republican* as few other papers were studied. Of even greater effect was the circulation of the *Weekly Republican* among editors of lesser journals scattered over the country. Into that went the cream of each day's issue. It colored thinking. Everywhere the *Republican* was recognized for thoughtful and finished work that was infused with conscience and force. It was no weak echo of any party, man or paper, but spoke with assured independence. For long years before, and in the years after the death of its creator, no newspaper was more widely quoted, and its opinions commanded respect. If there was not always agreement with them, there was awakening of thought. It had value as an irritant as well as a leader. In content and handling of news it was also an example.

People of a later time ask how Samuel Bowles looked. George S. Merriam wrote of him, "No more interesting and commanding figure ever moved through the streets than his—with a tall form, a little bowed, a face of manly beauty, with great black, divining eyes,—a man who knew everybody, and was full-charged with power like a living dynamo."

Mr. Bowles in my time entered a Main Street

basement eating place where oysters were taken from the shell. The proprietor opened Mr. Bowles's bivalves under the eyes of his customer, and afterward said, "I was afraid. He looked through my soul down to my boots!"

In a letter to the *New York Tribune* Charles K. Webb ("John Paul") pictured him at Saratoga as, "That tall gentleman who would be taller if he did not stoop a little, his incisive if not aggressive head and face thrust slightly forward as though to meet you in argument or repartee at least half way, his bright keen eye taking in everything that passed, yet betraying kindness in its depths that surprises those who know him only by his newspaper writings, a man whom you would at once set down as decidedly out of the common, editor and proprietor of the foremost and best-known newspaper of New England."

By great good fortune, not long before his last illness, Mr. Bowles happened on Colonel Henry Watterson in New York and went with him to Sarony's. After Watterson's sittings, the photographer forced Mr. Bowles into the chair. From these photographs the three paintings of Mr. Bowles by Thomas W. Wood were made for the family, for the Springfield Public Library and for the editorial department of the paper. The editors paid for that painting — I have that now ancient subscription paper — which was to hang forever in the editorial department. No other photographs are in anywise adequate, but these preserve the free and striking outward semblance of the man and reveal some-

thing of his spirit. I am using for the first time the one most characteristic of our great chief.

He had two bearings, one for working hours, and the other for his home. In the one he was tense and self-centered, and in the other the interested head of the family, and the gracious, delightful host. In many ways the hospitality of Richard Olney reminded me of that of Mr. Bowles, who at his own table could be as appealing and bewitching as a brilliant woman. Out of office hours in his home Mr. Bowles was full of kindly interest in the young men who served him. He could illuminate a bewildering political situation with a sentence that shot light into it. In the office he was intent upon the manifold tasks in hand. He was suggestive to his editorial men, but expected them to supply inspiration if he failed to give it.

His one fault, to my mind, was in failing to commend work well done. He seemed to expect an intuitive knowledge of his approval, while quick with sharp comment if a writer failed to achieve what had been expected. Because of this we many times groped, when a word of commendation would have cleared the way. He was a continual inspiration, and from his presence and writings we were constantly absorbing much. He had a large and intimate acquaintance with public men, and by contact and correspondence kept hold upon all vital happenings in politics. He had wide acquaintance with the editors of the country, and the estimate which they placed upon him has been set forth.

The power of personality was recognized by every

person brought in contact with Mr. Bowles. Editors in the vicinage experienced it. Each talk with him aroused the impulse for betterment, and gave larger sense of the possibilities and responsibilities of work that had been up to that time scarcely regarded as a profession. It was give and take between the editor of the *Republican* and the men at the head of the great papers ; but they, too, got inspiration.

Joseph Pulitzer told me long afterward that his full sense of the mission of journalism was begotten of talks with Mr. Bowles in Saratoga, whither he had come from St. Louis, and where the two tired men rested. Then were planted, or deepened, purposes that were to end in the purchase by Mr. Pulitzer of the *New York World*, and its dedication to the protection of public interests. He retained his St. Louis paper as he moved east to obtain a larger field of influence.

Mr. Pulitzer's advent brought many departures from hitherto accepted newspaper practices. He boldly threw over many old ways. When he declared the column rule no longer sacred, it seemed like trifling with the holy of holies. The use of illustrations was soon to become general as the processes of reproduction were perfected. This help to newspaper making had long been sought. Many of the Pulitzer innovations possessing obvious advantages came into general use. Others he abandoned as large success came to the *World*, to see them afterwards picked up by William R. Hearst and carried to extremes.

Thereby came an influence yet more seriously

affecting the appearance and quality of newspapers. Too few escaped the contagion of detriment. Happily, the *New York Times*, whose editor was a Bowles product, steadily kept the old faith in the desire of a great section of the American people for sensible, unsensational and honest service. That the *Times* has achieved large success along high lines offers healthful suggestion to all newspapers. Other important papers belong to that sensible and self-respecting school wherein values are weighed.

The *Republican* was prominent in the seventies for painstaking intelligence in illuminating the rather meager telegraphic news service of that time. Date lines used were few. The Associated Press was not permitted to edit this journal, and matter which came over the wires and cost money did not thereby acquire preference. The paper interpreted and individualized the general news as well as local happenings.

Processes of standardization in newspaper making were yet afar off. No syndicated matter was available, and "features" were produced at home. Originality was encouraged, and led to results that distinguished the paper. The *Republican* evolved its own ideas and executed them. Its product was "tailor-made" and not "ready-made", as a wise old printer expressed it when discussing modern fashions in journalism in contrast with the individuality of that period.

No part of the paper escaped thorough editing, and the result was quite as satisfying to readers as to the editors. Modern frenzies in the way of

extreme headlines, overemployment of leads, and a superfluity of often indifferent illustrations, have more and more combined to make the reader's progress difficult and nerve-wearing. Is there not to be a return to better art in the typography of newspapers?

V

COMRADES OF THOSE FIRST YEARS

IN the light of "the *Republican's* way" there may have been some advantage in breaking in a new crew, eagerly responsive to the ideas of a remarkable leader. Our managing editor was Edward P. Clark, two years out of Yale, thorough and painstaking, devoted to his calling, and an excellent drill-master. In handling election returns and the like he had no superior. Not long after the death of the chief Mr. Clark left the paper. He served several papers in larger cities, and finally found congenial surroundings and exceptional opportunity as an editorial writer on the *New York Evening Post*. When he died his wife, Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, made record of a very useful life under the fitting caption, "A Soldier of Conscience" — for that he always was. No shadow fell upon our friendship.

The leading editorial writer was Wilmot L. Warren, who dealt with social and financial topics, writing also upon politics. He was a strong man of broad sympathies. His writing had the shrewd and philosophic flavor of his Vermont upbringing. Mr. Bowles told me that Warren had been slow in developing, but, as so often happens, the result had been worth the waiting. The chief had respect for Mr.

Warren's judgment, and when planning for the future of the paper during his last illness, advised his son and myself to have regard for Mr. Warren's views in matters of public policy.

On Mr. Warren's death in 1887 his place was taken by Ernest Howard, later of the *New York World*, who had been trained on the paper and gave it many years of fine service. Mr. Howard was followed by Waldo L. Cook, another exceptionally able writer, afterward made editor when Richard Hooker's health forced him to lighten his load. Always new men had been coming along to make good the places of those who went out, and of the present day Francis E. and Howard K. Regal, Richard S. Brooks, Henry R. Lloyd and Edward N. Jencks, Jr. represent such development.

The editor who made the strongest appeal to the young men in those transitional days was Charles H. Adams, who wrote chiefly of politics, and always with a quill pen. He had worked on the *Troy Times*, the *New York Sun*, and the *Hartford Courant*. In time he returned to the *Courant*, and was for many years its leading writer under Charles Hopkins Clark. Mr. Adams could tell us at first-hand about Charles A. Dana, General Hawley, Charles Dudley Warner and public men of every sort. He had a keen eye for the descriptive incident that would best portray the man. When Mr. Adams died, one who had been his classmate at Yale, writing in the *Courant*, compared the veteran editorial writer with John Fiske, the historian, and there were resemblances. He was individual, self-contained and a

paragraphist of uncommon brilliancy. No writer on the *Republican* surpassed him in wit and point.

Mr. Adams contributed to lighten office toil with humor deftly wrought. In reading copy for the editorial page it was not unusual to discover paragraphs marked "Note and Comment" like the following :

Centaurs and dragons long since quit the stage,
Vampires and werewolves are no more the rage,
No more these monsters daunt the human mind;
But Griffins still superfluous lag behind.

The Devil is sniffin'
With gluttonous glee.
"Ah! nicely grilled Griffin
Is the eatin' for me!"

Charles Goodrich Whiting, who in 1869 with Edward King had nursed the original *Evening News* during the short life of that little offshoot of the *Republican*, was called back from the *Albany Times* by Mr. Bowles in 1872. He began at the head of the local department, but was soon made literary editor, and continued in that place for thirty-six years. He also wrote on art and did editorials. Mr. Whiting's delicate touch in writing, and his love of nature, are preserved in two books, "The Saunterer" issued in 1886, and "Walks in New England" in 1903. He has been Springfield's poet on historic occasions, as well as the kindly helper of literary folk more or less capable. He came to hold happily for long years a distinct place in the city's life. Early membership in the Authors Club of New York was the source of many satisfactions to him.

Other *Republican* men of the seventies contributed much to the paper. Edward F. Hayes, long secretary to Mr. Bowles, was for forty years after the death of the great chief to edit the *Weekly Republican* with skill and loving fidelity to its high traditions. Mr. Hayes had exquisite art in writing, but frail health forbade its frequent employment. Charles R. Miller speedily became head of the city staff, but within three years opportunity to go to the *New York Times* carried him to the triumphs of a larger field. Charles H. Dow, who had initiative, left us for the *Providence Journal*, and thence passed to New York where he founded the *Wall Street Journal*. Clinton B. Evans, adept in financial writing, went to the *Chicago Tribune*, and later established the *Economist*. He became in time daily Chicago correspondent for the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. Charles M. Prynne, at one time Mr. Bowles's secretary, went to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, and then to the *New York World* and *Providence Journal*. He was a fine editorial man, who was later persuaded to accept a profitable business relationship. Others might be mentioned, but cataloging of the "old guard" cannot be prolonged.

Of the men who served the paper subsequent to 1878, under the strong régime of the next Samuel Bowles, who adhered with abiding loyalty to his father's ideals, — how long is the roll! Doctor Talcott Williams was for several years an editorial writer. Doctor Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia University, and Doctor Joseph H. Johnson, of New York University, were also on the paper. George S. Merriam

wrote an occasional editorial, as did Charles H. Barrows of Springfield. The men who were trained on the *Republican*, with scarcely an exception, reflected credit on their schooling. In national political conventions, wherever held, or in Washington and the big cities, it has been a joy to meet them. The flame of their loyalty to old days in Springfield burns steadily, and the warmth of their greetings remains one of life's choicest satisfactions.

Colonel George Harvey, of the *North American Review*, politician and diplomat, Robert H. Lyman and W. W. Gay of the *New York World*, Hamilton Ormsby of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, Herbert S. Underwood, formerly of the *Boston Advertiser and Record*, and Louis A. Coolidge, of the United Shoe Machinery Company, come to mind out of a single group. Of a later time were George Kibbe Turner, the magazineist and novelist, William S. Woods, editor of the *Literary Digest*, Brewer Corcoran, writer of books, Frederick W. Main, now in paper manufacturing, who, as did Turner, became head of the local department. There was a time, too, when Robert Stevenson, editor of the *Waterbury American*, and Archie Show of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* stood out among the newcomers. Such groups succeeded each other with bewildering rapidity. Surely a catalogue of *Republican* men back over the years ought to have been kept, where no permanent record remains. George S. Lewis, who for half a century gave the men their pay envelopes, was our best reference book, but that loyal soul and his records are no longer within reach.

Warm tribute is due above the rest to the true-hearted yoke fellow of my newspaper life. No director of any journal in the United States sustained the best traditions of his craft more faithfully than did the Samuel Bowles with whom I was associated in loyal and amicable relation from 1873 until his death on March 14, 1915. He began regular work on the paper after I had served one year under his father, and succeeded to control in 1878. He had fine ability directed by an ever sensitive conscience. Unflinchingly would he have gone to the stake for convictions' sake, had the need arisen. He was as serious and single-minded in the discharge of every duty, public and private, as any preacher of the Puritans could have been. The finer side of social life appealed to him and he adorned it. He was strong, reticent but kindly of heart, and responsive to every worthy appeal life made. A competent writer when he chose to take the pen, he was a thorough man of business, who guided the paper with prudence and wise judgment. Every part of the establishment was responsible to him, and he directed all with unwearying attention. He was not unresponsive to new developments in the art of newspaper making and progressed along well-considered lines, but never permitted the *Republican* to depart from the standards of service he had inherited and in which he gloried. To the uttermost he was faithful to the trust committed to his hands.



SAMUEL BOWLES THE SON.

VI

A SMALL CITY'S PERSONALITIES

HUMAN nature does not differ with one's location. The newspaper worker who will master the types of men and women in a small city has qualified himself for understanding life in the world's capitals. But such acquirement cannot be gathered in a year's harvest, for knowledge is cumulative wherever one is. Youth yearns for great things, and does not apprehend that the possibilities of them lie about us. They are there for the finding, and some day the fact gets into the consciousness. Then to the seeing eye no book or drama surpasses in gripping interest the daily life amid which we move, and wherein we have our share. Tragedy and comedy, pain and joy, gloom and fellowship, are in Podunk and in the great cities, and were in the old Springfield as they are in the new. And everything focuses in the newspaper office. There is the vantage point from which to see and learn of humanity.

The Springfield directories up to the seventies were in size and contents not much bulkier than the Webster's Spelling Book of a boyhood not then distant. Then followed the present standard volume, which was to grow in pages with the city's advance in population up to the huge volumes of to-day.

How the chords of memory are set tingling as one's eye runs down the pages of names in the directory of 1872-1873!

With the end of the Civil War only seven years in the background, the number of former volunteer soldiers in official positions did not seem disproportionate. General Horace C. Lee presided over the post-office in the Haynes Hotel block, and had ten clerks and two letter carriers to supervise, along with four branch offices. The genial Major Samuel B. Spooner was mayor, and the office added a thousand dollars to his income as register of probate.

Colonel William S. Shurtleff was judge of probate, and entrenched himself in the affections of the people. He had literary tastes, and wrote verse well above the mediocre. He was a pleasing public speaker. Nature made him a gentleman. His interest in people was genuine, and there was no more delightful companion in the city. When death took him at sixty years of age there was such an outpouring of all sorts and conditions of men and women at his funeral in the Church of the Unity as left its ineffaceable impression of general respect and affection.

Colonel Henry M. Phillips, later to be mayor and useful in many ways, was in the common council; as was Elijah A. Newell, afterwards to be the long-time city clerk.

Marcus P. Knowlton was president of the common council, on the way to becoming Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. The chief of the State's highest tribunal at that time

was Reuben A. Chapman of Monson. He made no profound impression upon newspaper observers. It could not have been said of Chief Justice Chapman, as Chief Justice Rugg related in his tribute to Chief Justice Knowlton at the memorial proceedings of the court in March, 1919, "A few years ago a justice of this court, since retired, said to a leading member of our bar, whose reputation was also national, 'I think the time will come when the bar will regard Chief Justice Knowlton as the equal of Chief Justice Shaw.' The reply was, 'That time has already come.'" When the excellent Chief Justice Chapman died, Mr. Bowles called in Nehemiah A. Leonard, counsel for the *Republican*, to write an editorial upon the departed, — something quite exceptional in the conduct of the paper. It seemed to suggest that the subject did not offer salient points to the editor.

Another councilman of 1872, also from Ward 5, was E. Burr Maynard, a coming mayor, later to sit on the Massachusetts Superior Court bench, and to be respected for his sound sense and sympathetic knowledge of men as they passed. One of the aldermen was Charles R. Ladd. In the reforming year of 1879, when Governor Talbot brought about important changes in the State government, Mr. Ladd was a leader in the House of Representatives. This led to his selection as auditor of the State, in which office his work was effective in the public interest beyond other auditors.

The leading advocates of the Hampden County bar were George M. Stearns of Chicopee and Ed-

ward B. Gillett of Westfield. All Springfield knew them in the court room and outside. Mr. Stearns was at the moment district attorney for Hampden and Berkshire counties, an incident of his legal career. During Grover Cleveland's first term in the presidency, Mr. Stearns was United States district attorney in Boston. Originality of thought, and a diction drawn much from the English of the Bible, distinguished this remarkable man, no less than mastery of legal principles and precedents. He kept touch with plain people, and flavored his cross-examinations and arguments with wit that appealed to them. He loved a fast horse, and was at his best in horse and dog trials, as well as in the most important litigation. He was fond of a game of poker, and generally lost. His fame and sayings were the proud possession of people who never exchanged a word with him.

To be a Democrat was a handicap, as public preferment went in those days. Mr. Stearns visualized this situation when, in answer to an invitation to make a political speech in Vermont, he replied that it was impossible for him to get away, but if the Democrats of the Green Mountain State would assemble in his back yard he would be glad to do his best for them. Nevertheless the time came when Mr. Stearns could be assured of nomination and election to Congress. All went most prosperously with that popular movement until the night before the convention that was to launch the candidacy. Then came a personal letter by special messenger from Chicopee in which Mr. Stearns declined to stand.



Photo. by Allen & Rowell

GEORGE M. STEARNS.

"You have got me up to my crotch in trouble," he wrote, "and now you must pull me out!" Reluctantly the *Republican* performed that office. Mr. Stearns was determined to employ his "few remaining years in skimming the cream off my fast lowering pan of life."

There was great ability and strength in Mr. Stearns's legal career, but his picturesque personality will longest be remembered. In the earlier part of his professional life publicans and sinners made him their defender. There was the opulent liquor dealer of New Bedford who, coming from the court room with Mr. Stearns, paused as they were passing a church, and putting his hand on its walls said with great feeling and solemnity, "These are the damned things that are ruining the country!" Prophetic words indeed, far beyond the possibility of conception then or long afterward. We have lived to see the saloon ruined. Dead it is, and buried, with the churches lending a willing hand to the processes of despoilment and interment.

In his public appearances Mr. Stearns was never commonplace, nor did he ever seem anything but natural. He awakened interest wherever he spoke, and he never spoke without preparation. His few appearances in Democratic state conventions were hailed with delight. When John E. Russell was to be nominated for governor after Governor William E. Russell, Mr. Stearns began his nominating speech: "William goeth and John cometh." When he talked at the memorial exercises for the elder Samuel Bowles he was like no other speaker, and I saw

Charles Dudley Warner and General Hawley turn quickly to each other with looks that said, "Here is something quite out of the ordinary."

Mr. Stearns was a boon to legislative committees, and lifted the tedium of their hearings. Few, if any, of his public addresses have been preserved. An argument directed to the Legislature of 1889, in opposition to the sharper regulation of the practice of medicine, typewritten and beautifully bound in flexible leather, given me by the late Henry S. Dickinson, well repays perusal. No series of letters printed in the *Republican* ever afforded more joyous reading than those which Mr. Stearns wrote when on a trip to Florida. Much sparkle went out of local life when he left it.

Edward B. Gillett was of another type, a rare gentleman, loving the best in literature and in life. In appearance he resembled Benjamin Disraeli, the English political leader, but not in moral fiber. When Frederick H. Gillett returned from Washington bearing the prize of the speakership of the national House of Representatives, and honor was paid him, many of us felt that the best passage in his speech of acknowledgment was the tribute to his father. We have had no better example of New England refinement than Mr. Gillett afforded. He was accomplished and persuasive whether in the court room, on a college platform, or in the pulpit. His lay sermons were remarkable efforts.

In him were embodied the highest traditions of the bar. I early enjoyed the experience of sitting through a case which Mr. Gillett conducted for the

Republican, a suit brought by a physician who we believed and contended had disregarded the ethics of his profession. As it was my first libel suit I had gathered much of the evidence. The effective way in which Mr. Gillett made use of these facts revealed his mastery. The climax came in the closing argument, wherein Mr. Gillett pictured the good physician over against the despicable one. He told of the doctor who came to his own home, and of the contrast presented by an unworthy doctor in another home. Scorn and righteous indignation flowed from his lips, and finally, turning with pointing hand, he said, "And there is the man!" The effect was startling. The plaintiff appeared like one suffering under the lash, shrinking and afraid. I have never seen a more dramatic happening in any court room.

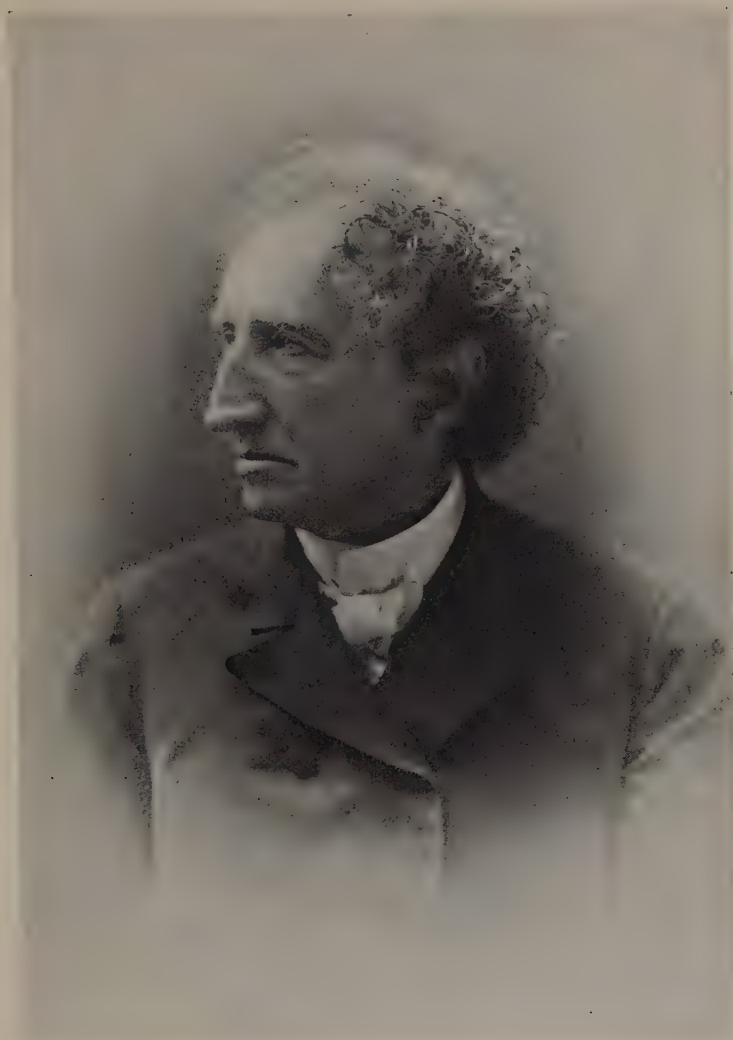
Fortunately Mr. Hayes had been brought to make a stenographic report of Mr. Gillett's plea, which was printed in full. Many newspapers reproduced the address from the *Republican*, so admirable was it in sentiment and form. I remember calling Mr. Bowles's attention to this, and the outside comments on the merit of the address, and his saying, "We might well have commended it — but I did n't think of that ; it seemed too much like cracking up our own wares." I remember, too, Mr. Gillett's pleasure in the exact reproduction of his words, and his saying such an experience had never come to him before. Hitherto he had been given only a reporter's characterization.

Mention may well be made at this point of one whose knowledge of the legal profession in Hampden

County and of the judges of Massachusetts has not been surpassed. For over half a century Robert O. Morris of Springfield has been clerk of courts, early winning and always keeping the respect of those having to do with his office. Master of its duties, he has sustained the most friendly relations with Bench and Bar and the public. In the life of his community Mr. Morris has held a large place. His sound judgment in financial matters brought to his hands responsibility for many trusts. No one in the region has known more about birds and the local history. In his standing in the courthouse and the community Mr. Morris resembles the late Henry W. Taft of Pittsfield, for forty years clerk of courts in Berkshire County, for both represented the best traditions in law and citizenship.

The memory of that old lawsuit also suggests the sheriff, the jail, and what I was later to see there. Hiram Q. Sanderson was high sheriff of Hampden County and the old jail was on State Street, located near where the present Central High School building stands. He was a dignified official, but little productive on the colorful side of things. But I was to see this placid man administer death by mandate of the law. The victim had taken life in a cowardly way, and his was required of him. The last words of one Loomis, executed in 1883, were spoken to me just before he was led to death. Of what we talked, I do not now remember, but that which followed can never be forgotten.

The black cap was drawn over the head of the prisoner beneath the gallows. Sheriff Sanderson



EDWARD B. GILLETT.

stepped upon the spring, the drop fell. Such was the duty belonging to the shrievalty. Some of us remember that in Grover Cleveland's first campaign for the presidency, political opponents called him the "Buffalo hangman." The *New York Tribune* asserted that Sheriff Cleveland had part in two executions. Little heed was paid to that. If so, he performed that public duty without derogation in service of the State.

As the dangling body of Loomis swung round and round it was seen that the drawing of the rope had pulled the black cap at one place so that a little triangle of the neck became visible. One could not withdraw his gaze from the spot. Slowly the blood left that bit of flesh until the gray of death came upon it. Waking in the night, again and again one would see it. Would I ever escape the sight? From that last word with the prisoner to the spectacle of the swinging dead man the experience is indelibly stamped on memory, while all the official details attending that hanging — my first and last — have left me as of no moment.

No local reporter will ever see the like again. In Massachusetts the electric chair has replaced choking by rope, and in many States life imprisonment has superseded both.

VII

LIFE IN MY FIRST BOARDING HOUSE

THERE is advantage in beginning one's working days among plain people. Essential things get overlaid where too much stress is placed upon refinements that come to proclaim themselves cardinal virtues. The basic is not always beautiful, but vital it will never cease to be. We may have superficial copy-book knowledge of virtuous maxims, but only through living do we comprehend them. The newspaper worker seeing only one side of life's shield misses more than he will ever suspect of richness on the other side.

Profitable was the experience that came through dwelling in an Elm Street boarding house that fitted the dollar-a-day period in the lives of Charles R. Miller and myself. To that abode I had been piloted by one graduated at a Western college, a fine fellow who lost his job as copyholder in the composing room because he failed to catch a misprint in one of the Chief's editorials. His downfall seemed to me black tragedy, but by another road he made good in journalism. So one of the landlady's rooms held a single occupant until one day, with head bent over my office desk, I heard a voice at my elbow say, "Is your name Griffin? I am going to room with you!"

The impulse to say, "The dickens you are!" was suppressed, as I looked up and saw a clean-cut youth, clad in a green cutaway coat and vest, with striped trousers, and wearing a silk hat, not of the latest vintage. It was a Dartmouth graduate of that year.

"How's that?" I answered.

"My name is Miller; I have seen Mr. Bowles; he advises it, and I have been to the Elm Street mansion. You were asleep when I was shown the room."

Happy chance had brought a lifelong friend, for as dear old Marse Henry Watterson said to me, "There's nothing in this world like the friendship of man for man!"

How much we enjoyed together in those toilsome days made bright by radiant optimism and the joy of learning! Miller was dowered with a lively sense of humor, joined with rugged qualities that ought to belong to men reared among the granite hills of New Hampshire, and sometimes do. It was not long before we had leading citizens of Springfield in process of classification, — their abilities and foibles.

Miller had the gift of acquiring languages, which I had not. In my library is the French textbook we early tackled, he to master it, and I to put it aside as office cares grew imperative and responsibilities absorbing. After three years of the most intimate comradeship, a Dartmouth college friend in charge of the *Weekly New York Times* decided to turn to the ministry, and advised Miller to apply for the newspaper job — which he got. It was characteristic of him that he began his New York

residence by boarding with a French family. After the World War broke out he acquired a reading knowledge of Russian. German he already knew.

So came parting of our ways, grievous for the moment, but softened by our hopes for the future.

Episodes of life in our first boarding house are etched into memory. The new courthouse was in process of erection. George R. Townsley, the forceful man on the board of county commissioners, had led in locating the building and in having Richardson design it. As winter came and we returned to our quarters about 3 A.M., or most often later, the problem of heat unpleasantly obtruded itself. There was a diminutive stove in the room, but no wood. We fell into the way of picking up blocks and scraps as we passed the courthouse, so providing comfort as we consumed the nightly allowance of two sandwiches per man, and one small piece of pie each that was laid on a little table, once a washstand. But the miracle of increasing ashes in the stove bothered Mrs. V. She became so obviously troubled about something that we inquired into the cause. "I don't like to speak of it, gentlemen," she responded, "but I do hope you are not burning my wood!" She was assured that our particular friends, the county commissioners, had urged us, as a favor to the county, to make use of any chips we found about the building they were rearing for the ampler administration of justice. The explanation was good for an extra helping of prunes that night. Incidentally not even the finest of California prunes make any appeal to me now.

Happening to notice that a distinguished out-of-town clergyman, known from boyhood, was to preach at the First Church, I arose early one Sunday to hear him. When I stopped to speak with the preacher after the sermon, he introduced me to the people with whom he was staying, and they asked me to dinner. The invitation was declined, on the plea of work. At the boarding-house meal I mentioned the incident. Our landlady was alive with interest. "Who were the people giving the invitation, and where did they live?" I was obliged to confess not having caught the name as my friend introduced us. It was only too easy to see that to her mind the new boarder was a romancer and his exposure complete.

I did not get reinstated in Mrs. V.'s confidence until some time afterwards, when she asked if I knew a very old negro woman, mentioning her name, a remarkable cook, who said she had once lived in Williamstown. "To be sure," I said, "my mother has often spoken of her. She lived long with my grandmother and the family were very fond of her." It was evident thereafter that my respectable social standing had been established through the chance intervention of this ancient servant, sure to have set forth things to the credit of my ancestry. How good it is, men and brethren, in youth or age, to have misunderstandings ironed out!

The boarding house must always remain a study of life in a small cross section. It will offer tragedy, and our time of ill fortune was not to be withheld.

Most surprising, when one possesses a limited

supply of clothing, is the abnormal rapidity with which garments wear out. Coverings of the body for inner and outer wear, when not mended, make their owner suffer for it. Such suffering we underwent then and later. As time went on we insisted most of all that wearing quality was the thing. On that basis Miller and I bought twin pairs of low-priced trousers of a small and ugly checker-board pattern. They wore like iron, until we hated them with extreme intensity.

A dollar a day is soon spent when necessities, beyond the price of board, come last. I remember we smoked "pig-tail" tobacco, ordinary leaf put up in sacking, and having the appearance of a long sausage. At one time half a dozen men in the local department bought light suits at a reduction for quantity — deeming it a masterpiece of financiering — but those suits became disreputable long before the last payment could be negotiated. It is something to learn that poverty bears hard on the feelings.

I had hitherto asked no assistance from home, but the time came when the decrepitude of shirts and underwear led to a call for relief from Berkshire. The longed-for garments came — a generous box of them — and were spread out to cover my half of the bed, so that Miller might see and envy. There they remained when we started for our nightly toil. When home again at 4 A.M. the bed had been cleared. Nor were the garments to be found in drawers or closet. Where had our over-careful landlady deposited them?



C. R. Miller, July 7, 1910

CHARLES R. MILLER IN YOUTH AND MATURITY.

Not long before that time an enlivening factor had entered the boarding house in the person of the blonde and gushing wife of a railroad brakeman. She had charm, and when we were present professed literary tastes. Miller had been class poet. He brought in his trunk from Hanover a young library of poetry. Volume by volume the books had been loaned to Mrs. Brakeman, with no returns. All of this by way of introduction to our tragedy.

Coming down earlier than usual next day, because of a troubled mind, I made haste to ask Mrs. V. what she had done with my clothes. "Nothing," she replied, "why do you ask?" I inquired whether any of the boarders had left? She revealed that the railroad man and his spouse had departed. With the charming fly-by-night had gone Miller's poetry, and with both of them all my hopes of possessing presentable shirts for a long time to come!

By way of inquest we visited Marshal Pease, who, wearing as always his brass-buttoned, blue swallow-tailed coat, and with high hat in place, was about to leave his office in the basement of the afterward cremated City Hall, proudest product of the administration of Mayor Eliphalet Trask back in 1855. We detained the marshal with our moving narrative, in which he found more of mirth than of sad importance. "What are the chances of the recovery of our property?" we concluded. "About one chance in a thousand, but we will do our best" — which, in results achieved, was nothing.

The only satisfaction derived from that melancholy affair came over forty years after, when the

editorial and business departments of the *New York Times* presented the editor-in-chief with a gold watch in commemoration of long and brilliant service. In his presentation speech the managing editor remarked that, so far as anybody in New York knew, Mr. Miller had never written verse. Opportunity was afforded after the luncheon for telling a group of editors exactly how our friend's Pegasus had perished in the long ago for want of fodder, — like grandfather's clock, "never to go again."

It was my expectation that Charles R. Miller would read — with his whimsical understanding of things not said — these incidents of our happy young manhood. But it was not to be. As Juvenal points out in his most famous Satire, though one be spared all the other ills of old age, the grief of parting from friends must be endured. It warmed my heart to read the national and international tributes that followed this friend's death in New York July 18, 1922. And yet — and yet — will he somewhere see of these fruits of his labors and be glad?

VIII

GETTING OUT AND ABOUT A BIT

As time went on and salaries crept up a trifle we left the Elm Street boarding house, and it became possible to enlarge our horizon. We craved knowledge of men and affairs beyond Springfield. The younger men on the *Republican* reached after association with kindred spirits working on Hartford, New Haven, Worcester and Boston newspapers. Sunday papers were yet to become a New England product, so that Saturday was a free day in morning newspaper offices. A number of good fellows in these cities fell into the way of meeting once a week, and by means of alternating visits, and eating together, we saw other cities, swapped experiences, got good cheer, and with it considerable enlargement of view.

Miller was influential in these gatherings, as was Charlie Russell, afterwards member of Congress from Connecticut, who died in office; George Fred Williams, doing night work on the *Boston Globe* while studying law, and others less well known. No formalities interfered with the enjoyment of these gatherings, the like of which I have not known since. Much was lost to newspaper workers when Sunday newspapers put an end to the Saturday holiday and such opportunity for meeting fellow workers.

An incident of that period comes to mind. The late James L. Bowen, historian of the 37th regiment, once editor of a North Adams weekly, author of "Massachusetts in the Civil War", later city sealer of weights and measures, was serving on the local department. Somebody had discovered about Bowen's desk a Beadle dime novel he had written. This was as full of "Wild West" adventures as a modern movie play. One of the fellows, perched on the big center table, read from this yellow-covered book, to the general delight. There proved to be other Bowen novels, for which the writer was paid one hundred dollars apiece, so that we reckoned our fellow toiler had picked up at least twelve hundred dollars in this field of sensational fiction. For one who had never seen a "redskin" roaming the prairies, this was an achievement out of the ordinary.

Good times we had at home. There is no club more to be desired than the right kind of a newspaper staff. It offers not only the drawing of common interests, but knowledge of many things and an outlook ever enlarging. Eating places of the city were sampled, and we became experts on food service as related to slender purses. Saturday nights after closing time at the one theater — plays were a resource because tickets were plentiful — the big front editorial room became the lounging place where editors and reporters indulged in wide discussions of men and things.

Nor should the old Springfield House — torn down when the Nayasset clubhouse was built — be forgotten. It was kept by August Sheppert, an educated

and sympathetic German, who provided desirable food and excellent beer. Choice men among the local journalists went there and enjoyed Mr. Sheppert's really fine orchestrian. Edward Bellamy of "Looking Backward" fame, then writing his first novel, and his brother Charles, founder of the present *Springfield Daily News*, shared in the mild Bohemianism which seemed so joyous against the dull background of the week's hard work we did not permit ourselves to neglect.

Vividly in mind is the first visit of many Miller and I made to New York, after obtaining the necessary railroad passes to which newspaper men in that distant period were considered entitled. We concentrated our little money on the purchase of a repast at the Broadway Central Hotel, which, conducted on the American plan, spread wide possibilities before us. We had eaten mightily before adding a finality that called for maple syrup, but the fatal cup revealed a multitude of ants that forced our retreat.

There was no money for matinées, but we found keenest satisfaction in the great free show of the city. After much sight-seeing, the wearied countrymen rested on a bench in Union Square, then a central point of interest, and talked of things past, present and to come. All these incidents were recalled long afterward as a distinguished editor carried me in his fine automobile to a meeting of the advisory board of the Pulitzer School of Journalism. Fond and foolish memories. Everybody has them, and wise people refuse to let them go.

In later years, after becoming local editor, there

came an annual pass over the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. It was the perquisite of every city editor along the line of this and other railroads. Free transportation permitted of week-end visits to New York, where I came in contact, through Miller and other acquaintances on the big papers, with many journalists then, or destined to become, star men worth knowing. One was put in the way of learning about New York City affairs, and the politics of the Empire State.

Let it be said here that Mr. Bowles was the first editor, so far as I know, to decline railroad passes for himself and members of his staff. He recognized the growing abuse of free passes — always an imposition on passengers compelled to pay their fare — and the possibility of their exercising a softening influence, even though unconsciously, on the relations of newspapers and corporations. It was no light matter, in that time of small things in the newspaper business, to load the expense of transporting news gatherers upon a lean treasury, but Mr. Bowles did it, and so led the way to what became an inclusive reform. Many newspapers were slow to follow suit, and some did so only when public sentiment and the law compelled them to be virtuous.

IX

A PERIOD OF RETRENCHMENT

THOSE who studied public affairs in the seventies are seeing in these days following the World War, many resemblances to what then was. The country was long in recovering its poise after the Civil War. Very slowly did we recede from the high level of war prices. The intoxication of inflation affected the processes of government for many years, and only by protracted readjustment, involving serious financial troubles, did the country get back to stability. But let it not be forgotten that the time came when conservative bankers were of the opinion that three per cent. was likely to be the ruling rate of interest in the United States, as we should become more like the older countries of Europe.

It is not easy at this distance to realize how men who regarded themselves as rich in equities up to 1873 were brought to low financial estate when money became tight and it was no longer possible to borrow it. Many a citizen then pushed to the wall never regained his former prosperity. Salaries went down along with incomes, and taxes were burdensome.

Little adequate recognition had been given to the imperative necessity for economy in the public spending. Lessons of retrenchment are not easily

acquired, as we all know, whether by individuals or in the conduct of public affairs. With the election of Emerson Wight as mayor in 1874, Springfield undertook to make its expenditures harmonize with the teachings of the panic of the previous year.

Behind Mayor Wight for four years stood Daniel L. Harris, President of the Connecticut River Railroad, and for three of these years Mr. Harris served as member of the common council. From that minor position he dominated the city government in a remarkable and entirely disinterested way. He prepared and printed at his own expense from time to time — with the help of his son, Azariah B. Harris — elaborate statistics which threw light upon what the city government ought to do. It was a wonderful pioneer publicity campaign that proved helpful in educating the people and leading to results. Economy became the watchword here for four years before Governor Talbot carried it to the State House. With Mr. Harris, Mayor Wight and others in the city government, stood the *Republican*, day after day, until the policy of retrenchment had accomplished its work for the time.

As a matter of common sense it will not do to curtail expenditures indefinitely. Repressive measures in time retard growth, and patching old garments cannot avail beyond a certain point. For so forceful a person Mr. Harris exhibited amazing self-abnegation. He worked for the community good. On one occasion the elder Bowles wrote a city item, published the day after inauguration, to the effect that one citizen remarked to another, com-

ing from the City Hall ceremonies, that "The Mayor appeared to have swallowed Mr. Harris's figures without digesting them." The comment was illuminating, of course, but Mr. Harris, with whom I had almost daily conferences, hotly protested that much harm might be done by that squib. But the time was approaching when the holding-back policy would have to be relaxed. Judge William S. Shurtleff, also serving in the common council, had taken sharp issue with Mr. Harris, and sympathy with the opposition was growing.

When Mayor Wight had given nearly four years of useful service, it became clear that a change must come. During these years I had seen comparatively little of the mayor, but as the end of his fourth term drew near, in accord with what seemed to be a public duty, I endeavored to suggest to his honor, tactfully I hoped, that the time had come for his retirement. The result was far from satisfactory. Mayor Wight resented my approach and entirely failed to sense the situation. That left only one way out of the dilemma. An editorial followed in the *Republican* entitled "A Squeezed Lemon", which expressed the opinion that, important as had been Mayor Wight's services to Springfield, continuance of his official life would not be for the city's advantage.

Thus began the campaign which resulted in the election of Lewis J. Powers. Before that Mr. Harris's health had begun to fail, and it is always to be regretted that in the time of his physical decline a crowd of men and boys indulged in a disorderly demonstration before his house. This outbreak grieved one

of the most devoted and helpful citizens Springfield ever had. Many of the participants came to regret their share in a proceeding so thoughtless and ungrateful. But repression and saving had been carried to a point that irked the people. The street lights were put out at eleven o'clock, and public improvements were halted.

Mr. Powers not only had the advantage of this reaction, but was popular throughout the city. He had been well known as a newsboy on railroad trains, owner of a prosperous newspaper and periodical business, distributor of the *Republican's* city circulation, and finally head of an important wholesale papeterie business. He rendered excellent service during two terms as mayor, and was later chosen to be State councillor when George D. Robinson was governor.

The Wight administration had been of Puritan tone, and the Powers régime in contrast was of the Cavalier type. Mr. Powers was a leader in the Hampden Park Trotting Association, and in the Springfield Club, then the center of our generous living. Its rented clubhouse belonged to Chester W. Chapin and was adjacent to his home on Chestnut Street. There our distinguished visitors, whether actors, horsemen or big politicians, were entertained. James A. Garfield, before his election to the presidency, went there after making a political speech in Springfield, and this acquaintance increased the warmth of the support which the city gave him. Soon after his election Mayor Powers took a special carload of his club friends to Boston and gave them a dinner that

was long talked about, but the episode did not commend itself to the many supporters not bidden to the feast.

During the trotting meetings, the bicycle tournaments, and on other occasions, much champagne was consumed in the Springfield clubhouse, and elaborately wrought dinners were eaten that failed to please sedate outsiders. Many fine parties were also given. In time the convivial element killed the club, and it was long before citizens dared to launch the Nayasset Club, so strong had come to be the anti-club sentiment in the community.

All municipal campaigns offer features of interest, but their appeal was greatest when general caucuses staged and concentrated it. It was an impressive sight, the spectacle of our voters taking counsel together and acting *en masse*, the Democrats on one night and the Republicans on another. In the old City Hall men of Springfield mingled in greater intimacy than we shall witness again. These gatherings served to put the municipality as a whole ahead of its political sub-divisions. The ward caucuses and primaries later ordained tended more toward an opposite result. But whether under the simple old political dispensation, or by means of the complicated machinery of the new order, the people get what they provide for themselves.

Always the mayoralty has been recognized as a substantial honor. We have had honest executives, but they have been of varying degrees of capacity and presentableness. One enjoys recalling mayors he has known and worked with, every one of them

finding the *Republican* eager to assist in advancing the welfare of the community. If the voters chose the candidate who had not received the paper's support, when the election result was made known, he became our mayor, — this citizen elevated to the local chief magistracy through the duly expressed will of the people. He became entitled to the best help we could give, and it was never withheld or grudgingly afforded.

This aid was sought by most, but however that might be, the readiness to assist was always present. Republican, Democrat or Independent, it made not the slightest difference to men who loved Springfield with ever-deepening affection. Another of the *Republican's* policies was that a mayor who had done well in office deserved reelection, other things being equal, for thereby the public good would be served. The paper consistently favored putting partyism below the merit of accomplishment and the advantage of acquaintance with city affairs.

Benjamin Weaver, head of a large printing establishment, was responsible for the defeat of Mayor Powers, and the entrance of William H. Haile into political life. Mr. Weaver, known to all as Ben, was a very entertaining person. Always industrious and capable in his business, politics afforded his recreation. He was rotund of figure, having a big, round head, with little hair upon it, and none on his face. When anything tickled him he would duck his head into big shoulders and emit an infectious chuckle. In youth he had lived in New Bedford, worked for Mr. Anthony's newspaper, and learned much political

stratagem. No political contest escaped his attention and participation, but he was after fun, not office for himself.

Mr. Weaver believed that orthodox sentiment among voters could be enlisted so as to defeat Mayor Powers. Mr. Haile, an influential member of the First Church, had his manufacturing business in Hinsdale, New Hampshire, and nobody imagined that he could be persuaded to run for office. The thought came to Ben, a Butler Democrat, that if Mr. Haile were to stand he could be elected. It looked like the forlornest of hopes as outlined by him in advance of a visit to the Chestnut Street house, formerly owned by George Bancroft, the historian, where he got Mr. Haile's promise to accept the nomination. Nobody then realized that because Mr. Haile's father had been governor of New Hampshire, the son might dream of being governor of Massachusetts, an aspiration toward the accomplishment of which the mayoralty could be a stepping-stone. Mayor Haile served creditably for a single term, afterward became lieutenant governor and very nearly reached the governorship.

A racy chapter might be written on Springfield's city marshals. When it was provided that the head of the police department should no longer figure in politics a wise thing was done. But how slow we were in taking that sensible step! It will be difficult for people of this time to apprehend how much the marshalship — now it is chief of police — had to do with making and unmaking mayors in the years before the police commission and civil service reform changed the situation. If the head of the police came

to be popularly esteemed below par in achievement, or character, or both, there was a lively demand for the official head of the mayor responsible for the marshal's appointment or continuance in office. When a mayor of one party was succeeded by an executive of the other party, the marshal was in danger. Choosing a marshal was the most ticklish job given an executive to perform, and no other appointment carried with it like anxiety or involved so much peril.

It seems unbelievable to-day, the old feverish concentration of interest on an office whose tenure is now almost as secure during the good behavior of its occupant as that of a judge. Not all the men who coveted the salary and the authority of the marshalship were qualified to discharge its responsibilities, and whoever took the place encountered the uncertainties of politics.

Mayor Wight was fortunate. When the name of Hiram Q. Sanderson was brought forward by sensible citizens, and the mayor made that Democrat city marshal, the municipality was benefited. Mr. Sanderson, who had business standing and character, made a superior official and later was elected sheriff of Hampden County. He also did good work as water commissioner.

X

CITY ADMINISTRATIONS IN REVIEW

ISSUES that are exigent and absorbing as administrations enter and pass become of less moment in the backward look. In the years since Mayor Wight's time — from 1874 to 1923 — Springfield has had eighteen Republican and six Democratic mayors, but the Republicans usually had longer terms of office than the Democrats. Springfield has been a Republican city, with the voters minded to chasten the dominant party now and then. Such practice is worth keeping as a corrective of dry rot. There is also room for still larger measure of non-partisanship in the conduct of city affairs, where party labels have no legitimate place.

Citizens desirous of seeing how mayors looked may go to the Auditorium and study the photographs that hang in two big frames on the walls of the aldermanic committee room. In former days these pictures were in the mayor's room of the old City Hall. In the forty-nine years of this survey, our mayors included seventeen business men and seven lawyers. The individuals among them who played politics most while in office do not rank highest in the retrospective study. Wise persons acquainted with life would expect such to be the case, but men

more ambitious than sensible wonder why they came short of results that are enduring.

There is nothing puzzling about it. It is as simple as seed time and harvest. Careful and honest planting and faithful husbandry invite fruitage. And it is almost as difficult to fool the people in the long run as it is to mislead Nature.

Edwin W. Ladd, a Democrat, experienced through service in both branches of the city government, succeeded Mayor Haile in 1882 and served for a single term. He made no special mark in office, but was respected for his good sense and public spirit, — just an average citizen of the kind to invite trust.

Henry M. Phillips, mayor in 1883, 1884 and 1885, was sophisticated and attractive. He had seen more of life and affairs than his predecessor, and was more alert in his mental processes and in dealing with municipal business. Mayor Phillips's general success in office was qualified at one point. His theory that fair play demanded that every one desiring a liquor license should be allotted one worked badly in practice. It contravened the theory of the State license law, which sought the regulation and repression of an undesirable business. Colonel Phillips was later, upon the invitation of John A. Hall, to become secretary of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, where William W. McClench is now the strong leader.

Colonel Edwin D. Metcalf, mayor during 1886, obtained his title as a member of Governor Robinson's staff. Mayor Metcalf's father, he told me, had been an officer in the British military service, and the son was ambitious to make a name for himself. He

overwhelmed John Olmstead in the big Republican caucus through heavy reinforcements transported from Indian Orchard. "Uncle John", not a practical politician, had not played the game in that way. Nor afterward did Mr. Olmstead, who was a practical philosopher, get in line for any nomination. While Mayor Metcalf was in office the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Springfield was celebrated. Colonel Metcalf was a keen business man and left Springfield to achieve large financial success in Auburn, New York. Until his death he never lost his interest in this city, and as director of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company came back rather frequently to renew old ties.

Elisha B. Maynard, Democrat, was mayor in 1887 and 1888. He had the general respect and liking. In circumstances of his career, and in personal bearing and qualities, he reminded one of Grover Cleveland. An incident of my first meeting with Lawyer Maynard may be worth recalling. In the Greeley campaign of 1872, my first year in the city, I was sent to report a Democratic flag-raising near the Water Shops. The reporter caring for that assignment was advised to enter Mr. Kimberly's yard and see what could be found back of a lilac bush. Reposing there, surrounded by a group of the faithful, were two bright tin pails with dippers, one containing ice water and the other another liquid now outlawed through amendment of the Federal constitution. There I encountered leading Democrats of the Hill district, including Burr Maynard, Captain Hugh Donnelly and David Power, the speakers, all to be my friends.

Edward S. Bradford, Republican, of courtly manners and fine nature, was mayor in 1889, 1890 and 1891. Afterward he was state senator and treasurer of the Commonwealth. His public career was honorable and successful. Into all intercourse with his fellows Mr. Bradford carried a natural dignity and cordiality that represented genuine good will. He came to have a large place in the regard of citizens of all sorts and conditions. His son and namesake exhibits his father's loyal sense of civic responsibility.

Lawson Sibley, grain dealer and inveterate Democrat, was mayor in 1892. This was to the great delight of Benjamin Weaver, Doctor A. R. Rice, Colonel John L. Rice, and other leaders of the minority party. Mayor Sibley was a reticent man, companionable when one got to know him, a good citizen, and a shrewd politician. Nothing beyond the conventional marked his executive work.

Lawyer Edmund P. Kendrick, Republican, was mayor in 1893 and 1894. He was attentive to his duties as mayor and a careful servant of the city. He was regardful of the proprieties, as appeared through a personal experience. The North End dump had been permitted to burn at one time so as to send an evil-smelling smoke over Round Hill that seriously interfered with the comfort of dwellers thereon and especially made sleeping difficult. Becoming thoroughly exasperated because of this infliction, I sent complaint to the mayor, saying in conclusion that if the matter were not righted at once I stood ready to expend a year's income in suing the city. Mayor Kendrick was absent and the letter reached

City Solicitor Long, who promptly ordered the fire department to suppress the nuisance, meanwhile telephoning me that my complaint was justifiable and that action had been taken. Mayor Kendrick later said that he disapproved of presenting such a grievance with a threat. The answer was that this did not surprise me, because the tone had been carefully calculated to get results. Of course my friend was right from the official point of view, while I felt quite satisfied on my side.

In 1895 Charles L. Long, Republican, became mayor. Previously he had been the sound legal adviser of many mayors. Under him the affairs of the city were conducted with strict regard for every legal requirement affecting the public business. Courage and force in superabundance distinguished Mayor Long's administration of one year. Being sure that he was right this executive went ahead, regardless of what stood in the way. The fact that he was justified in his acts did not tend to soothe the feelings of bitter opponents. Springfield should have reelected Mayor Long, but failed to do so. Support by the A. P. A., the anti-Catholic secret organization, injured Mayor Long. When on the death of William S. Shurtleff, Governor Greenhalge of Lowell — Mr. Long's native place — came to appoint a judge of probate for Hampden County, and the *Republican* favored the late Charles H. Barrows, Lawyer Long was able to reinforce his case by showing the governor what the paper had said of his work as mayor. Governor Greenhalge possessed the reforming temper, and these editorials tipped the scale in favor of the former

mayor, a very able lawyer, who had come to the city in 1872, and became a member of the great firm of Stearns, Knowlton and Long.

Newrie D. Winter, Democrat, was mayor in 1896. He had intimate knowledge of Springfield, and gave much in experience and service during a single term. Members of the city council and heads of departments found him easy to work with. Business, and not politics, was the keynote of Mayor Winter's administration.

Henry S. Dickinson, Republican, was mayor in 1897 and 1898. He seemed like a generous-hearted boy, and was popular in the City Hall and with the voters. Companionable to a fault, he was attentive to the public business, but never forgot that he was a Republican.

Dwight O. Gilmore, Republican, kept guard over the city treasury during his one term as mayor in 1899. He had knowledge of municipal affairs through service as alderman, and proved himself worthy of reelection. But this was not to be. Citizens who held it beneath the dignity of the mayor to be ticket-taker at the entrance to his playhouse voted against Mr. Gilmore, and so the day went against him. The humor of this proceeding was considerable, and the injustice of it was greater.

Republicans found Lawyer William P. Hayes, Democrat and mayor in 1900 and 1901, easy to vote for. He represented the city well on public occasions, and things went smoothly under his guidance.

Ralph W. Ellis, Republican, mayor in 1902, was adequate to the demands of the position. He did

not, however, like the business sufficiently to desire a second term. It was during his mayoralty that Springfield observed the 50th anniversary of her municipal life.

Everett E. Stone, Republican, mayor in 1903 and 1904, had been president of the common council and a member of the board of alderman. There was little friction in the city government during his administration. He was later to serve on the State Railroad and Public Utilities Commissions.

Francke W. Dickinson, another Republican, was mayor in 1905 and 1906. He gave careful attention to the duties of the office.

William E. Sanderson, Republican, was mayor for three terms, — 1907, 1908 and 1909. Like so many of his predecessors he was taken from the board of aldermen. He assisted George Dwight Pratt in promoting the building of the municipal group.

Edward H. Lathrop, Democrat, mayor in 1910, 1911 and 1912, was a personality engaging or irritating, according to the way you took him or his mood was. No mayor was ever more outspoken. He was transparently open in his dealings, with a fund of humor and a flow of language that made him interesting beyond his fellows. Wherever he might be, flavor was added to the occasion by his presence. He had been district attorney, and early made his mark in the Legislature. He had wide acquaintance with politicians and lawyers. He possessed literary taste and acquirement, and wrote with distinction when so minded, both in prose and verse. My relations with him were long and pleasant, and our knowledge

of men and events touched at many points. Much of attraction and enlivening recollection departed with his death.

John A. Denison, Republican, now the capable register of probate, was mayor in 1913 and 1914, and after him came Frank E. Stacy, Republican, for four years, — 1915, 1916, 1917 and 1918. It was to the advantage of the latter that the mayor's term of office was extended during his incumbency. So we reach the successful administration of Arthur A. Adams, Republican. Messrs. Denison and Stacy had differences and rivalries that affected their political fortunes. All that is within the memory of the present generation. Mr. Adams was succeeded in 1921 by Mayor Leonard, who was promoted from the board of aldermen, and has been indorsed by reëlection.

XI

ASPECTS OF REPORTING DAYS

ACCORDING to the general belief, Chester W. Chapin, president of the Boston and Albany Railroad, and James M. Thompson, president of the Adams Express Company, were the richest men in Springfield. Daniel B. Wesson and others having large wealth were less in the popular mind. Not even the sharpest reporter could then foresee that Mr. Wesson was to erect a hospital that would bless the city, and build a splendid mansion that his heirs were to enable the then unborn Colony Club to own.

In the thought of young newspaper men a romantic interest clustered about Messrs. Chapin and Thompson. Each in his line was of importance beyond the vicinage. It was thrilling to think of a former stage driver commanding many iron horses. But the railroad president was disappointing in not embodying the jovial characteristics Charles Dickens imparted to his coach drivers. The Yankee graduate from the high stage seat was reticent and aloof from the city's life. I never saw him in a public gathering. Perhaps he went to the Church of the Unity on Sundays but at no meeting or function in the City Hall was he to be seen. No doubt he visited his office in the Granite Building, but I never beheld him going or coming.

He was seen riding on rare occasions, but never walking in Main Street.

That Mr. Chapin went to Saratoga and hobnobbed with Commodore Vanderbilt and others of the financial mighty was stated in the newspapers. Employes of the railroad were proud of "the old man", but seemed oppressed with awe when he rode on trains. So far as I know reporters never reached President Chapin, but were dealt with lower down the official line, and then too often with an arrogance that has happily vanished from railroading. William H. Vanderbilt may never have said to a newspaper man in the sense reported "the public be damned" but that sentiment represented too much the railroad viewpoint. A very diminutive official of the Boston and Albany road was cordially disliked by reporters. He once threatened to kick a *Republican* man, well over six feet in stature, who looked at the legs of the little man and retorted with a laugh, "You have n't got the facilities, Major!"

Mr. Bowles had friendly relations with Mr. Chapin, as did a few other congenial Springfield men. Occasionally Mr. Chapin went to the Springfield Club, next door to his home, and was reported to enjoy his game of cards. But he was a personality having little flesh-and-blood reality for the rank and file. He seemed rather like some remote potentate. A great contrast he was to Daniel L. Harris, yet Mr. Chapin was elected to Congress, and it is to be doubted whether the president of the Connecticut River Railroad could have been. Mr. Chapin lived and moved and displayed his power in the big railroad

world of his time, and appealed to the city through his railroad. In the sense of social aristocracy also he was considered important. But men who shared in and vivified the community life appealed far more to those not steeped in the traditions of a changing Springfield.

But we must not forget a revealing incident told by the late Elijah A. Newell. With five hundred other sick and wounded soldiers young Newell had been brought to Boston from Newbern, North Carolina, in July, 1863. After a perilous voyage by sea, during which several men died, he found himself in the rooms of the Sanitary Commission on Beach Street. Soon after being placed in a cot, the Springfield soldier saw Mr. Chapin come in. Asking Newell's name, the visitor took his hand and said, "I know who you are and will see that you have good care. I have two rooms in the United States Hotel which are at your disposal, and I will get you the best medical attendance." Private Newell expressed his gratitude, but said he was comfortable and expected his brother to come for him. He called Mr. Chapin's attention to a Belchertown man who needed looking after, and Mr. Chapin arranged for his free transportation home. This did not end Mr. Chapin's solicitude. He went out for dainties he hoped Newell might enjoy. A little before midnight he came back again, renewing his offer and saying he could not retire for the night until he knew Newell was cared for. Early the next morning Mr. Chapin reappeared, provided a carriage to take the soldier and brother to the train, saw them comfortably fixed, and told the conductor

to collect no fares and see them safely off at Springfield. "If he had been my own father he could not have been more thoughtful and careful of my welfare," said City Clerk Newell. More people would have been drawn to Mr. Chapin had they been permitted to see this human side.

The people knew Colonel Thompson better. As president of the Springfield Institution for Savings, of which Henry S. Lee was the kindly presiding genius, Colonel Thompson was seen in the big bank building on the north corner of State and Main streets. He was also president of the John Hancock Bank, then located on the Hill. He drove to his office in the Express block, just east of the City Hall. His fine equipage was often on the streets, and everybody knew that social leadership was to be found in the Thompson mansion, which dominated the extensive estate now filled close with the houses of Ridgewood Place and Ridgewood Terrace. It was common knowledge that no other private establishment required so much coal to heat it as the Thompson place. Beyond challenge, the grandest parties were given by the Thompsons.

We all knew, too, that Colonel Thompson's Fourth of July entertainments were never surpassed in Springfield annals. There was brewed for that occasion punch famed for its deliciousness and subtle potency. It was prepared by Henry O. Thieman, the mulatto barber, who was a proud member of Wilcox Grand Army Post. Thieman was known to serve as the Colonel's body servant after the work of the day in his shop was over. The Fourth of July parties were

quite democratic, and it not infrequently happened that office cares would prevent participation in the festivities. If so, Mr. Thieman might be expected to arrive at the *Republican* office about midnight, bearing a bottle of punch that must be distributed in carefully graduated doses, because its mellow power was not to be trifled with. The ingredients that went into the making of that patriotic beverage Thieman would never disclose. But time has extinguished the value of all such knowledge, though not the desire for it. We no longer have "the makings." Can any one wonder that some of the ancient among us sigh for "the good old days"?

Having glimpsed these rich men, if one had sought to study the other extreme of the social scale he would have gone to the City Hall basement. There was the evil-smelling tramp room, where nightly gathered human derelicts that roamed by day. There also were the quarters of the city almoner, D. J. Bartlett, a very kindly man, who dispensed groceries and household supplies to the needy. It was a benevolent system, in a way, but lacked scientific study of persons and families receiving relief. The promotion of self-help was overlooked. No doubt the almoner was imposed upon. In that small community much more was known by such an official regarding applicants for aid than would be possible in Springfield now, but even at that the manner in which relief was allotted invited abuses. The time was coming when Clara T. Leonard, Samuel Bowles and other public-spirited and sensible citizens were to achieve more desirable

methods through the formation of the Union Relief Association.

Springfield also had its poorer quarters in Ferry Street and thereabout, but there was much of self-respect in the life there. As yet there was little evidence of the groupings of residents of many nationalities already in evidence in great cities, and which we were to have.

Between these poles in social conditions were the mass of our people, neither rich nor poor. Facts about incomes in 1872 told much. Clergymen were not then among the poorly favored in monetary matters. The young pastor of the old First Congregational Church, Reverend Edward A. Reed, was receiving \$4000, and was on a par with Reverend Dr. Eustis of the Memorial Church. The benignant Doctor Samuel G. Buckingham of the South Church, who came nearest being pastor of the entire community, was paid only \$3000, along with Reverend Dr. Alexander Burgess, rector of Christ Church, and Reverend A. K. Potter of the State Street Baptist Church. The brilliant Reverend Richard G. Greene of the North Church was having \$3500, but Reverend George E. Merrill of the First Baptist Church, afterward president of what is now Colgate College, received \$2500, as did Reverend L. H. Cone of Olivet Church.

Beloved Bishop O'Reilly directed the affairs of St. Michael's Cathedral and of the Springfield diocese, and there was a Roman Catholic Church in Indian Orchard, and another for French Canadians of that faith in the city proper. Greatly does that modest

record contrast with the growth of Roman Catholic churches and institutions under the strong developing hand of Bishop Beaven, whose memory is honored in Springfield.

The salaries of preachers compared favorably with those received by public officials. The Governor of the Commonwealth was paid but \$5000, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court \$5500, and the justices \$5000. Superior Court justices received \$4200 and the Chief Justice \$4500. The Judge of Probate was paid but \$1500. Judge James H. Morton of the Police Court received \$2000, and the district attorney for Hampden and Berkshire counties \$1500. The high sheriff of the county got \$1250 as sheriff and \$1500 as jailor. At that time, by the way, the President of the United States received a salary of only \$25,000.

The social life of the city gathered about the churches. Perhaps the Church of the Unity came nearest to leadership in social activities, though such a claim might be disputed in behalf of the South Church, and may be by social people of the First Church or of Christ Church. At least no one will dispute that the Unitarian people were incomparable in private theatricals. For young men with free evenings there was much to be done in a social way, but it all lay beyond the grasp of workers on a morning newspaper. Their part was to tell the public about the gaieties. Young men of that simple time reported balls and parties, and not until after years was it deemed prudent or desirable to enlist a clever woman to make record of the gowns

displayed at charity balls as the wearers flitted through the dressing rooms in the City Hall. Now women are social editors.

Modern social reporters, we may be sure, obtain all such decorative information in advance of balls and weddings through the willing coöperation of the persons chiefly concerned. All of which illustrates the fact that the old-time shrinking from publicity in social matters no longer hampers the progress of hard-working newspaper people. The public have been trained to other standards. Time and the now defunct *Homestead* led the way in Springfield to the daily social columns and the employment of young women to fill them. Nothing is more democratic than the social reporting of to-day, and that is as it should be.

It was my good fortune to receive helpful kindness from men of influence in the city. This was no doubt largely owing to the intervention of the senior Bowles. In any event the friendliness was invaluable to one eager to master the environment. When Samuel J. Tilden was asked to advise a young man, he revealed a leaf from his own experience. On coming to New York, young Tilden had realized that it would be possible for him to know few people well, and so had determined to know the best man in all important lines of activity. Young men may find advantage in Mr. Tilden's pointer.

From Judge James D. Colt, Reverend Dr. Henry M. Field, Reverend John W. Harding and others, my family learned more of the Chief's faith in my future newspaper standing than was suspected at this end of the line. Here one simply faced hard work

beyond the ability properly to get around it all. But one opportunity Fate snatched from me. There had existed for many years a men's literary club — The Club, it was called, antedating the important organization now claiming that name. In that original circle gathered the mature leaders of the city, whether in professional or business life. Upon Mr. Bowles's death in 1878, on motion of Daniel L. Harris, and with due concurrence, I was elected to The Club, its youngest member. Unfortunately that action proved fatal. Never again did the members hold a meeting. Death wrought such havoc among them as to obliterate all thought of attempting to continue the old organization.

XII

A LEADER IN MEDICINE AND SURGERY

I HAD felt that something or much should be written of one of the bravest souls Springfield ever had, Doctor David P. Smith, great in his calling, and remarkable in personality. But one could not write interminably; surely the impress he had made must remain even after more than forty years. Then came illumination. A doctor nearing middle life was asked what he had heard about Doctor Smith. "You mean the red-headed doctor who stuttered," was the amazing response. What a roaring laugh would have come from our friend could he have listened to that summary of so great a medical reputation. At fifty years, in the winter of 1880, Doctor Smith died, but he had attained remarkable leadership in his profession, with a fame not bounded by Springfield or western New England. From far and near his help had been sought.

But what was left of all that in this time, when background seems lacking as not before, was the error as to his hair, and the fact of a difficulty of speech which must have vexed Doctor Smith's sensitive nature, though of that he gave no smallest sign. He was undaunted. The brilliant and penetrating mind, the flaming thought, might be ham-

pered, but he had his say, and the rush of achievement went on in finest service until the overstrained body wore out. The discerning knew and loved the fine grain of this alert physician and surgeon, admired his unstinted professional devotion, and discovered the tender heart of him. For the indiscriminating he had neither time nor patience, for they mattered not. The fervor of service carried him straight on day and night toward his lofty ideal, in time of peace as during wonderful work in the Civil War.

Doctor Smith's hair was black, and he had a sweeping individual moustache, but when righteously aroused, he surely had a red-headed temper. So far as I knew his anger was never misdirected. Unprofessional suggestion or conduct made him erupt with wrath that was volcanic. His head and face were fine, he had big, kind eyes overhung by heavy brows, his figure was straight and slender, and he bore himself like a warrior eager for the fray. Anywhere he would be marked as a person of distinction. He seemed forever on his mission of service.

Bowles and Smith — these two vital men, whose unsparingly crowded activities early burned their physical powers — loomed large in my early working years. Bigger they seemed to me than the other men of Springfield, — and so they were. They strove harder and meant more, each in his calling. Slow to fire must have been those who failed to appreciate leadership so strenuous and important to the community.

Let me show Doctor Smith as he revealed him-

self and the dignity of his profession to his classes at Yale in 1880, in the passages that follow :

It is no mean study, no mean vocation, to which I call you. I am not extravagant when I say to you that a skilful physician or surgeon is master wherever he goes. No one comes so near to the hearts of his fellow creatures. No one is so powerful to influence. He rides at the right hand of the general or colonel as the troops go into action, and to him as to their battle-flag, the wounded turn for succor and relief. Let me say, for the honor of the Medical Corps of our army, that more casualties occurred in proportion to their number among them than among the generals. The medical man is, as it were, continually on picket duty — ready to mount and ride for a life. And what can be more precious than the welcome that awaits him from mayhap his lifelong friend.

The affection that grows up between the physician and patient is sometimes and often of a peculiarly strong and enduring quality. Arriving one night, after a long journey, at the bedside of a distinguished statesman (perhaps William A. Buckingham, war governor of Connecticut and senator of the United States) I found his old family physician and devoted friend in attendance, unwilling to own to himself the fatal nature of the malady. Upon my telling him that his friend and patient had not long to live, the old doctor reeled like a drunken man, requested me to stay by his old friend, and went home to die in but a very little time thereafter.

To no one else come such winged messages ; to no one else such appeals for succor, and I assure you that there is great pleasure in putting into activity every means for reaching and recovering your

friend and patient. The whistle of your incoming train, the rush of your carriage wheels, will be sweet music to many people, if you are but skilled. They will greet you as no other man. The statesman, the loved one, your own, your only child, is dependent upon your skill. To no other man comes such sharp trials. The memories of hurried journeys, long struggles and losses hard to be borne, crowd upon me — and I must forbear.

Just as General Sherman says the forefront of the battle is the happiest place, the task of the successful general the highest pleasure, so say I that the bold and skilful surgeon has the very keenest pleasure in the overcoming of obstacles and the relief of humanity. One is apt to suppose that to the army surgeon comes the most dreadful emergencies — but I do not think so. I have seen most forms of human woe, and I have been under fire on many a battle field. I have seen the effect of grape and canister at short range. I have seen many a Six Hundred go forth into battle who returned nevermore, but nevertheless I have witnessed quite as terrible tragedies in quiet homes in the country. I have spoken to you with enthusiasm because I know of no other calling so worthy of it, and also because in this way I hope to render your studies pleasant to you.

Through the kindness of Doctor Luke Corcoran, his relative and warm admirer, I have been given the satisfaction of reading several of those lectures on surgery. In one of them Doctor Smith almost opened the door of the new day in medicine. He was speaking of erysipelas and tetanus as related to gunshot wounds, and said, "The invasion of either is of very dire import to the patient, and it is

our duty, of course, so far as we can, to guard against them. I believe that we can guard against them more completely and perfectly by the use of anti-septics than in any other way. I am inclined to think it will be demonstrated that erysipelas inflammation depends upon some specific germ of disease."

The kindness of Doctor Smith meant much to very many people. From his father and grandfather he inherited his love for his profession. Doctor David became a leader in the faculty of the Yale Medical School, as his grandfather, Doctor Nathan, had been, occupying first the chair of medicine and then that of surgery. His forbear was among the first to perform the operation for diseased ovary, made plain the first principles to be observed in the treatment of fractures, and was the first to call attention to the proper method of reduction of dislocation. The grandson studied in Europe, and was abroad when the Civil War called him to serve as surgeon of a Massachusetts regiment, then medical director of the army commanded by General George H. Thomas in Kentucky, and finally in charge of the great government hospital near Alexandria, Virginia. His record was conspicuously efficient, as is strikingly shown by Corporal James Tanner in issues of the *Red Cross Magazine* for September and October, 1916. He tolerated no neglect of soldiers. Then, as always, he hated crookedness, and was impatient of fools.

In a beautifully written and vivid little book, "Hospital Days", "printed for private use", Jane

Stuart Woolsey of New Haven, supervisor of the nursing and cooking department, tells of the work at Alexandria. The hospital was established in the buildings of Fairfax Seminary, a former divinity school, whose occupants had gone with the Confederacy. The thorough methods employed, the efficiency of the service and the remarkable leadership exhibited by "the surgeon in charge" appear upon every page of the moving narrative. The whole constitutes an illuminating contribution regarding medical and hospital conditions during the Civil War.

Doctor Smith made several journeys to Europe in keeping abreast of his profession, but he had great respect for the medical progress of his time on this side of the Atlantic. When I knew him he lived with his wife at the Haynes House after the death of their boy, named for General Thomas, and in the lad's memory the father left a fund that will always benefit needy children of Hampden County. For some years I had quarters in Doctor Smith's house, where he kept his office. He did much for me professionally, and even more through advice. He taught the wisdom of taking a leisurely hour for one's bath and preparations for the day, and that one gets rest in bed even when sleep eludes us. During the final illness of my father Doctor Smith went to see him. That involved a long drive on a stormy afternoon and night into the Berkshire hills from Pittsfield to Williamstown and back, and we did not reach Springfield until the small hours. An older brother would not have been more sympathetic than this upright and

downright man upon whom so many leaned, who told me there was no hope of recovery.

Doctor Smith had lived only half a century when his work ended December 26, 1880; how young that seems and how far away the event! The night of his departure, when there was a consultation of eminent physicians, I went to the hotel to inquire about him, and not many hours later came word of his death. The office room that had been set apart for the elder Bowles remained unoccupied after his death. Into its seclusion I retired to write a story of noble service. The sheets were wet when Doctor Smith's obituary went to the composing room. To Doctor Frederick W. Chapin, Doctor Corcoran, Doctor Wallace H. Deane and many others of his calling hereabout and in Connecticut, Doctor Smith remained an inspiration.

On the day of Doctor Smith's burial, "Billy" Collins, the liveryman, afterward surveyor of the port of Springfield, drove a hearse for the first and last time. With the doctor's horses he carried the body of his friend to the grave, — for in this wise was David P. Smith loved.

So many worth-while men and women come to mind, deserving the slight perpetuation mention here may give, that the situation becomes embarrassingly impossible. Take the bankers, with F. H. Harris at their head, who was an expert in finance, politics and men. His was a patrician figure when after banking hours on pleasant afternoons he rode his dainty thoroughbred horse. Henry S. Lee, helper of all needing assistance, radiated an active good will

throughout the community. Never forthputting for himself, he is a blessed memory. Charles Marsh, valedictorian of the Class of 1855 at Williams, all his life a reader and student, was Mr. Lee's chum in service of his church and the community. James Kirkham was a shrewd banker and useful citizen. The sons of Harris and Kirkham carried on the family tradition. Other bankers and men in other lines of business merit record it is impossible to give in this already too wide-sweeping backward look.

The paper manufacturers formed a fine group, albeit their mills were outside of Springfield. O. H. Greenleaf, who gave the nucleus of Forest Park, John H. Southworth, Charles O. Chapin, Henry A. Gould, Julius H. Appleton, E. C. Rogers, W. N. Caldwell, Charles H. and E. Courtlandt Southworth, are well-remembered figures. Horace A. Moses was yet to come with his large plans for helpful coöperative work in agriculture.

Of the business men, Andrew B. Wallace was on his way to becoming Springfield's greatest merchant. Perhaps Nathan D. Bill was already dreaming of the time when by benefactions he would link the family name with the city's future. George Dwight Pratt, too, always helpful in public matters, must have had thought and hope of the large community work to which he was to grow, including leadership in giving us the Municipal Group. G. W. V. Smith was making the great artistic collection that is now one of the city's most widely-known attractions. And hundreds of others, each in his place, were making ready to become leaders in the larger Springfield.

XIII

GROWING INTO THE LIFE AND WORK

THE adequate reporter and editor is forever putting himself in another's place. He will find sympathy opening the way to understanding in every job and encounter. It is not easy business to get at all sides of a matter, but it is interesting and absorbing, and leads to an intimate knowledge of men and life that is necessary for the best service. It is the application of intensive cultivation. Greatly to be respected is the patience artists put into their work, which is a thing of infinite pains and detail. So of great novelists, the writing of history worth reading and all fine literary work. It is more difficult to hold one's self to the level of his best in the rush of journalism, but it pays young men to come as near to that as may be amid the distractions of the newspaper office. It is the man keen to spare no pains who gets trusted.

That doctrine was fundamental in the *Republican* school. So was the idea that young workers should not be permitted to harden into ruts. We youngsters needed a great deal of shifting about, and we got it. Each change stimulated growth. Behind James Gordon Bennett's famous "shake-ups" were possibilities of benefit to the *New York Herald*.

I had quite an experience in city and desk work and the reading of newspapers before Mr. Bowles began to send me out of Springfield on special duty. A great variety of writing and oversight came to me, — political conventions, city news, charge of western Massachusetts news, head of the local department. When the Chief was away I had his cherished *Weekly* to make up. He promised me a year or two in Washington, but that was put off as office responsibilities increased. When, in 1877, we moved to a new building built for us by the Five Cent Savings Bank, Mr. Bowles had "General Editor" painted on my door. That meant larger editorial oversight. Upon the death of the senior Bowles and the departure of the managing editor, Mr. Clark, the writing on the door was changed to "Managing Editor", which designation remained until my retirement in 1919.

It had been my theory that the reporter who handles conventions and large news happenings is best qualified to make editorial comment upon them. This was put in practice so far as conditions permitted. The editorial writers had each his special subjects, and they were expert in them. In this way a vital editorial page was maintained. Men wrote because they had something to say.

During my tutelage one was always on call when any gap came in the staff. All the while, too, we were taking note of the Chief's ways, the methods that, each in its place, were fine art. He ranged over the paper. Until his death he was the dynamo speeding up our efficiency, enthusiasm and morale.

In newspapers of this time no such full individual oversight is possible. There must now be far more division of responsibility in order to obtain proper results. Authority must be given to department heads.

I recall a comment on the chief's watchfulness. Gordon M. Fisk, editor of the *Palmer Journal*, met William S. Robinson (Warrington) coming out of the *Republican* building, who said, "I've just left Sam Bowles upstairs wearing his life out looking for a turned letter in the *Republican*." That was one way of looking at the matter. The other aspect sees Mr. Bowles gladly exercising the eternal vigilance that was the price of producing America's best provincial newspaper.

Mr. Robinson was the paper's famous Boston correspondent who wrote incomparably searching letters. Mere politicians and official incompetents feared his trenchant pen. It always seemed to some of us that Frank B. Sanborn, who followed him, strove after the pattern set by Warrington, even in his wonderfully informal literary letters. Mr. Sanborn was one of the most widely educated men I have known. His name is linked with the Concord school of philosophy.

The *Republican* office was a hard school. Judge James T. Robinson, editor of the *North Adams Transcript*, about that time told my parents they were very foolish to let me remain where Sam Bowles could kill me with hard work. I wrote in reply that if our cousin, the Berkshire judge of probate, would send his own boy to the *Republican* it would be for

his present and future advantage. Nothing is surer than that newspaper work properly done demands more exacting attention than is insisted upon in other callings. The pace is swift, and one must keep it or fall out.

Especially pushed were the group of young men attempting to hold their own against veterans trained by Samuel Bowles. Many a night we toiled into the small hours, got a few hours of sleep, and went at it again. The joy of such fighting is like the fierce endeavor of the battlefield. Now and then one could not relish his breakfast, and then a goblet of soft-boiled eggs would be mixed, seasoned and drunk, — for by that time we received money enough to eat at E. C. Barr's restaurant. By such means one was equipped to rush to the train for the North, reaching the station mayhap to see Conductor Carroll waiting watch in hand and motioning you to run. Sometimes he held his train a little in order that you might not be left.

How good those old-time conductors were to us in contrast with a few petty general officials! Upright Stephen Chapin of the Boston and Albany, kindly Henry D. Carroll of the Connecticut River, courtly James Parker of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, — these railroad men and many others I bless in memory. Many a kindness they did for the reporters, every one of them ready to assist *Republican* men. Then there were Albert Holt, the Boston and Albany paymaster, and engineers and many station agents always ready to render assistance to us.

The local department was subjected at first to a good deal of nagging from Edward H. Phelps, local editor "up street", who knew Springfield and this part of the State as no other journalist of that time did. Was a name wrong in print, or an error of any kind made, he delighted in calling attention to it in the *Evening Union*. This put us on our mettle to get all the scoops on Phelps industry could encompass. In a little while we pulled up, until our friend's opportunities waned, and he desisted. But we did not forget. Method was sought whereby the offender might be publicly spanked.

The result was obtained through a bit of April fooling conceived by Charles H. Dow. On All Fools' day it was announced in the *Republican* that a wedding of romantic interest was to take place in the old Unitarian Church on State Street near Willow, then used as a furniture store. Because the mother of the bride-to-be had been married there the daughter came from the Pacific coast that she too might be wedded in the old sanctuary. The sentiment was appealing. It was said that Mr. Maxfield had arranged a little chapel on the second floor especially for the ceremony. Fictitious names were used, of course, and the ceremony was fixed for 10:30 A.M. in order that the wedded pair might leave on the western train for San Francisco. Friends of the family were invited.

The outcome was exceedingly satisfying. Mr. Maxfield was highly indignant because of the number of eager women who came to see the wedding that was not there. A little before the hour fixed

Mr. Phelps left his office, a flower in his button-hole, and headed for Maxfield's. When he returned from his fruitless quest smiling *Republican* boys watched his progress along Main Street.

There were other successful April first exploitations, some worth telling about. One year I concocted a story — taking counsel of no one — which proved of more than local interest. It related to the arrival of Mr. A. P. Rill of F. O. Olman and Company of Hongkong, who had come to arrange for bringing a group of Chinese students to the United States armory to be taught how to make the Springfield rifle. An attractive cloak of plausibility was draped around this international episode, and it stirred things. Clinton B. Evans, telegraph editor, lived with me in an armorer's family. When I came downstairs next day Mr. White and Evans were heartily condemning the government for such an arrangement. Mr. Warren, chief editorial writer, was entertaining a minister, and as they walked to the Universalist Church they talked over this remarkable development. It was not mentioned in that pulpit, but was spoken of in the Church of the Unity, where a candidating preacher talked on the signs of the times. Among his illustrations he used the remarkable news in the morning paper, about the new understanding with China. I had regret for his plight; perhaps it cost him a call.

Many newspapers took the matter up, among them the *Hartford Courant*, which escaped disaster by the merest chance. The *Republican's* article had been clipped and set up, and the proof room had started

on the first "take" when an editor overheard the reading of "Mr. A. P. Rill of F. O. Olman and Co. of Hongkong." "Hold on," he said, "read that again." Then he sharply added, "Can't you see the 'April fool man' in that?" He wrote an introduction to the reprint to the effect that some one had imposed upon the *Republican*, thereby saving the *Courant's* face, and preserving an interesting clipping. Mason A. Green drew my portrait next day as "Mr. A. P. Rill", and I still have the creditable result.

Henry W. Blake misled the town and the police department. That April first story began by pointing out the difficulties many householders experienced in getting rid of dogs and cats which had outlived their usefulness. This had led to many requests that the police dispose of them. In order to facilitate action in this matter, therefore, the department had procured a big crate and owners of undesirable animals were invited to bring them to the police station that morning, when they would be sympathetically deposited in the specially prepared crate, which would then be taken out on the Connecticut River and sunk. Among the many bearers of dogs and cats who appeared at the City Hall building was one of our printers, who had lost sleep in order that his antiquated pet might depart in peace. People gathered on the river bank to see that crate launched.

When readers became sufficiently expectant to search for an April fool article, we omitted it, — and got them that way. Such "sells" are no longer at-

tempted by newspapers. Once they excited general interest. The brutality of the *New York Herald* discouraged the practice. Under scare heads one April first it told of an escape of wild animals, and represented them to be roaming the city, seeking whom they might devour. Mothers and fathers were panic-stricken. The late A. W. Nason, then living in New York, told of reading the *Herald's* story downtown and speeding madly back to see that his children, who had gone to school as usual, were brought back to safety. He never thereafter read the *Herald*. So, no doubt, of many another family.

In those days we sent a man from the office to cover the Connecticut valley as far north as Greenfield. His work was supplemented by correspondents living in Holyoke, Northampton, Greenfield and other towns. If this valley reporter happened to be sick, with no substitute handy, the local editor filled in, carrying his regular work besides. So I came to have many good friends up and down the valley. When big things broke loose, like the Northampton bank robbery, the burning of the French church in South Holyoke, or the Mill River flood, the acquaintances gained through occasional work as valley reporter counted for much. One had responsive friends on the spot who could be drawn upon for information and help.

XIV

STUDYING OUTLYING TOWNS AND CITIES

IN the highly-prized permit to pass over the Mohawk Trail from Fort Massachusetts to the Deerfield Meeting House, discriminatingly issued from Gunn Hill House in Greenfield by John A. Aiken, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, it is requested that the bearer be permitted to acquaint himself regarding "the various peoples, tribes and communities" along the way. In more serious fashion the *Republican* gave me warrant and authority to study the "dispositions, languages, tales, songs, legends, incantations and mysteries" of the people of western Massachusetts in all the towns and cities thereof.

I was to learn that there were differences between cities and towns almost tribal as regards public spirit, methods and atmosphere. There were chiefs and lesser chiefs, live and growing places and belated ones. In some, values were more materialistic than in others, with standards accordingly. Good government was easy to achieve in given cases and difficult in others as the quality of populations differed. But everywhere was the popular sense of decency which could be appealed to in case of need with certainty of response in the end. Everywhere, too,

there were public-spirited men striving for community betterment, who persisted whatever the discouragements under which they labored. Would that I might list and give merited praise to them all, so many of them forgotten in their towns and cities with the passing of the years.

But at least it can be said in the light of knowledge and mature reflection that in western Massachusetts, as in all the United States, there has been large social improvement as well as great material advance during the last half century. Democratic government, with all its weaknesses, has been broadened and strengthened, made more quickly effective for the correction of abuses. A more helpful relationship exists between employer and employed in manufacturing establishments. Welfare work, unknown once, is becoming well-nigh universal. The health and safety requirements ordained by statute have steadily grown. Recreational provisions, including sports of almost every kind, are becoming general for the joy and enrichment of the workers. Labor has a recognition at this time undreamed of in the seventies. The horizon of the workers has been widened in many directions, and capital's sense of justice has been enlarged. In evolution lies the cure for social ills, difficult as it seems to wait for it.

In starting life one takes the day's work as it comes, and is slow to understand that he is being rooted and grounded for service. It is easy in the backward look to understand the method that was being applied by Mr. Bowles. Step by step inti-

mate study was to be made of the region which the *Republican* served.

An early and informing experience came in writing about Turners Falls, where a remarkable industrial development was in progress. Under the lead of Colonel Alvah Crocker of Fitchburg, the Turners Falls Company had been incorporated, old river rights acquired, land bought in the town of Montague, and a manufacturing community was being developed which it was hoped would rival Holyoke and great manufacturing cities in the eastern part of the State. The Russell Cutlery Company had been drawn away from Greenfield in 1870, the Montague Paper Company and other important industries had come or were in prospect. Under the wing of Wendell T. Davis of Greenfield, treasurer of the water power company, I was introduced to Turners Falls, a creation quite as striking for that day as was to be Gary, Indiana, in a later period.

Of absorbing interest was the great upbuilding by the side of the Connecticut River, with plenty of crudities as well as of potentialities in the existing situation. It contrasted suggestively with the early fossil imprints on the sandstone rocks in the northern part of the town. But the live men of the place attracted me most,—and it would have astonished the manufacturers could they have discovered my conclusion that Cecil T. Bagnall, editor of the *Turners Falls Reporter*, was the most individual person among them all. Many men looked up to as business magnates were in the end to have only such permanent recognition as they got through Mr.

Bagnall's appreciative obituaries of them. Much more was he than the writer of humorous paragraphs quoted in other papers. He loved the printing art, and excelled in it, and could put a big heart and sound philosophy into serious writing when he would.

Through personal touch I studied the county seats, — Northampton, Greenfield and Pittsfield. Of the three, Greenfield had best kept the pleasant distinction of the old days. The fact that she retained the town form of government may have contributed to that result. Perhaps pride of locality is best nourished by the ancient form of democratic rule. Northampton, Pittsfield and Springfield have not lost such pride, albeit it seems as if in the shire town of Franklin County there lingers more definitely the old looking up to men who represent the best the local life can show. But comparisons may try the patience of some readers, and I am playing no favorites among old and tried friends.

My first approach to Northampton was under the guidance of Doctor L. Clark Seelye in advance of the opening of Smith College. There could have been no better mentor. President Seelye showed me over the new buildings and told of his plans and hopes for the educational departure he was to shape. He displayed enthusiasm and a quiet confidence, but by no means forecast the extent and richness of the accomplishment that was to come and which he was to lead and behold in its fullness.

I had taken that assignment very seriously, read up on woman's place in the existing educational scheme, and did my best to produce an article worthy

of the opportunity. No doubt the result was more like a magazine article than a newspaper sketch. At all events the copy went to the Chief, and after he had looked it over I ventured to ask if it were all right. "There is too much damned fine writing in it, but it will pass," he shot back, — and I got out of his room as best I could. Some day I shall look up that production and measure its imperfections.

This newspaper genius with penetrating mind and impaired digestion could be as sharp as a meat ax in his pronouncements. I am reminded of the experience of another member of the staff in reporting a reading by Mrs. Scott Siddons, whose remarkable beauty and charm some will remember. Laudation could not farther go than he carried it, and on reaching the office that day Mr. Bowles called for the author and finisher of that production. "Blank," he said, "if Jesus Christ should come to earth tomorrow morning, you have n't left us a single thing to say for him."

But the impression must not be conveyed that the Chief was a profane man, for nothing could have been farther from the fact. Only twice in six years did I hear Mr. Bowles say "damn." The other instance was when I reported to him that a verdict against the paper had been given in the Willis Phelps libel suit, which involved the protection of the public interest. "Damn a hundred dollars; damn a cent!" he responded in righteous indignation and in the presence of an Amherst college professor. But that hundred dollars was never to be paid. The

Republican appealed the case and it passed out of sight.

But we have wandered away from Northampton. Another big personality introduced to me another aspect of that lovely town which has since assumed city clothes and become brightened by the presence of thousands of college girls. Doctor Pliny Earle, of highest standing as an alienist, was for many years in charge of the State hospital for the insane. I went to him because a successful contractor known in connection with work on the Hoosac tunnel, esteemed a clear-headed man, had written the *Republican* that he was cognizant of abuses in the institution and asked that the matter be looked into. I got full particulars of his grievance. Doctor Earle welcomed the inquiry and offered every facility for carrying it on. It produced only another instance of the pitiable bias of the insane. After a thorough examination of the facts it became evident that the gain of that visit was to be knowledge of the wise, skillful, humane and masterly man who was a father to that great collection of people with disordered minds.

One of Doctor Earle's hobbies lay in the exercise of his keen sense of the niceties of English composition. He gave me a big blank book pasted with articles clipped from the editorial page of the *Republican*, with corrections and annotations in which he convicted everybody from the Chief down of lapses from Doctor Earle's high standard. That book might have delighted Professor William D. Whitney, but proved less welcome to some of the

editorial writers. It was the extreme of finical dissection applied to writing in which power to impress and command results must remain the chief aim and end.

Doctor Earle made me his guest for the day, and after the purpose of my visit had been accomplished, it appeared that I was to meet the trustees at dinner. With them I went over the institution. There was a startling adventure awaiting me in the women's department. As I trailed the august body into a big room where many patients were assembled, a very attractive young woman across the room called out, "See the new trustee!" She moved gracefully over the floor and in a twinkling had wound her arms about the neck of the visitor, from the rear, grasping two sides of his parted beard. The trustees lost their dignity, and the embarrassment of the tableau was mounting high when I suggested to Doctor Earle that a release would be in order. A quiet word from him and the incident passed. The kindly supremacy exercised by Doctor Earle over the insane at all times I have never seen equalled.

A visit to Easthampton brought opportunity to study Samuel Williston, the successful button manufacturer, who endowed the seminary bearing his name, and gave generously to Amherst College, which has drawn many students from the school. Reverend Doctor Samuel Seelye was the foremost clergyman of the town, and so three brothers served with distinction near each other in Hampshire County. After Julius H. Seelye became president of Amherst College and L. Clark Seelye president of Smith,

somebody pasted their heads over the two cherub faces in the picture of the Sistine Madonna and the photographic reproduction went its way about the Connecticut valley, provoking friendly amusement.

In learning about places it was part of my task to get data concerning men of importance so that when death took them their lives might be intelligently portrayed in the paper. The eyes of one citizen who held high state office filled almost to overflowing as he contemplated his coming obituary. Because of that visit the *Republican* was able to record at length the fruitful career of Mr. Williston and do him honor when he died. His friend Professor Tyler, the beloved professor of Greek and historian of Amherst College, was later to deliver an elaborate eulogy. The manuscript I had procured and expected that it would be printed in full. But a queer combination of circumstances determined otherwise.

The *Republican* had agreed to buy a story by Bret Harte from the *New York Sun*, and a telegram informed us that the proofs were on the way. The New York paper was to use it next day, and so must we. It would be impossible to put in type both Tyler and Harte. As the Easthampton manufacturer had already received generous attention, the Tyler manuscript had to give way. It fell to my lot next day to call on the professor in his Amherst home and acquaint him with our dilemma and its outcome. "I am to understand then," said the venerable man in solemn conclusion, "that the *Springfield Republican* regards a story by Bret Harte of

more importance than my recital of the useful life of Samuel Williston." Unrelieved by any gleam of humor, such was his reading of the facts. The atmosphere of that study seemed filled with scornful challenge as I made my way out.

Holyoke became a city in 1874, two years after I first saw it. The quality of her early officials was superior. W. B. C. Pearsons, the first mayor, was a splendid specimen of manhood. Edward W. Chapin, city solicitor, and Edwin A. Ramsay, city clerk, were competent and kindly. William Whiting was on the school board, later to be mayor and member of Congress. James H. Newton and his brothers were booming and building the city. Timothy Merrick was prominent. William Skinner had not yet come from the Mill River valley. These men and others are entitled to lasting remembrance.

Holyoke, with its large foreign population untrained in civic affairs, needed nursing in self-government, and received it. It was good for the soul to take note of the heads of important manufacturing interests who did not take the afternoon train for homes in Springfield. Those men lived in the Paper City, shared in its problems, and bent their backs to the task of solving them. They sacrificed much to make Holyoke a good place in which to live and do business, and the results achieved are to be measured by the difficulties overcome. That which was accomplished by these pioneers has been an incentive to those who came after them. In few cities are the agencies for community service better organized and sustained.

Chicopee, with difficulties akin to, or greater than those which confronted Holyoke, has found less assurance for her future. When men like George M. Stearns, Governor George D. Robinson and William W. McClench lived there, along with others now dead, the standard of government was higher than it is now or will be again. The obligation to secure honest and competent administration of local affairs, where the elements constituting the population are so heterogeneous, must continue to tax the patience and courage of leadership less commanding than of old.

XV

TUNNEL BLAST ON THANKSGIVING DAY

THE great material romance of northwestern Massachusetts was the building of the Hoosac Tunnel. In a period not very remote, difficult to the point of impossibility seemed the undertaking of opening a passage four and three quarters miles long beneath the mountain barrier which halted railroad trains on the east and the west. Concord coaches running over the mountain where the Mohawk Trail highway now is linked the Troy and Boston and Fitchburg railroads. The stages were handled by amazingly skillful drivers, and that mountain ride made a very beautiful interlude in the railroad journey. But the interruption was unsatisfactory as a business proposition. Scenery, however noble, must not be permitted to interfere with long hauls of freight.

Hope of a western connection for Massachusetts by way of Berkshire was early cherished and its realization long delayed. It was under consideration in the form of a canal or railroad as early as 1826, but because of the obstacle of the Hoosac Mountain preference was given to the southern route through Springfield. There was the dawn of the Western Railroad Corporation, forerunner of the Boston and Albany Railroad, to which the State lent its credit.

Later the people of the northern part of the State secured what became the Fitchburg Railroad from Boston to Greenfield.

In 1848 the Troy and Greenfield Railroad was incorporated, and its projectors lightly engaged to put its tracks under the Hoosac Mountain. For long that project existed only on paper. Towns along the way in time, to their lasting financial discomfiture, bonded themselves in behalf of the shadowy enterprise. Disappointed hopes lay beside the long trail from 1848 to 1873. To get sense of this one should view the hole made by a rock-cutting machine in 1851 near the eastern portal. It progressed for ten feet and then failed to work, was abandoned and a new start made. In 1858 General Herman Haupt had high hopes of a boring machine that failed. Work on the tunnel proceeded with many interruptions. The accomplishment of the enterprise at a cost of over twenty million dollars and a toll of one hundred ninety-six lives "was memorable", says the Encyclopedia Britannica, "for the original use in America of air drills and nitro-glycerin." That dry historical statement merits enlargement.

Belief in the possibility and necessity of piercing the mountain became an article of faith with inhabitants of the region to be advantaged. The sentiment prevailed that at all costs the tunnel must be put through. To this creed eminent citizens were true at some moral cost in matters of legislation. The doctrine that the end justified the means served to obtain favorable votes for the project in many sessions of the Legislature. "I have waited twenty-five years

to write this editorial," remarked the elder Bowles as he embodied in his comments on the blast which connected the east and west headings the statement that during the process of building the Hoosac Tunnel the logroll became a fine art on Beacon Hill.

The introduction of machine drills driven by compressed air, the firing of the charges by electricity, and the use of nitro-glycerin, — the latter manufactured by Professor George Mowbray, an interesting gentleman — sped the final stages of the undertaking. Out of the skepticism of many years, during which the completion of the tunnel was regarded as a synonym for the impossible, came the achievement of the blast that opened the passage from east to west. Oliver Wendell Holmes had prophesied that the completion of the tunnel would be coincident with the advent of the millennium. But the historic explosion that marked the beginning of the end of the long endeavor was fixed for Thanksgiving Day, 1873, and in preparation for the event I was sent to study the situation and write the story of the years that made ready for it. The resultant nine columns of matter constituted an astonishing display for those days, but in order to get in so much it had been necessary to sacrifice a column or two of description much valued by the writer, and the necessary slaughter wrung the heart of the novice.

That preliminary study deepened the love I had for the Berkshire hills, so dear to every son of Williams. A classmate, when returning to Williamstown, reverently uncovered his head always at first sight of "The Mountains", and a spiritual uncovering we all have,

even though the outward act be withheld. The benediction that falls from mountains is a positive factor in character building, let whoever may make light of it.

Many people I saw who had battled for the building of the tunnel during a lifetime, — men of Franklin and Berkshire counties. Among them stands out the figure of fine old Roger H. Leavitt of Charlemont, who had preserved every written word about the enterprise that came under his eyes. His memory was a storehouse of knowledge regarding all the steps that had been taken, and many things I learned from him. He promised to leave to me his scrapbooks and documents, for I dreamed of some day writing a book about the tunnel. But as life grew complicated I forgot, and so did he. It is to be hoped that Roger Leavitt's valuable papers have abiding care in some historical society or library.

After studying the situation at the eastern portal, where the capable engineer in charge, A. W. Locke, was correspondent for the *Republican*, I went over the top by stage to North Adams. There followed conferences with the chief engineer, Benjamin D. Frost, Mr. Bond, the treasurer, Judge Robinson and many others familiar with the glamor, the disappointments, and the hard facts of the big undertaking. Already the mining-camp flavor which North Adams had acquired was known to me. Professor Mowbray had taken me over his primitive nitro-glycerin works that a day later exploded like a bomb and scattered the fragments of a few workmen with wide suggestiveness. I knew the character of the rock and sliding

mud at the western portal that required the support of masonry.

But the core of the story, the originality and picturesqueness of it, to my mind, lay on the top of the mountain where the central shaft had been sunk. This idea became what newspaper workers call a "hunch." Having a plethora of facts and figures furnished by the headquarters office, I sought to learn how the lines down the shaft had been perfected and who had done the work. Mr. Frost's invariable reply had been "The office did that", until the response palled. It began to seem like a more or less conscious failure to allot credit to subordinates. When, finally, the urbane chief engineer proposed to supervise my visit to the central shaft, I resolved to pilot myself. Going back to the Wilson House, I wrote a letter thanking Mr. Frost for his attention, — and never saw him again.

Alone, on a clear morning filled with autumnal sparkle, I drove up the mountain. All was quiet on the little area in the town of Florida where the office of the central shaft stood. The miners had gone below. Tying the horse, I advanced to encounter crisp challenge from a stalwart figure filling the doorway. I told this man in oilskins why I had come unchaperoned and without a pass from headquarters. There was no lack of understanding on his part, and so began a friendship with Carl O. Wederkinch that lasted while he lived. He clothed me in oilskins, and we entered the bowels of the earth, and that night in North Adams I pumped him until the small hours.

Thus we come to the large figure of the mountain

top and the story of a graduate of the University of Copenhagen who won a traveling scholarship of two hundred dollars and came to the United States with slight knowledge of English. Because of this handicap no engineer or architect in New York would employ young Wederkinch, who was forced to find work in a machine shop. Evening study enlarged his knowledge of the language. He drifted to Boston and through Mr. Frost got his chance on the Hoosac Mountain.

After the central shaft had been sunk to grade in 1870, there remained the problem of projecting an accurate line from the top of the mountain to the bottom of the shaft. Having found a projecting line between two points from a point beyond, the projections made at different times would not agree. Mr. Wederkinch projected lines at different times, noting their variations and finally corrected the work of alignment by averaging their various results. He constructed instruments, approved by the chief and consulting engineers, which sufficed for the work. The way in which Mr. Wederkinch proceeded, whereby the workings from the east and the central shaft joined with marvelous accuracy, was gathered and presented in detail. The *Republican's* review came out the morning before Thanksgiving, and thereby outside reporters and newspapers were led to give credit to the outstanding man on the engineering side of the tunnel job.

My Danish friend was called from the Hoosac Tunnel to finish the Sutro Tunnel. That work accomplished, lacking more tunnels to conquer, Mr. Weder-

kinch took a course in Columbia University School of Mines. Afterwards he located and developed Central American mining properties which seemed to assure his prosperous future, when fever took his life. I have known few men having promise like his. Would that I had kept a striking picture of him, lost somewhere along the years, whereon he wrote in Danish "The most affectionate words one man can say to another."

But the masterful personality among all those who worked upon the Hoosac Mountain was Walter Shanly, one of the Canadian brothers who contracted in 1873 to complete the undertaking by March 1, 1874, at a cost of \$4,750,000. The Shanlys were honest men who surmounted extraordinary difficulties to make good. Walter Shanly was courtly, lovable and efficient, respected by sub-contractors and all having relations with him. No matter what untoward conditions confronted, the work went on. The Shanlys deserved more generous treatment than they received from Massachusetts. Knowing this through impartial study, it was my privilege to seek over a term of years, through the *Republican*, to persuade the General Court to deal justly by these honorable gentlemen, aliens though they might be in the sight of legislators from Cranberry Centers.

At 3:05 P.M., November 28, 1873, the blast was discharged that made an opening of about five feet square in the barrier wall. Over the broken rock from the east passed Robert Johnson of Boston, chairman of the Senate committee on the Hoosac Tunnel; then Brownell Granger of Boston, House chairman of the same committee; then Walter Shanly,

who took me with him; and close pressing came members of the Legislature, scrambling miners and outsiders. Waiting on the other side were a company of tunnel devotees from North Adams. Among them were William H. Phillips, newspaperman and great lover of Berkshire, and Theodore Williams, a college friend, now with *Leslie's Weekly*, and then reporting for a Troy paper. So east and west met, and rejoiced with much individual felicitation and large prediction regarding the benefits that were to come on this pathway under the mountain.

I remember it was imagined that even after trains had begun to run through the tunnel, the stages would continue to pass over the mountain because of the wonderful views that it disclosed. That was a miscalculation, but the coming of the automobile age has made all that exceptional scenery the possession of the nation.

XVI

THE GREAT RESERVOIR DISASTER

To get out of newspaper work what it can give, one must be an incorrigible optimist. Faith that the press is the guardian of the public welfare will avail to carry the worker over many rough and seemingly unproductive stretches of toil. He will rise above discouragements with industry that defies defeat and surmounts it. Not one among my newspaper friends really enjoyed such dull routine work as fell to him, however well it was performed. But the effective among them learned to take things as they came and work them out of the way. So growth was invited and professional progress and the larger command of opportunities. I know of no peace more satisfying than that which follows endurance in well-doing, whatever the business in hand. That sounds like a counsel of perfection, but is only a bit of horse sense of the sort that made David Harum, philosophic interpreter of life, so great a favorite.

It is the unexpected that shatters monotony and makes big news. It was my fortune to have part in reporting a reservoir disaster before repetition at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and elsewhere, made affairs of that kind less novel. A mountain reservoir in Hampshire County broke about eight o'clock one

morning and its waters rushed ten miles down a beautiful valley, sweeping away all in their path, — bridges, factories, houses, barns, human beings, animals and the fertile earth.

After an exceptionally hard week, May 16, 1874, when one craved sleep and a restful Saturday, I was called by messenger from the office into a sodden, dispiriting day. There was desperate trouble in the Mill River valley from Williamsburg to Northampton. Mr. Clark, the managing editor, was summoned, with Mr. Whiting and one of our most attractive and competent reporters, Charlie Sterns, whose early death is still a grief. There was no time for a proper breakfast, and Chauncy White's depot restaurant sandwiches flavored by time and engine smoke, washed down with coffee from a big receptacle that, so far as the public saw, was never emptied, had to be inflicted upon a tired stomach.

The quartet from the *Republican* office were on the train bound for Northampton soon after noon. Thanks to that town's dikes, the flood inflicted small injury at Northampton as it rushed on its way to the sea. We put the paper's local reporters on the job at Northampton and Florence, while the office men pushed up the desolated valley behind a pair of competent horses.

This thing had been well timed for our exploitation, and emotions were held in check as plans were laid for thorough work upon a great story. There was no Sunday issue to be considered and we had until Sunday night in which to prepare for Monday's paper.

The source of the trouble lay three miles beyond

Williamsburg at the head of the valley we were traversing. There water had been stored for mill use in a pond covering 111 acres to an average of twenty-four feet. That storage of 116,043,840 cubic feet had given some half-dozen manufacturing establishments, large and small, power at all seasons. But the untrustworthy reservoir had now caused one hundred and thirty-six deaths, destroyed a hundred homes and factories, swept away a score of bridges, ruined many miles of roadway, and wiped out a million and a half dollars' worth of property. Of the manufacturing places along the stream, only Florence, at the end of the valley, escaped the toll of death.

Occupants of our carriage were dropped by the way as the plan of campaign necessitated. Mr. Clark was to study the broken reservoir and follow the flood down to Williamsburg. I was to depict the horror as it fell on that town and passed to the next village. Mr. Whiting and Mr. Sterns were to cover Skinnerville, Haydenville and Leeds. All were to contribute definite aspects to the general story. Mr. Whiting was to write what is called in newspaper offices "the lead", — the illuminating general introductory matter.

There were no trolley roads at that time, and we were to learn that Conductor Chandler, who left Williamsburg with his morning train for New Haven over the Canal road, would return to find his house, wife and child engulfed by the waters whose coming he had feared, along with many of his friends and neighbors. Suspicion of the soundness of the reser-

voir construction there had been, but no real conception of what might be the consequences of the faulty work there. The beautiful and industriously busy valley of the day before had been changed beyond belief, and was filled with woe and loss. All along the way there was a search for the dead amid the wreckage, and bodies were being collected in improvised morgues. Of them only swift preliminary glimpses were taken; they were to be studied later.

Dismal beyond all other rides was our progress up the valley. Minor as well as major incidents impressed themselves like the spectacle of William Skinner's house, the greatest in the path of the waters, which sat uncertainly on an island the waters had fashioned about it at what had been Skinnerville. That house can now be seen in Holyoke, whither its masterful owner moved it. Scarcely had the flood subsided before James H. Newton saw Mr. Skinner and offered to build a new mill for him in the pushing new city by the Connecticut River.

George Cheney, caretaker at the reservoir, seeing the walls begin to crumble, had sped on horseback to Williamsburg to warn his boss and the inhabitants. Collins Graves, a milkman on his rounds, in turn drove wildly on to Haydenville, spreading the direful news. There Myron Day, driving a light wagon, started for Leeds, his horse in a lather when he reached there, and the flood so close that he barely missed being overwhelmed by it. Sidney Dickinson of Northampton, then an Amherst student, later to come to the paper, celebrated the ride of Collins Graves in verses that

promptly appeared in the *Republican* and still live. So did a greater poet, John Boyle O'Reilly.

The evil majesty and the wild terror of the invading column of water dazed beholders. Most of us are inarticulate when confronted by the unusual, so far is it from the wonted mental adjustments. Few were sufficiently calm to receive distinct impressions, and the almost invariable summing up of the matter was, "It was so sudden." To one the quick-coming mass of water seemed like the heaviest ocean waves; to another its sound was like the tearing of shingles from many buildings; while a third heard it as the heavy, sullen thunder that accompanies the summer storm. It was preceded and surrounded by a dense spray or fog, dark and thick as the heaviest smoke, while far away on the high ground there was an odor like that emitted by stagnant pools. The wave was generally described as twenty feet high, though in one spot its spray had washed the branches of a tree forty feet above the ground. An hour sufficed for the passing of the flood through the ten miles it ravaged and for its subsidence.

In Williamsburg, Reverend John F. Gleason, who had been the paper's correspondent in Amherst, was of much assistance. He rose from the breakfast table to see the local flouring mill sailing before his window, while the houses of neighbors in the valley beneath were lifted like chips to crumble as salt. The trees were mown down like grass. Huge boulders were tossed about by the resistless current, while the waves would play a while with barns and shops to grind them to splinters.

That which had been produced by this furious commingling of inanimate things was observable down the valley. The river flats and all the banks were crammed with debris. Great drives of timber ; trees intermingled in the most shocking way with women's clothing, less often men's, with mattresses, quilts and sheets, with belting and machinery from the mills, with fragments of bills and letters, with soap and potatoes and stove wood, with rocks and stone steps, with fragments of chairs and tables, and now and then a piece of a piano or a cabinet organ, with little children's hats and tiny shoes, with household utensils and all the fragments of manufacture and domestic life, — these with now and then a poor horse, with agonized mouth and starting eyes, or a faithful ox or cow — and most horrible and soul-harrowing, bruised and disfigured, sometimes maimed human bodies, which so short a time before had been in full flush of life — these made up the recurring picture.

I went with Mr. Gleason to view the sheeted corpses resting on planks placed over the tops of pews in the Congregational Church. The clergyman knew everybody, and could tell what these still forms had meant in the local life. The record of many a career was told. The first face uncovered was that of T. J. Hitchcock, whom I had known a few years before as clerk in the Williamstown post-office, a brother of A. P. Hitchcock who had just left the *Republican* for the *Boston Journal*. This was a personal shock. It aroused fuller sense of what these deaths meant to so many.

Experiences of the survivors were gathered and

recorded, and how varied and thrilling they were! So many had been within a few seconds of eternity, the while a cow had been carried from Williamsburg to Florence with only a broken horn to show for it. Up and down the valley the news harvest was accumulated in such abundance of sympathetic detail as amazes one going over our story so long after the event. There was record of every house and building and what befell the inmates.

When night came Mr. Clark and I were established in the Williamsburg hotel where we wrote until morning. Our midnight lunch was a refreshing oasis in this desert of gloom, and memory cherishes it. We wrote out our voluminous notes and were ready for further gleanings that Sunday brought. A pitiful final service over the bodies of nine victims was conducted in front of the Williamsburg church at three o'clock. The two local ministers and the pastor from Goshen shared in it. Reverend Mr. Gleason told us that the Bible he read from contained record of a full family of which only the father was left; the Good Book had been in use only half an hour before the home was swept away.

Workers among the general ruins toiled all day in the villages, seeking victims whose bodies had not been reclaimed. Sight-seers from all quarters poured into the stricken region, mostly with kindly thought, but a few to plunder. Morbid curiosity drew visitors by hordes many following days, and these outsiders impeded the work of searchers for the dead. Appeals for helpers in the grim work were sent to Springfield and other places and met with quick response. Food

also came swiftly for the feeding of such workers and flood sufferers who had lost their all.

Following the depressing rains that culminated Saturday had come a perfect Sunday. Mr. Whiting preserved its contrasts in this passage: "The birds seemed never so full of gay delight, never so jubilant in their carols. To meet on the roadside that morning an Irish woman, crying over her lost ones, with the piteous keening of her affectionate and impulsive race, and to hear over her head the bobolink, warbling his triumphant song with the immortal freshness of the sky and earth embodied in it, — this was jarring the finer chords most closely and discordantly."

Sunday afternoon the *Republican* forces gathered in Northampton ready for the drive home. There we met Mr. Bowles, who was visiting a relative. He was disappointed that we had not returned to issue a Sunday extra, but we had weighed that matter. It had been decided that rather than produce a totally inadequate story, we would let Henry M. Burt's *Telegram* whet the public appetite until the *Republican* could swing in with a record-breaking narrative such as we had in hand. Our volume of copy taxed to the full the hand typesetting facilities of the office, but the product was such as commanded the attention and praise of the American press.

On the following Wednesday the *Republican* put out a very complete "Disaster Extra", which had its large sale in addition to the daily issues of the paper. Some outsider prepared a paper-covered volume from our reports which were not protected by copyright, adding imaginative woodcuts, and the product was

long sold on railroad trains and news stands. This little book declared that the ruined valley had been visited by "The Besom of Destruction." If this identification of the author of the evil be accepted — somehow it had escaped our reporters — never again do I wish to encounter the "Besom" and his infamous work.

As is the American way when great misfortune befalls, relief contributions flowed quickly in to the aid of the sufferers. Food and clothing, so much needed, came first from Northampton, and then from other localities within the State and beyond its borders. The General Assembly of Connecticut voted ten thousand dollars for the relief work, and many cities raised funds to swell what had been contributed in the vicinage. The Massachusetts Legislature appropriated one hundred thousand dollars to be expended in replacing roads and bridges, and provided for more rigid oversight in the construction of dams. A long judicial inquiry, held in Northampton, touching the responsibility for the faulty reservoir so divided the blame that nobody suffered save in reputation.

To this day traces of the work of that flood are to be seen, and there are those who still mourn in the Mill River valley.

PART II

GLIMPSES OF STATE AND NATIONAL POLITICS

XVII

FIRST PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

IN the process of governing itself the body politic makes politics. When the body politic functions well, the outcome is good government ; if poorly, the results are unsatisfactory. It rests with the people to determine the welfare of community, State and nation. This welfare is affected by individual conduct which multiplies itself into mass influence for good or ill.

So politics runs back of caucuses, conventions and elections, — back of city councils, legislatures and the government at Washington. It begins in homes and schools, and expresses itself in citizenship, in the way we conduct ourselves in daily contact with our fellows.

The salvation of democracy will be found in community self-interest. There is the basis of the appeal that leads to popular uprisings involving the correction of governmental abuses and shortcomings. Public safety rests on the character of people. It is not easy to move the mass of honest folks to united effort, but when aroused they embody supreme power of action. There is our court of last resort.

All this is fundamental commonplace, and yet too few carry understanding far enough back. We deal

with symptoms and phases — as must be — but forget how deep the roots of sound and growing government strike down. Political parties are the product of differing thoughts among citizens, but when the welfare of the republic is threatened, community of thought is aroused that crystalizes into protective action.

Many satisfactions are involved in the discharge of political duties. Wherever and however the game of politics is played — whether in hamlet or city — it uncovers human nature in every phase. Therefore does interest attach to political memories of small conflicts and of greater ones.

So many political contests I have witnessed, such a multitude of occasions when good men regarded the triumph of their side as essential to the orderly on-going of society ! And men holding opposite opinions were likewise convinced and insistent. Was it all merely a matter of filling the air with contentious cries ? Were essentials involved, or only phantasies of misconception ? The contests were exciting and honest earnestness of spirit was in them. This in itself is worth while.

Youth and fanaticism see all truth on their side, and so fight with fierce assurance. Philosophic age grows contemplative, and not through it is progress spurred, though often conserved. Truth is in the political arena, more often than not occupying the middle of the road between the contestants, where independent observers have no difficulty in finding it. Parties are necessary, but even more important to the republic are independent voters, ready to judge

between them and administer discipline as the need surely arises. Partisans and independents there will always be, such as successful democracy must have.

When I came to Springfield the presidential campaign of 1872 was in progress. Horace Greeley, radical Republican editor of the *New York Tribune* had been nominated on May 1 by the Liberal Republican convention meeting in Cincinnati. The platform on which he stood dodged his pet issue of protection, but laid emphasis on reforming the public service, and drawing together the sundered North and South. The Democratic convention in Baltimore in July accepted both the Liberal candidate and platform. But there was a little bolting offshoot composed of "straight-out Democrats" who nominated Charles O'Connor of New York and Quincy Adams of Massachusetts. The Republicans had met in Philadelphia in June and renominated President Grant, and made Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts their candidate for vice president.

Such was the scattering outcome of the widespread protest against abuses in the administration of Federal affairs. The general who brought the Civil War to a close had not shown like adequacy in administering the presidency. The spoils doctrine was being followed in state and national governments. The flagrant corruption of the Tweed ring in New York City had shocked the country and aroused its moral sense. Leaders who desired better things, and turned with hope to the revolt within the Republican party had been disappointed in the candidacy of Mr. Greeley. A different situation might have followed had Charles

Francis Adams been nominated. Senator Hoar, looking backward, wrote, "The discontent with Grant was far-reaching, and I thought at the time that if Charles Francis Adams had been nominated he might have been chosen."

Into such a complex political situation the young men on the *Republican* were projected. Much there was in it to challenge interest and compel thought. We had come to a birthplace of independent political action. Here was a strange commingling, where discontented Republicans and old-fashioned Democrats were joining hands under the banner of Greeley and B. Gratz Brown, abolitionists.

Newspaper independence was being promoted throughout the country in a surpassing way. If some of the converts, like the *New York Tribune*, returned to organic party service, it was because their conversion did not penetrate beneath the surface. Whitelaw Reid later found his way to high party honors. But as a whole the fruits of the editorial independence which the campaign of 1872 brought about remained in evidence, and the freedom from trammels of party was for the advantage of newspapers and the country.

To young men just entering what, in its possibilities, they looked upon as the most influential of callings, Horace Greeley's hankerings after the presidency seemed sad apostasy. From small beginnings the *New York Tribune* had grown into the most influential daily newspaper in the country, with a weekly edition having a widely distributed national circulation. The *Tribune* — rural emphasis placed on the "i" — had

become the guide, philosopher and friend of more people than any other journal in the United States at that time. Its editor was looked up to and venerated by his readers. Amusing eccentricities but enhanced the interest with which he was regarded. The moonlike baby face, underhung with its fringe of hair, was very appealing. The white hat and coat were honorable in the sight of men. Farmers may not have taken all of Mr. Greeley's agricultural suggestions seriously, but they warmed to his interest in them. His iteration of the advice "Go West, young man!" was seen to be soundly based as a general proposition.

The place Editor Greeley held was all his own and a large one. Around him had been drawn interesting literary people, men and women. To imperil such a post of influence, to covet the strange adventure upon which he embarked, — how fantastic the proposition appeared in our eyes! Nor did the progress of the campaign lessen the tragedy of it. In the heat of what we thought to be our clear sight how hotly we condemned Whitelaw Reid for helping to push his chief into politics and out of the *Tribune*!

The *Republican* was encountering sharp criticism on every side, — from old friends, from Republican politicians and newspapers. There was need of much fundamental preaching, for the issues brought to the front by the Civil War had made party lines very rigid. I remember a sentence in one of Mr. Bowles's editorials in reply to a bitter arraignment in one of the Connecticut newspapers:

"The idea of an independent journal, meeting every separate issue on its own merits, without regard

to organizations or parties, seems impossible of entrance into some minds."

Such was the principle upon which the *Republican* proceeded then and after. No party could claim it, no candidate be sure of its support save as he deserved to be preferred above the rest. Strange doctrine was this for the times, though now animating so many American papers, to the benefit of the nation.

The new journalistic freedom caused trouble. In many instances the *Republican's* subscription agents scattered over western New England were postmasters and active Republican politicians. Many of these men turned upon the paper. In some cases postmasters actually refused to deliver the *Republican* to its mail customers. Such a performance seems incredible now, and that it was possible then, with no redress from the Washington authorities, shows the extremes to which partyism had gone.

I was sent out to enlist new agents for the *Weekly Republican*, and discovered that only Democrats could be secured. Friendly words for the paper were few. "Has it always been so?" I asked Mr. Bowles upon my return. "No," he replied, "until now we have been the political Bible of the people of this part of the country." Then I sensed the stupidity of putting such a question to a tired leader in the midst of his battle.

One does not forget features of his first national campaign, even though experienced when short of the voting age. There was plenty of torchlight parading, Roman candles, red fire and bad feeling in the contest. Zeal for the loaves and fishes dominated

placemen so intensely as to lead to gross excesses of language and conduct that outraged the sense of fair play in young men who welcomed Charles Sumner's aims in advising negro voters that they go with the liberals: "Unity of the republic, and equal rights for all, with reconciliation."

Was not that the platform of the lamented Lincoln, of Governor John A. Andrew, five years dead, and now of Carl Schurz, of Lyman Trumbull, of Frank W. Bird, of General W. F. Bartlett, who was to uplift this standard at Harvard two years later, and again at Lexington in 1875, with such wonderful effect upon the country; and of so many others?

But not all men of light and leading were ready for such generous thought in 1872. Greeley's nomination turned many aside. George William Curtis supported the Grant ticket in "The Journal of Civilization", as *Harper's Weekly* called itself, though Mr. Curtis protested the brutality of the Nast cartoons. What had been meet in attacking Boss Tweed, the despoiler of New York City, was not fit when applied to honest Horace Greeley, even though he had been ready to go on the bail bond of Jefferson Davis. Sons of Charles Francis Adams exhibited family characteristics in repudiating the movement which many of their father's admirers had joined in the hope that he might be called to lead it. Did they ever "play the game" like other people?

Roscoe Conkling, dispenser of administration favors in New York State and coiner of phrases, called the union of dissenting Republicans with the Democrats "the black, untamed succotash coalition."

Henry Ward Beecher stood with Conkling, while his two brothers went to the Liberal camp. The bitterness of the contest is revealed in the fact that by the middle of October the *Republican* advised that torchlight processions be given up, because they had led to street riots and bloodshed in Cincinnati, Baltimore, Covington and other cities.

But that liberal departure within the Republican party was to be the forerunner of progressive movements in after years. In inception it had seemed full of promise and power. Old and tried Republican leaders and men of high patriotic impulses came out for Greeley and Brown. The desertion from Grant and Wilson seemed of momentous importance when the campaign was young. Into the current at that stage were swept men like Chauncey M. Depew, who were in later life to regret their youthful exhibitions of altruistic enthusiasm.

It was not long, however, before it became apparent that while many eminent Republicans were abandoning the old standard, the rank and file of voters were to be little moved. They were still too near the war to be of dispassionate mind, and fear of the old discredited democracy held them back. It became evident, too, that Democrats were also of divided minds. Signs multiplied which presaged the overwhelming defeat of Mr. Greeley.

The campaign showed the head of the consolidated ticket to be strong in those qualities which made a great editor. James G. Blaine has written that Greeley's "command of strong, idiomatic, controversial English was unrivaled. His faculty of lucid state-

ment and compact reasoning has never been surpassed. Without the graces of fancy or the arts of rhetoric he was incomparable in direct, pungent, forceful discussion." All that is true and well said. But there was everspreading doubt as to Mr. Greeley's executive ability. He made a speaking tour through Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana and immense audiences greeted him. Mr. Greeley did not campaign in Massachusetts, but I had heard him talk at Williams College in a so-called debate with Professor A. L. Perry on protection and free trade. The occasion exhibited two earnest men, each convinced of the doctrine he preached, who seemed to have no point of contact.

As a candidate Mr. Greeley was out of his element. Even in the *Tribune* office the administrative work had been in more practical hands. Charles A. Dana as managing editor made Mr. Greeley bitterly impatient by withholding some of his chief's editorials, as I learned from Mr. Bowles. Light on the inside story of the campaign I got from Colonel Alexander K. McClure of the *Philadelphia Times*, one of the most capable journalists of his time. He was chairman of the Pennsylvania Liberal committee, as he formerly had been of the Republican state committee, and came into close contact with the head of the ticket. I gathered that as an experienced campaigner Colonel McClure found Mr. Greeley impossible.

One incident he related sheds light. Candidate Greeley had scattered promises so generously that those in immediate charge of his campaign persuaded him to retire to Brooklyn. Colonel McClure, coming

to New York to see his candidate, was told the secret and went over to see Mr. Greeley, who gave him warmest welcome. In the winning way he had with friends, Mr. Greeley told why he had been persuaded to cross the ferry, "but, Colonel McClure," he cheerfully added, laying his hand affectionately on the visitor's shoulder, "you know you can have what you want!"

What was the great service rendered by the Liberal movement of 1872 which ended in such overwhelming defeat and the tragic death of this remarkable man? The historic importance of Mr. Greeley's candidacy was sensed by Southerners then, and more amply afterwards. It materially assisted the slow work of reuniting the sections and bringing about the full restoration of the Union. Benjamin H. Hill of Georgia regarded it as "the most beneficial post-bellum episode in national politics." Colonel Henry Watterson has written that the Greeley candidacy "threw a flood of light and warmth into the arena of deadly strife; it made a more equal and reasonable division of the parties possible; it put the southern half of the country in a position to plead its own case by showing the northern half that it was not wholly recalcitrant or reactionary; and it made way for real issues of pith and moment relating to the time instead of big-ments of bellicose passion and scraps of ante-bellum controversy. In a word Greeley did more in his death to complete the work of Lincoln than he could have done by a triumph at the polls and the term in the White House he so much desired."

That political period made vivid appeal to young men eager to promote independence in journalism,

and to find their place in a new and broader dispensation. The failure to elect Mr. Greeley was for them an incident, not a disheartening conclusion. The formulation of the movement had come from high-minded editors. Evils born of war conditions had lasted long and were not in the way of correction by old politicians who found profit in them. The *Republican* helped to inspire this forward movement. It was supported by the *New York Tribune*; in the beginning by the *New York Evening Post* and the *Nation*, then having separate identities; by the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Cincinnati Commercial* and the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. So all sections were represented. Mr. Bowles put the issue in this way, "Shall the government be administered in the interests of the whole people, or, as in later years, in that of a party, a faction, or a person." This aspiration of 1872 faded out of the lives of self-seekers, but abided with most of the young journalists I knew in that richly formative time.

Nothing in newspaper life has appealed to me more stirringly than the cheerful and dauntless way in which the *Republican* fought a losing fight with a breadth of view, fairness of statement and moral power that never lessened its appeal or dimmed its clear shining. Samuel Bowles and his newspaper could afford to wait in serenity of spirit until the American people should more generally recognize and act upon the ideals for which the paper stood. These had been clarified and established by the Greeley campaign, and were to abide in the paper's future.

XVIII

CHARACTERISTICS OF GOVERNORS

My work yielded knowledge of many governors. Back of them was our war governor. John A. Andrew held the office from 1861 to 1866, and willed his retirement. When he came to Williams College in 1864, three years before his death, he filled my boyish ideal of what a chief magistrate and popular leader should be. He was beloved by Massachusetts, and his presence in Williamstown was an event of moment. I recall him as not of great stature, his fine head covered with curly hair, with gold-bowed spectacles, smooth face, and orator's mobile mouth.

In countless homes of the State hung Governor Andrew's picture. Ours, perhaps grown tiresomely familiar, was in a modest oval frame, which was amusingly desecrated when the great man's face was set aside to make way for the photograph of a boy, — a spindling lad, who remembers the cold clammy feeling of the iron headrest, without which no photographic establishment of the period was complete. Everybody then "dressed up" to have pictures taken, and this boy was arrayed in light brown trousers and coat, with cloth-topped shoes of a like shade. The coat was a loose garment, gathered at the waist with a belt of patent leather, held by a buckle which had a

round tongue that must be put in one way, and then turned to get the button held in the metal button-hole. Boys of a bygone generation will remember all about that.

At the head of the editorial page of the *North Adams Transcript*, James T. Robinson, an early fighting abolitionist, kept standing the following words of Governor Andrew until death put a stop to the judge's remarkable weekly editorials :

"I know not what record of sin awaits me in the other world, but this I do know, that I never was so mean as to despise a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black."

It was against this background that I saw the governor who so early embodied for me ideals of freedom and justice. The glow of fine feeling marked his public utterances, and the grace of his expression was exceptional. Take that moving message sent to the mayor of Baltimore after Massachusetts troops, rushing to the defense of Washington, had been attacked by a mob :

"I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be immediately laid out, preserved with ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by this Commonwealth." How Massachusetts hearts respond to-day, as they did then, to the use of that word "tenderly."

William S. Robinson ("Warrington"), an impatient radical, on occasion thought Governor Andrew — charged with the gravest public responsibility — moved too slowly. History sees him leading all the

time. But when this critic wrote of the governor that "no man ever excelled him in democratic instinct", how much of greatness was depicted. There is the root of the matter as it was in Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, with all his impetuous faults, — and, in his comprehending statesmanship, in Woodrow Wilson. Warrington also said of Governor Andrew that "He was an excellent hater of all men who thwarted and tried him"; and again we have a trait of Cleveland, Roosevelt and Wilson, and of other public men who have sought results under the imperative urging of high purposes.

Promptly on the outbreak of the Civil War, Governor Andrew sent to England for a thousand Enfield rifles, — a small matter it seems now, but a great one it was then. Thereafter he was instant and forceful in everything calculated to forward the prosecution of the war. His fatherly care for Massachusetts soldiers was tirelessly exercised from the beginning to the end. But Governor Andrew was no hater for hate's sake. After the downfall of slavery he was ready for reconciliation, while lesser men nursed their fears and resentments, and forgot the necessity for rebuilding the union.

Governor Alexander H. Bullock, of Worcester, followed Andrew, retiring after three years in office. He was a friend of Samuel Bowles, and I had opportunities to observe him. He was a scholar and a polished orator of the Edward Everett school. It is not generally known that President Hayes in 1879 offered him the English mission. At the Mount Holyoke commencement of 1876 Governor Bullock delivered

an address, and on the same day Mark Hopkins spoke at Williams. Mr. Bowles in an editorial compared their contrasting styles. That week Congressman James A. Garfield also spoke at Williamstown, and ex-Congressman Charles W. Willard of Vermont at Dartmouth, and Mr. Bowles was including the four addresses when he wrote, "None of these addresses approach Governor Bullock's in rhetorical brilliancy, but Dr. Hopkins excels all in the gravity and force of thought, as well as in the polished sobriety and clarity of language. It is the cut and polished lens, achromatic, with all rainbow tints excluded, all distorting air bubbles worked out."

The great teacher whose personality and spirit for so long inspired Williams College had clearness of thought and expression beyond most men. Of the public men I have known Samuel J. Tilden and John G. Carlisle were comparable with Doctor Hopkins in this respect. It is refreshing in a world given to the multiplication of words to encounter crystal clarity in speech and writing.

Governor William Claflin — 1869-1872 — was a sensible business man of religious bent, who began his business life in a tannery in Becket. Visitors to that Berkshire town used to climb in the old building to see the little room that had been young Claflin's bedchamber, and I was one of them.

The fact that Charles H. Taylor was Governor Claflin's secretary, and so acquired the title of colonel, helps to distinguish that administration. Unlike some holders of state-made military titles in days before some military knowledge was required of them by

law, Colonel Taylor had seen service in the Civil War. Appointment to Governor Russell's staff gave the late editor of the *Boston Globe* the title of general. But those were incidents. It is not even as the developer of a successful newspaper that General Taylor would wish to be remembered. It is rather as an all-round newspaper man who created his opportunities and knew how to make the most of them. When John H. Holmes was in charge of the *Boston Herald* he was eager to enlarge its foreign news after the James Gordon Bennett fashion. I asked General Taylor what he thought of this, and his reply was that Holmes might have Europe if he would leave New England for the *Globe*. Here was the sound foundation upon which General Taylor builded.

Governor William B. Washburn of Greenfield and of Erving, where his pail-making establishment was located, was another sensible business man. In bearing he was unpretentious. His public career outran any reasonable expectation of its development. He was four times elected to the national House of Representatives, was governor from 1872 to 1874, and was then elected United States senator to succeed Charles Sumner, whose death in March, 1874, shocked the State. Another example of Washburn's "pleasant, Sunday school luck", commented George M. Stearns.

Mighty had Sumner been in moral power and influence in the anti-slavery discussion and the conflict for the preservation of the Union; none more insistent and persistent. Generous-minded he also was after victory. Well do I remember the intolerant

bitterness displayed when Sumner exhibited largest magnanimity towards the conquered. In 1872 he asked leave in the Senate to introduce this bill :

“Whereas the national unity and good will among fellow citizens can be assured only through oblivion of past differences, and it is contrary to the usage of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war ; therefore, be it enacted, etc. that the names of battles with fellow citizens shall not be continued in the Army Register or placed on the regimental colors of the United States.”

Observe the use of the words “fellow citizens” at a time when members of Congress from the South were referred to by Republican speakers as “the rebel brigadiers.” Pregnant argument was never more effectively compressed.

It has become somewhat present fashion to undervalue Sumner. Stories that imply unlovely conceit are told, and they mostly have their origin in malice, beginning in the period when the senator battled for the freedom of the slave with unending zeal. To the South he seemed a zealot indeed. Always he was the foe of dishonesty in the public service, and so made resentful enemies. But how early he was, and how far-seeing, in sane readiness to deal with new conditions. There his greatness most appeals, as Senator Lamar of Mississippi set forth in a memorable speech when Sumner died.

The Legislature of his own State was not ready to sustain Sumner’s leadership in the matter of battle flags, though the best thought of Massachusetts responded to his initiative. The General Court,

meeting in special session because of the Boston fire, censured the then senior senator. Meeting the representative of my home town after he had voted with the majority in that sad business, I presumed to say to the excellent old man, "You will live to be ashamed of that vote!" And the prediction was fulfilled to his acknowledged grief; and so it was with others.

The boys named after Charles Sumner must have been very many, judging by the number of them I have known, and this exhibits the regard in which he was held. The Charles Sumners must very nearly have equalled the Benjamin Franklins.

The body of the senator fittingly rested before burial in the State House in Boston. In February, 1874, just before his death, that resolution of censure had been rescinded and annulled by large majorities in both branches of the Legislature. The men who led the effort to place an unremovable blot on the State's record were mostly scheming politicians, whose names have no place here.

Thirty-one years after Sumner's death Congress by unanimous action directed the Secretary of War "to deliver to the proper authorities of the respective states in which the regiments which bore those colors were organized, certain Union and Confederate flags now in the custody of the War Department." So captured standards went back to thirteen States, and the vindication of the great Massachusetts senator was completed.

But how came the modest Franklin county banker and manufacturer to be chosen to succeed Charles

Sumner? It was to end a protracted contest between Judge E. Rockwood Hoar of Concord and Henry L. Dawes of Pittsfield that the Legislature turned to the then governor. Senator Washburn served in Washington for the single year of Sumner's unexpired term.

Mr. Dawes declined reelection to the House the following summer, after eighteen years there. Again, at the following session, Mr. Dawes and Judge Hoar were rivals for the favor of Republicans in the Legislature, and the Berkshire man carried off the senatorship to hold it until Henry Cabot Lodge succeeded him in 1893.

Thus Mr. Dawes's service in the Senate exactly equalled his record in the House, a total of thirty-six years of industrious and able national legislative work. Let it be added that the late Asher C. Hinds of Maine, who made himself master of the proceedings of the national House of Representatives, expressed his amazement at the impress left on the records by Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts.

XIX

FIRST CONVENTION REPORTING

Two years after coming to the paper I was introduced to large political convention reporting when Mr. Bowles took me to the Republican state convention of 1874. It was held in Worcester, and I saw the methods of a master in meeting and handling men. To the Democratic state convention, coming later, I went in charge of the job. As one convention differs from another, so did the vociferousness of the second gathering exceed that of the first, and it was characterized in my report as tumultuous beyond precedent. Mr. Bowles remarked that after witnessing other Democratic conventions, I would know more about the possibilities of political noise-making. Nevertheless, seen in the retrospect, that was an uncommonly lively occasion.

Let it not be supposed in passing that all Republican conventions back over the years were severely decorous. The Republicans have staged their full share of exciting politics.

That was a year of political yeasting. Thoughtful Republicans acknowledged that evils which had led important members of the party to organize the Liberal movement of 1872 were not lessening. Characteristics that helped General Grant bring the Civil War

to its conclusion were seen to be to his disadvantage in the presidency. He was obstinately faithful to incompetent and unworthy friends, and thereby wasteful and dishonest administration in many directions became too apparent to escape popular condemnation. The word "Grantism" came into use as a term of reproach. Congress, overwhelmingly Republican, had done things to forfeit public confidence. The Senate then contained 50 Republicans, 10 Democrats and 5 Liberal Republicans; the House 195 Republicans, 88 Democrats, and again 5 Liberal Republicans.

Discipline at the hands of the people was in order, and it came in the elections of 1874. The Senate was made to stand 42 Republicans, 29 Democrats, 2 Independents. Control of the House passed to the Democrats with 168 members, Republicans 108, Liberals and Independents 14.

In Massachusetts several causes had combined to produce acute political dissatisfaction. Lieutenant Governor Thomas Talbot, acting governor after William B. Washburn went to Washington, was in the accepted order made the Republican candidate for governor. The Democrats put forward William Gaston, an able lawyer of Boston. In many congressional districts there was revolt against machines and bosses who had assumed to dictate nominations.

Beyond all this, much resentment had been engendered by the prohibitory law that led to scandals and to no advance in temperance. Enforcement of the law was in the hands of a state constabulary, many of whose members proved venal. In Springfield these officials were believed to be insincere and cor-

rupt. Governor Talbot had vetoed a license law such as the State was afterward to have, and to live under with pretty satisfactory results until national prohibition was decreed by Congress forty-five years later.

The culmination of all these circumstances was that in a total vote of 184,720 — the presidential contest two years before brought out 193,526 voters — Mr. Gaston received a majority of over seven thousand. Thus began the revival and rebuilding of the Democratic party, long kept out of large political honors in Massachusetts.

Results in many Congressional districts were also revolutionary. The complexion of the solid state Republican delegation of eleven in the national House was changed by the injection of four Democrats and two Liberal Republicans. General Benjamin F. Butler was defeated in the sixth district by Charles P. Thompson, Democrat, afterward judge of the Superior Court. John K. Tarbox of Lawrence, Democrat, later state insurance commissioner, defeated J. C. Ayer of Lowell in the seventh district, and William W. Warren, Democrat, of Boston, won over J. N. S. Williams in the eighth district.

General Nathaniel P. Banks, who had followed Greeley, was handsomely elected as a Liberal Republican in the fifth district.

In the eleventh, or Hampden-Berkshire district, Chester W. Chapin, Democrat, defeated Henry Alexander, the Springfield banker, in a great uprising against the machine that had for years been ably engineered by E. R. Tinker of North Adams, col-

lector of internal revenue, and Mr. Dawes's acute political agent.

It should be noted that the national House of Representatives added a postscript to the Massachusetts election of 1874. Josiah G. Abbott of Boston, Democrat, successfully challenged the certificate of election given to Rufus S. Frost in the fourth district, and was seated July 28, 1876. Thereby Judge Abbot, long a party leader in his State, was enabled to become one of the five members of the House who served on the electoral commission in the disputed presidential election of that year.

One of the most idealistic happenings in American politics marked the campaign of 1874 — the election to Congress in the tenth district of Professor Julius H. Seelye of Amherst College. The ability of the people to work their will was never more strikingly shown. We saw the philosopher and student of government busy with his academic duties, entertaining no more thought of going to Congress than of journeying to the moon. But to Washington he went at an expense of a single three-cent postage stamp affixed to his letter, accepting the call of the independent voters.

That district was made up of Hampshire and Franklin counties, a slice of northern Worcester County and the city of Holyoke in Hampden County. Charles A. Stevens, of Ware, unobjectionable as a citizen, had been slated for the Republican nomination. Some fifty Republicans, men of standing in Northampton, Greenfield, Holyoke and other parts of the district, met in Greenfield and proposed that the people attend to this business of theirs by picking the best

man they could summon to service. So they called Professor Seelye. The machine carried the Republican convention for Stevens, but the independent movement was continued. In the end Seelye led Stevens by 420 votes ; 374 votes went to Henry C. Hill, the Democratic nominee, 7353 to Stevens and 7773 to Seelye.

Doctor Seelye exhibited the conscientious independence and breadth of view expected of him during his two years in the national House of Representatives. He thought for himself in the Hayes-Tilden controversy. The success of the "Seelye movement" for long sobered and restrained managing politicians. Are possibilities for like action kept sufficiently alive in the minds of the people to-day, even though there be less opportunity now than then for repressive bossism through political committees ?

Reform results worth having will always be produced by the patient, tireless work of citizens who give first thought to the common good. By such leaven of idealism is democracy to be preserved and its sound advance brought about. Greater patriotic appeal than this there could not be. It calls for the unselfish devotion of lifetimes. Very much of such consecrated service I have seen rendered by men in all the walks of life, as must be for the best results.

XX

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION PERIOD

MEMORY retains the fact that Alexander H. Rice, governor from 1876 to 1879, rode a black horse at the opening of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and his staff were mounted on white horses. He was a suave Bostonian, and not averse to the "pomp and circumstance" of the executive office.

One is thus led to recollections of the exposition of 1876, commemorative of the birth of American independence, forerunner of so many later expositions. The zest of novelty permeated our initial international exposition, which so well served to enlarge acquaintance with the world's products and to bring larger knowledge of our own. It gathered the people of the East and West more informally and intimately than any previous national occasion had done. Residents of the South were too near the grinding poverty war had brought them to have adequate representation, but nevertheless men and women of all sections mingled. The exposition made appeal to everybody, and the railroads gave excursion rates. The national impulse that came out of Fairmount Park was not to be mistaken in its immediate influence and far-reaching usefulness.

Beyond a general broadening of outlook the impulse was seen in the impression made upon our manufacturing interests. Some manufacturers had been inspired by European expositions. Now many studied more effective methods of production. Producers of goods were impelled to employ more effective processes and styles. This visibly improved our manufacturing output during the years following and quickened the stride of the national advance. A vision of world markets came out of the world display, and so the exposition marked a turning point for manufacturing in this country.

An occasion of like importance nowadays would be handled by outside writers employed by syndicates to flood newspapers with their wares. Not so was important reporting then done. It was the business of the staff and the test of it. Mr. Bowles advantaged the paper and its writers by a method calculated to enrich both. One by one editors and promising reporters were sent to Philadelphia at the expense of the office and maintained for a week. Each man wrote of the things that appealed to him. Thereby came a series of letters whose variety and interest gave distinction to the paper and enlarged the equipment of the men. In ways like this the individuality of the *Republican* was being deepened. It was not one of many, but cultivated ideals and qualities of its own.

Venerable and solidified did the United States, with her scant story of a hundred years, then seem. The danger points were passed. Uncertainties had been settled. Supreme in the new world, this coun-

try had nothing to fear as she looked into the future. Slavery lay deep in a bloody grave. Domestic problems there were, and would be, but soluble with patience and the determination of high purpose. There had not been over-much dilution of the American strain through immigration. Thousands of miles away lay the troubles of Europe that never could intrude upon us. Secure in our isolation and unrivalled possibilities for internal development, all was well with the Republic then and forever more!

In oratory, poetry, music and all the arts we made a joyful noise unto the Lord, as was fitting. Now that which another half-century has shown is making the country's different and ever-widening history. We are in the world and must increasingly be of it. Behind lies our provincial period. Time has made anxious warnings of leaders in the republic's formative period less applicable to present conditions than when they were uttered.

This nation essayed to show through the Centennial Exposition what it had accomplished up to that time. That the display should be in Philadelphia was a matter of course. There the Declaration of Independence had been signed to give the world a high mark for national striving. The Liberty bell pealed from Independence Hall. A park of two hundred and thirty-six acres and much diversified beauty was made the site. Nature had done what was undertaken by man in later expositions. The five buildings erected were creditable, though not comparable with the impressive groupings of later expositions. Near to the park temporary ho-

tels were put up to provide sleeping places for the flocking thousands. Restaurants abounded, as always in expositions, but I do not recall a "Midway" or flashy show quarter. One intent on seeing in a week the displays sent by all the nations might well overlook cheaper things.

Our art display was considerable and representative of a not very impressive period in painting. America's leadership in machinery and inventions was shown in range and volume not before attempted. Our limitless agricultural resources were somewhat in evidence. All contributed to increase pride in nationality and its achievements, and so to minimize sectional divisions. The spirit of Seventy-six was invoked and the old altar fire burned again.

I booked at one of the extemporized hotels near the park. The chief had advised me to insure attention by telegraphing for a reservation in his name. This would have sufficed in Philadelphia, but not on the outskirts of the exposition. My landlord had never heard of the foremost editor of New England. The walls and ceiling of the room assigned were of unplanned plank. They inclosed a bed, chair and washstand. The price exacted was exorbitant. In the matter of charging the traditionally sleepy city had become wide awake. The food obtainable at the exposition testified to Philadelphia's fine market facilities, but was expensive for that time. But little alloy mingled with joys of that too short week, filled full of new impressions and the business of recording them. The office was paying the bills!

The American side of the exposition most ap-

pealed. For the first time I could meet, study and differentiate residents of the North, East, West and South. It was the beginning of an intercourse afterwards enlarged in Washington, at many political conventions and through travel. Climatic conditions have their great influence in creating sectional types, and the fiery Southerner and the cooler Northerner are products of environment. New England had passed through the pioneering period, and now had opportunity for the culture that was expressed in her superior literary output. Her intellectual life as it appeared in the colleges was more distinctive than now. The disposition to look upon Westerners as lacking in the graces of social intercourse was prevalent in the older East. "Old families" regarded lineage as essential to social position. The war had produced its "shoddy aristocracy", but members of it were not accepted by a more deeply rooted social leadership.

One coming out of such an atmosphere had much to learn. It happened that relatives were stopping at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia's best, and there was offered a fruitful field for observation. I shall not forget one evening after dinner when our little group sat talking near a company of six, — three forceful men and as many competent women, well on in years. Their life story was being revealed in eager conversation that frankly included those in the vicinity. Here were some of those who had adventured to the Pacific Coast and there won ample success. When they crossed the continent and how, the hardships endured, the trials and tri-

umphs of getting settled, what the children had done, — all was unrolled like a panorama of the march of our resourceful and conquering democracy. Now had come for their sons and daughters the opportunities of an established social state placed on strong material foundations.

As New England people had subdued the earth in their narrow confines, so had men and women like these won their battle in the greater West; and before their descendants ultimately lay the larger heritage. But all was a part of the common national glory. Here was the old temper and fiber of New England persisting westward.

Of special moment as one recalls the exposition of 1876 is the vantage point it affords for estimating the advancement of women, since their exhibits were shown in the women's pavilion. The structure was itself evidence of progress, the first of its kind at any such international display. But this development was not due to masculine upholding of feminine aspirations. The women erected their own building, raising thirty thousand dollars to pay for it.

Few at that time dared to hope that in less than fifty years women would be voting for the president of the United States. The *Republican* was in favor of giving women full rights as citizens, but such consummation seemed far off. "Yes, Robinson," I heard Mr. Bowles say to Warrington, "women are bound to get the ballot, but thank God you and I will be dead when they do!" And so it was.

This first collective display of women's work lacked completeness, because the best achievements of

women in art and invention were included in other collections. It was no surprise that ornamental needlework was the dominating feature, though some woodwork was shown. That which most suggested coming development along serious lines was the exhibit of the women's medical college of Philadelphia. Women doctors were few, and it is to be remembered to the credit of the city department of the *Republican* that it had been influential in making one of them, Doctor Sarah J. Williams, Springfield's city physician.

General Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut, gallant volunteer soldier, editor of the *Hartford Courant*, and United States senator, was president of the Centennial Commission. In the exercises of the opening day he was the oratorical luminary. President Grant had a part to play, and little relished it. The *Republican's* correspondent wrote, "He read from legal cap in a low tone, several times stumbling over words, and in each case beginning over; irreverent men called 'Louder' and sometimes prompted him." A hymn by John Greenleaf Whittier, the contribution of Massachusetts, was sung with impressive effect by a thousand voices accompanied by a grand organ and the Theodore Thomas orchestra.

This inscription on a Philadelphia banner epitomized the event:

1776 with 3,000,000 people on a strip of seacoast

1876 with 40,000,000 people from ocean to ocean.

Does that seem a day of small things to the still boastful nation of the 1920's as it takes pride in a population of over one hundred and five million?

XXI

FIRST VOTE AND THE DISPUTED ELECTION

VOTING for the first time in a national election became a serious matter as one gained knowledge of political conditions in 1876. Republican politicians were too generally banking with selfish complacency on their party's war record. Realization came to young voters that present need was for rebuilding the nation and commanding administrative reforms. Southern States were in the midst of deplorable social and political conditions brought about by the enfranchisement of ignorant negroes. Wanton extravagance was rampant in legislatures they dominated and taxation was rising to ruinous proportions. Carpet-bag misrule, furthered by childish and venal voters, was backed by the military arm of the Federal Government. Political adventurers from the North were profiting by existing conditions, while professing exalted patriotism.

No impartial student of public affairs could escape the conclusion that this state of things called for correction. Responsibility and power belonged to the people of the North. How could the business of restoring order and governmental decency in the South be set in motion with the best promise of good results there; and at the same time honesty, econ-

omy and efficiency be promoted at Washington? Here was occasion for studying the present tendencies of parties and finding out what possibilities of improvement they offered to the country.

There was little of humility, and nothing of doubt in the attitude of active Republican leaders, large and small. We were told that only men of their political persuasion were fit to govern. That attitude affronted one's intelligence. All my predictions had been with the Republican party. But if that assumption were true, there was no help for us, and we might as well face the failure of popular government soon as late. Perpetuation of a ruling class could only increase present evidences that too long lease of power begets abuses. Why not then put this matter to the test and prove or disprove a theory so fatal to democratic aspirations? Were half the people unfit to govern themselves and the rest of us?

To this challenging temper young men of my acquaintance were brought, and we began to look about for the best the Democrats could offer in the way of proved and statesmanlike leadership. That meant early study of Governor Samuel J. Tilden's record, and in the end support of his candidacy. Thereby was freedom of political action declared by men who never became Democrats, but remained Independents, backing now one party and then the other, as either seemed to them deserving of support.

The paper was fair to both sides during the campaign, but gave its support to General Rutherford B. Hayes. So evenly were the scales held between

two candidates entitled to public respect that the office building was illuminated for both Republican and Democratic torchlight parades. The independence of the *Republican* had become established. In theory and in fact it was to "hold an even balance, giving praise or blame, support or opposition, as in each case it was deserved." To this doctrine those who helped make the paper subscribed and adhered. Not always, however, did they in personal political action follow the paper. Each reserved the right to decide for himself, and every man was proud — in historic words later to be spoken — to "carry his sovereignty under his own hat." This appeared when the older Bowles voted for Hayes, and his son and myself gave support to Tilden — a division of action which I heard the Chief disclose to an Amherst professor with seeming satisfaction in the independence which the *Republican* office exhibited.

In insistence on democratic fundamentals, faith in the people, and willingness to fight for good government, Governor Tilden loomed. An able lawyer and very rich for his time, in physical stature he was not impressive. In conversation he was so low-voiced that critics called him a whisperer. But as an executive he was conspicuous. He led in the fight which overthrew the Tweed ring in New York City and drove that gang of plunderers into prison or exile. He helped purify the corrupt judiciary of the city and State of New York. As early as 1874 he induced the New York Democratic state convention to declare for sound currency, when in-

flation ideas were rampant. As governor he stamped out the Canal ring, which had permeated all departments of the state government. He reformed the civil service of his State, and lifted the standard of official morality. Young men eager for idealism in politics were drawn to Mr. Tilden and were not deceived. Many of the fine young Democrats near to him, who were resolved to rehabilitate their party, I knew. But rascals feared Governor Tilden, while Republicans steadily distrusted his methods and purposes.

Let it not be forgotten, in estimating Mr. Tilden's loyalty to the community he benefited so much, that he planned to give his entire fortune for library purposes. He never married. His will was challenged and broken in behalf of relatives, but through the fine action of a grandniece, Mrs. Laura Pelton Hazard, \$2,100,000 out of about \$4,000,000, went as Governor Tilden intended it to go. The New York Public Library received that money, an institution which serves more readers than any other public library in the world.

That Samuel J. Tilden was elected in 1876 and entitled to the presidency was a conclusion reached through careful examination, with an understanding of that time, of the facts in dispute and reports on them, in their wide ramifications. Probably he would have become president in the usual order had not John C. Reed, news editor of the *New York Times*, a master in gathering and handling election returns, but one of the bitterest partisans among my newspaper acquaintances — persuaded the two Chand-

lers — Zachary C., of Michigan, chairman of the Republican national committee, and William E., of New Hampshire, secretary — in the small hours of the day following the election to claim victory. The chairman had gone to bed, and an edition of the *New York Tribune* was on the street with an admission of Tilden's election, when Reed burst into the Fifth Avenue Hotel and changed the course of history. He found William E. Chandler just returned after voting in New Hampshire. Word that the Republican committee admitted defeat had reached Reed in the *Times* office and sent him behind galloping horses to the rescue. It was a famous ride and fateful in its consequences.

Into the details of sharp practices upon both sides, in the election and after, of appeals to fight fire with fire, we need not go. It would be a tortuous journey and wearisome. Mr. Tilden was afflicted with a foolish nephew, and both sides had their tricksters. "Both are damned rascals," a famous radical in Congress was told when an election contest was to be voted upon. "Yes," Thad Stevens replied, "but which is our damned rascal?" Being informed, he supported him. Morasses of corrupt politics in the South were disclosed. Vast possibilities of evil seemed involved in this staggering dispute. Honest men were in despair as partisanship on both sides supported the claims of party, however irregular. Senator George F. Edmunds' device of an electoral commission to pass final judgment was welcomed as furnishing an orderly way out. That body was composed of five justices of the Supreme Court, five

senators, and five members of the House of Representatives.

Through such a tribunal it seemed to fair-minded people would come the opening of a pathway to justice. Members of the highest court could be trusted to decide upon evidence and to ignore party lines. So much could not be looked for from members of Congress, but the judges would move on a loftier plane and render unbiased judgment. Never in my time has a deadlier blow been given to popular faith in the Supreme Court of the United States than when, in the end, by the historic decision of eight to seven the judges were found lined up as Republicans or Democrats, along with the others.

Mr. Tilden, happily for the country, differed in temperament and poise from the Blaine or Roosevelt type of public man. His philosophic restraint and regard for legal proceedings was our salvation. Elihu Root's summary of the matter, given in a lecture at Yale on the "Duties and Responsibilities of Citizenship", in May, 1907, renders the verdict of history:

"It has always seemed to me that Mr. Tilden pursued a very patriotic and commendable course when the election to the presidency was in question between him and Mr. Hayes. . . . There was a question that inevitably would have resulted in civil war in any country where the personal idea was predominant in politics, and there were in this country men of high character and standing who urged that Mr. Tilden's title to the office should be asserted by armed force, but he was decided and

immovable in the position that he would permit no breach of the peace of the country in his behalf, whether he got the presidency or not. The question was finally submitted to a special court devised for the purpose, and the court by a majority of one decided in favor of Mr. Hayes. So Mr. Tilden lost the presidency; but he gained what was of far greater value — a title to the esteem and gratitude of all good citizens. He probably rendered a greater and more permanent public service than by anything he could have done as president."

Francis Lynde Stetson, who as a young man came close to Mr. Tilden, quoted him as saying, "You cannot state the consequences of what never happened." What would have resulted had this patriotic philosopher and idealist, who was at the same time a mighty reformer, become president, can only be imagined. "A great and permanent public service" Mr. Tilden indeed rendered in submitting to the decision which forfeited his rights, but what a field the presidency would have offered for the exercise of the remarkable powers he displayed as governor of New York! The only drawback was his frail health. Possibilities of advantage to the country are suggested by these words in the tribute paid by James C. Carter, a distinguished lawyer of New York City, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of December, 1892:

"I cannot help thinking that Governor Tilden possessed on the whole greater capabilities for usefulness in public life than any other man of his generation. I cannot find anywhere else such a union

of ability to discover true governmental policies with the firm and undeviating purpose to pursue them. . . . I do not think that any other public man of his time was more faithful to his conception of truth."

That campaign introduced what the Republicans promptly called "Tilden's Literary Bureau", an adjunct now employed in all presidential contests. The Democracy, long in disfavor, had small newspaper support, and needed to find new ways of reaching the country. Miller, then editing the weekly edition of the *New York Times*, contributed to the Tilden literature, as did other New York newspapermen I knew. The aim of these young men and others was to develop an opposition party fit to cope with the long dominant Republicans, lest our government become one-sided.

The literary bureau was housed in the Everett House on Union Square, long since departed. It was a fine hotel in its time. There one could be sure of seeing celebrities, domestic and foreign. It was exceptionally homelike. The clerk, well on in years, would have adorned the nobility. He was a distinguished figure when walking on Fifth Avenue of an afternoon, in tall hat, perfectly fitting frock coat, gloves and cane. Yet when on duty he was the responsive gentleman, kindly and helpful. But that was years ago.

Following the election of 1876 there was a remarkable dinner given at the Manhattan Club in New York, at which the important supporters of Mr. Tilden from all parts of the country were present.

To that feast I was bidden. I showed the invitation to Mr. Bowles who remarked, "That is just like Sam Tilden — always reaching out for young men!" But the way was not opened as I secretly hoped it would be, for attending that dinner, and so an opportunity was missed. Possibly the recognition came through James W. Hull of Pittsfield, secretary of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, a relative of the great Democrat, always my friend.

XXII

THE HAYES ADMINISTRATION

PRESIDENT HAYES confronted a very delicate task, and undertook it in the right spirit. Large credit belongs to him. Not even the most sensitive person could have found warrant for declining to accept the responsibility that came from the electoral commission. That settlement must be final. Fortunately for his peace of mind the recipient never doubted his right to the office.

The diary which President Hayes kept from youth discloses the honesty of the man and the trend of his thinking. Early faith in the Republican party had been deepened by participation in the Civil War, wherein he bore honorable part. When Democrats and Republicans testified concerning matters touching the election, even so fair-minded a lawyer as General Hayes unconsciously but inevitably inclined to Republican witnesses. So of important Republicans who assured him of the rightness of the party claims. Such was the temper of the time. Persons who hark back to the period after the Civil War will remember the bias that prevailed. Not during the lifetime of active participants did the contested election of 1876 cease to be in dispute. With studied disrespect the *New York Sun* referred to the President of the United States as "His Fraud-

ulency", and unreconciled Democrats cherished bitterness and strongly expressed it.

Amid so much feeling were set the problems which the campaign had stressed. The contention of the *Republican* had been that Mr. Hayes could be trusted to deal with them in a high-minded and adequate way. The record made by this nineteenth president shows that this confidence was justified. Increasingly as the years recede must it be recognized that President Hayes made wise use of his opportunities. He rendered such fair-minded service that in 1880 the great issue of 1876 had ceased to be of advantage to the Democrats.

In his inaugural address, delivered March 4, 1877, President Hayes revealed himself in the declaration that the occupant of the office "should strive to be always mindful of the fact that he serves his party best who serves his country best." He proved thus mindful. In the midst of so much political bitterness it was fortunate for the country that its president could formulate thus broadly his relation to public duty. His stand invited the hostility of influential Republican senators, but they were compelled in the end to recognize that the independent thought of the country was behind the President.

The composition of the Hayes cabinet disclosed a program of sectional conciliation. The President also committed himself to civil service reform. In choosing for his secretary of state William M. Evarts, one of the great lawyers of the country, not actively in politics, the President invited general approval, but deeply offended Senator Roscoe Conk-

ling and his followers in New York State, and the supporters of "senatorial courtesy." Powerful senators, and spoilsmen everywhere, were displeased that Carl Schurz, civil service reformer and supporter of Horace Greeley four years before, was made secretary of the interior. What "practical" Republican politicians considered a crowning indignity was the choice for postmaster-general of David M. Key, of Tennessee, Democrat, who had served in the Confederate Army. Strange times had come when a Democratic rebel was to command the citadel of the spoilsmen! This extraordinary step, taken in furtherance of the effort to unify the lately warring sections, was part of the policy advised by Theodore D. Woolsey, president of Yale. Judge Charles Devens, called from the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts, who had been a general in the Civil War, was made attorney-general; George W. McCrary, of Iowa, secretary of war; and Richard W. Thompson of Indiana, secretary of the navy. The composition of the cabinet exhibited the courage of a good soldier facing the certainty of being misunderstood.

And more trouble must be invited. There could be no delay in dealing with acute disorders in Southern States. Either the distresses in Louisiana and South Carolina might be relieved or intensified, as the head of the Federal Government decreed relief, or should pursue the old policy of force upon which the radicals of his party insisted. Difficulties beset either path, but there was no doubt what service of the country called for, and in accordance with his desire to promote national unity, the

choice of President Hayes was made. Secretary Sherman and others felt it necessary to provide places for party politicians in Louisiana and elsewhere who had figured in the electoral contest. There is opportunity at this point for criticism of the Hayes administration, but the larger matter moved forward. Republican rule in Louisiana and South Carolina rested on the military power of the Federal Government, and when its troops were called off by President Hayes the carpet-bag governments fell, to the infinite relief of honest folks in misgoverned States.

In matters of legislation President Hayes was handicapped by Democratic control of the House throughout his administration, and of the Senate during the last two years of it. The serious financial problems of the period were handled with wisdom and resolution so far as the President could influence results. It was not a time of smooth sailing in business. The acutely disturbing effects of the panic of 1873 remained. The extended and violent strike of railroad workers in 1877 came in the administration's first year. Financial heresy was prevalent. Under such conditions the resumption of specie payments was accomplished. Secretary Sherman met the many doubters with the common-sense statement "the way to resume is to resume", and made his plans accordingly.

Upon January 1, 1879, the date fixed by Congress, despite bitter opposition and predictions of disaster, the United States "resumed." Coin and greenbacks were soon at par, with notes preferred

as being more convenient. Refunding of the national debt was also accomplished. Bonds paying five and six per cent. were replaced by new bonds bearing four and four and a half per cent. interest. When leading Republican editors, like Mr. Medill of the *Chicago Tribune* and Mr. Halstead of the *Cincinnati Commercial* saw less clearly, President Hayes at no time lost sight of the position taken in his first annual message, that "any attempt to pay the national indebtedness in a coinage of less commercial value than the money of the world would involve a violation of the public faith and work irreparable injury to the public credit."

The purpose of President Hayes that appointment to office should be determined by fitness, and his insistence that public officers owe their whole service to the government, party obligations being secondary, invited more trouble. Senatorial "stalwarts" led an opposition whose bitterness never abated. In 1878 I attended a Republican state convention in New Hampshire, where William E. Chandler sought to accomplish the repudiation of the Hayes policies, and failed. It was a test of national moment, and among the newspaper men drawn to Concord was Edward P. Mitchell of the *New York Sun* whose friendship has endured through the years. The deep offending of the President lay in his commitment to civil service reform. He had written to Secretary Sherman, "Party leaders should have no more influence in appointments than other respectable citizens. No assessment for political purposes on officers or subordinates should be

allowed. No useless officer or employe should be retained. No officer should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, conventions, or election campaigns. Their right to vote and to express their views on public questions, either orally or through the press is not denied, provided it does not interfere with the discharge of their official duties."

That straightforward statement was the prelude to an envenomed conflict within the President's party. The declaration was in harmony with all he had said and promised, but Republican spoilsmen in New York State and elsewhere refused to believe in the stiffness of his purpose. This had to be established, and the test speedily came.

The naval officer of the New York customhouse, Alonzo B. Cornell, had defied the President's order by continuing as chairman of the state committee. This could not be condoned without making that order a dead letter. Behind Cornell and the customhouse officers stood Senator Conkling; at his bidding the New York Republican state convention had rejected a resolution commending the President's reform program. Would the man in the White House retreat or fight?

The President met the issue by removing Chester A. Arthur, collector — afterward to become president through the death of James A. Garfield — and Naval Officer Cornell, later governor, both of whom refused to resign when requested to do so. The term of Mr. Sharp, surveyor of the port, who stood with them, had expired. Theodore Roosevelt,

father of the boy who was to become president, L. Bradford Prince and Edwin A. Merritt were nominated to succeed the three. Senator Conkling fought the President's appointees in behalf of the "dignity of the Senate", and Roosevelt and Prince were rejected.

There followed a lull in the conflict between the President and the Senate, but after the adjournment of Congress in the summer of 1878, the President suspended Collector Arthur, putting in his place Mr. Merritt — who as surveyor had introduced many reforms — and Naval Officer Cornell, who was replaced by Silas M. Burt, an active advocate of reform, who had been Cornell's deputy; while Charles M. Graham was made surveyor to succeed General Merritt. Theodore Roosevelt the elder had died meantime. Senator Conkling again appealed to the Senate to protect his friends, but in February the appointments were confirmed. There had followed such an improvement in the conduct of the business of the New York customhouse that no other outcome was possible. Before a growing public sentiment the arrogance of the Senate gave way, and President Hayes established high place among those who have helped advance business principles in the conduct of the government.

In his letter of acceptance President Hayes had cleared the ground for advancing reform measures by announcing his "inflexible purpose, if elected, not to be a candidate for a second term." He adhered to that determination, and his enemies were handicapped. But they taxed their vituperative

powers in denunciation of "Sunday-school policies" and a "goody-goody" president.

The hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Bennington, fought August 17, 1777, first brought me in contact with President Hayes and members of his cabinet. The President was pleasant, but not "chummy." One would as soon have thought of taking a glass of stimulant or indulging in undue levity before Rutherford B. Hayes as when in the presence of the Williams College faculty of my day. In him was manifested conscience like that which ruled the forefathers when Church and State were nearer together. Mr. Evarts, Postmaster-general Key, General Devens and other members of the cabinet were closer to the lighter side of life. It seemed not so easy for the President to relax. To one of the reporters who, at Hoosac Falls, boarded the special train bearing the party to Bennington, the chief executive gave the impression of one who earnestly and deliberately sought to think right and to do right. He seemed as serious as Lincoln had to be at times.

When the President and his official family drifted into general conversation, Mrs. Hayes entertained one of the newspaper men. She was fine-looking and genuine. The conversation turned upon the training of children, and the young man volunteered observations he had heard his mother make, which plainly commanded respect. Mrs. Hayes's strength of character was apparent in the casual encounter even before the country learned it when the mistress of the White House ordained that nothing of a spirituous nature should be served in the President's

household, even at diplomatic dinners. She lived up to her principles as an ardent prohibitionist in Washington as simply as she had done in the executive mansion at Columbus, Ohio.

That innovation was much discussed. Sticklers for precedent, especially as related to the representatives of other governments — the guests of the nation rather than of Mrs. Hayes — condemned the President's wife for intruding personal convictions into official functions. But during the state dinners of the Hayes administration, as Secretary of State Evarts, most accomplished of entertainers, once put it, "water flowed like champagne." The only mitigation came from the White House chef, who encased frozen punch in individual orange skins. Encountering his portion, the German Minister exclaimed to a lady on his right, "Gott im Himmel, a life-saving station!"

The temperance women of the country acclaimed the departure made by Mrs. Hayes, and honored it by raising money for the painting of Lucy Webb Hayes which hangs in the White House. This portrait, done by Daniel Huntington, was presented after the retirement of the Hayes family. It was accepted by President Garfield in 1881. Many organizations of women throughout the country were named after Mrs. Hayes, and are still so designated.

I saw President Hayes leave the White House. When he was welcomed by his neighbors in Fremont, Ohio, in March, 1881, his little speech of response gave forecast of the future:

“The question is often heard, ‘What is to become of a man, what is he to do, who having been chief magistrate of the republic retires at the end of his official term to private life?’ It seems to me that the reply is near at hand and sufficient. Let him, like every other good American citizen, be willing and prompt to bear his part in every useful work that will promote the happiness of his family, his town, his State and his country.”

Thus it was with this ex-President. He kept alive his army associations. He was active in promoting prison reform. He studiously attended to his duties as trustee of the Slater education fund, and of the Peabody education fund, having to do especially with the South. He was an active trustee of three Ohio colleges. Few men of his time made more public addresses of many kinds.

I came into delightful association with ex-President Hayes on the occasion of a visit to Hampton, Virginia. General Samuel C. Armstrong had urged me to get in touch with his work there, and so I went to rest at Old Point Comfort. Looking out of a window in the big hotel office the afternoon of my arrival, I beheld a decrepit landeau, drawn by a single horse and driven by an ancient negro, containing a single, dust-covered passenger whose black army hat and statesman's coat had become of reddish hue. As the passenger alighted and shook his heavily dusted hat, I saw it was ex-President Hayes. Entering, he registered, and the clerk said, “What kind of a room do you want, Mr. Hayes?” It being evident that the new guest was unrecognized,

I turned to the desk, spoke to the ex-President, and recalled previous meetings. The clerk sprang to attention, and there was a buzz of interest among the surrounding guests. General Hayes seemed grateful for the attention. He was most cordial, told of the presence of the Slater fund trustees, and asked me to join them on the morrow when they were to inspect Hampton Institute.

During a long day, therefore, I was free to ask questions. General Hayes was unaffected in his bearing and readily responsive to a running fire of inquiries. He told many things that illuminated the history of his administration. He talked of other public men frankly and fairly, even when those with whom he had had sharp differences were mentioned. There were no reserves and no evasions. One could not fail to admire his poise.

I remember asking him why John Sherman, then in the fullness of his powers, had never been able to secure the cordial backing of Ohio delegations in Republican national conventions. "That is easily accounted for," replied the ex-President. "For many years my friend Sherman practically had the allotment of Federal offices in our State, and where he pleased one man he disappointed many others. So that what had been accounted his strength in politics became his weakness." Mr. Hayes was keenly interested in public questions of that time and considered them with serenely philosophic temper. He professed great respect for Grover Cleveland, but later as an old soldier disagreed with some of the Democratic president's courageous pensions vetoes.

XXIII

CENTENNIAL WEEK IN VERMONT

ARBITRARILY-MADE geographical boundaries come to embody intense meaning, particularly when people fight for them, and nowhere more so in this country than in the State along whose length the Green Mountains are lifted. The exceptional clannishness of mountainous environments was in evidence during the Centennial week, extending from August 11 to August 18, 1877.

President Hayes was advantaged over many distinguished guests, aside from official position, because of his Vermont ancestry. In a speech at Brattleboro, after the Bennington visit, he referred to the residence there of his grandfather, a blacksmith, and of his father, and in Brattleboro a brother and sister were born. An uncle on the other side of the house, Austin R. Burchard, was then living in Fayettville, in Windham County, from whom I secured family reminiscences for the *Republican*.

Vermont loyalty had its genesis in the bold days of its birth, when the people of the "New Hampshire grants" — the region lying between the Connecticut River and Lake Champlain — met at Windsor in the early winter of 1777 and declared statehood. The territory was claimed by New York, but "the

Green Mountain boys" would have none of that. They resisted in many troublesome ways. Congress declined to countenance the venture, but Vermont successfully maintained her independence and sovereignty until 1791, when she was admitted to the Union. Those stormy early days gave Vermonters an individuality such as struggles for freedom develop in those who endure hardship for a common cause, — a character that could be clearly discerned at least up to and through the Civil War period.

The enthusiasm of the Centennial proceedings brought the old loyalty in evidence, and afforded rich opportunity for studying Vermonters. From every remote corner of the State they came until at one time well over fifty thousand people were massed in Bennington. The entire national guard was there encamped, and so were the veterans of the Civil War. Edward J. Phelps of Burlington, eminent lawyer of his time, presided over the public proceedings with exceptional dignity and grace. He was an imposing man. When it came to welcoming the President of the United States, the ablest Democrat in Vermont did it handsomely like the fair-minded gentleman he was. Mr. Phelps recognized that President Hayes was filling the office "in a manner that shows he means to be president of the whole country and not a part — a man who has so addressed himself to the high and critical duties of that great office that he has not merely satisfied the promises of his friends, but has disarmed the criticism and hostility of his enemies." This was

an early and important recognition of the worthy part President Hayes was seeking to perform.

Governor Horace Fairbanks discharged his duties with shy resolution that bespoke his distaste for official publicity. The distinction of the literary exercises was given by the poets Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, of Rutland, on Vermont day, and William Cullen Bryant on the battle day. Mrs. Dorr belongs among the important figures of her State. Her tribute to Vermont and the Bryant ode were read by Professor J. W. Churchill of Andover, who for so long embodied the old ornate oratorical ideals of New England. Mrs. Dorr is entitled to high place among the poets of New England for strength and sweep of thought, and art and beauty of expression. With growing power she continued her writing to old age, and it will be found worth reading. Happily I have preserved Mr. Bryant's ode in his own handwriting as herewith reproduced. In the same year appeared his "Flood of the Years", which carries profound appeal to all of us. It was the product of Mr. Bryant's latest years, and is fit companion piece for his wonderful, youthful "Thanatopsis." Humanity will not outgrow them.

The set orators were less impressive. The historical oration of Daniel C. Roberts, lawyer of Burlington, possesses permanent value, but the speaker was without charm of delivery. Listening to it, one recalled a story somebody fastened upon Mr. Roberts apropos of an early political defeat. A stage driver nearing the center of one of the towns in the district concerned, the day after election,

Brooklyn Long Island N.Y.

July 26th 1877.

To S. W. Piffie Esq.

Dear Sir.

The "Poem" of which you
speak hardly deserves that name. It
is an ode of a few stanzas.

I send, at your request, a copy
of it, but on the condition that it shall
not appear until after the celebration of
the day to which it relates.

Yours respectfully

W. C. Bryant

For the Hundredth Anniversary of the
Battle of Pennington, August 16, 1877.—

On this fair valley's grassy breast
The calm sweet days of Summer rest,
And doves like peace benignly broods
On its smooth lawns and solemn woods

A century since, in flame and smoke,
The storm of battle o'er it broke
And, ere the invader turned and fled,
These pleasant fields were strown with dead.

Stark, quick to act and bold to dare,
And Warner's Mountain band were there,
And Allen who had flung the pen
Aside to lead the Berkshire men.

With fiery onset, blow on blow—
They rushed upon the embattled foe
And swept his squadrons from the field,
Like leaves before the autumn gale.

Oh never may the purple stain
Of combat blot these fields again;
Nor ~~this~~ fair valley ever cease
To wear the placid smile of peace.

Yet here, beside that battle field,
We pledge the vow that, ere we yield
The rights for which our fathers bled,
Our blood shall steep the ground we tread.

Cummington, Massachusetts.
August 3d: 1897.

To the Editor of the Springfield
Republican,
Dear Sir:

Please add to your copy of my
verses for the Bunnington Commemoration
the following, which has been sent to
the Committee in that place.

Yours truly, W C Bryant

And men will hold the memory dear
Of those who fought for freedom here,
And guard the heritage they won
While these green hillsides feel the sun,

startled his horses into a gallop, and so approached the post-office and village store. "They've got him! They've got him!" yelled the driver. "Got who? What are you talking about?" The rising excitement passed into laughter as the wag on the high seat replied, "Why, that fellow who voted for Roberts."

For reasons of a personal nature, I shall not forget the oration of President S. C. Bartlett of Dartmouth College on the culminating battle day. He, too, recognized the appeal President Hayes was making to the best thought of the country. In conclusion President Bartlett said, "All honor to the brave and honest chief magistrate, who, after a decade of fruitless experiments and smoldering strife, had the good manhood to break away from all narrow and partisan restraints, cast himself upon the sound sense and Christian sentiment of the American people, and lead off the new order of the centuries; and let the East and the West, and the North and the South say, 'Amen and Amen.'"

In the speaking at the luncheon which followed, Secretary Evarts, Senator Edmunds, Attorney-general Devens and Postmaster-general Key were the stars.

The little volume by Charles F. Forbes entitled "Vermont's Centennial" contains this record:

"The very graphic and complete reports that appeared in the *Springfield Republican* were highly creditable to Mr. S. B. Griffin, one of the associate editors of that journal, and received a popular recognition in the thousands of copies sold daily in

the streets of Bennington. The proprietors ran a special newspaper train from Springfield each morning, which brought their morning edition with a full report of the previous day's celebration into Bennington about the breakfast hour."

So is summarized much planning and labor. The events celebrated were two, the centennial of the State on the 15th, and of the battle on the 17th. In the Battle of Bennington the flag of the recently born republic, the Stars and Stripes, had been carried to victory for the first time on land. Professor A. L. Perry of Williams College, an authority on the battle, interpreted it in an editorial in the *Republican*. No pains were spared in presenting the story of Vermont's most notable week. Besides the reporting there were details to be arranged regarding the special train and the sale of newspapers in Bennington. I was obliged to call the president of the Troy and Boston Railroad out of a church service in order to get our Monday morning train through. He gave me the required authority and a sharp talk on the impropriety of interrupting his devotions. Later my critic was convicted of serious financial irregularities, and so obtained ample time for sober reflection.

To aid in selling the papers came "Major" Tyler, a picturesque seller of newspapers from Greenfield. He built an express wagon into a moving booth of red, white and blue, bearing on its sides the name of the paper. He and it became attractions of the big show.

On the morning of the battle day I went to Ben-

nington Center to observe the start of the presidential party, to each of whom "Major" Tyler gave a copy of the *Republican*. Noting that Mr. Hayes kept his paper in sight, we hastened back to the hotel corner in the main village where the procession was to pass and papers were to be sold. When the President's carriage should reach the spot "Major" Tyler was instructed to say, "Buy the *Springfield Republican*, the same which your honored President holds in his right hand!" The outcry brought plaudits from the throng and a smile from President Hayes.

But the enterprise of the *Republican* in capturing the field by its special train had been productive of jealousy in Boston newspaper offices. In order to compete with us in Bennington the policy was adopted of printing speeches of the morning in advance of their delivery. Thus it happened that when the Boston morning papers arrived about noon they contained matter the *Republican* did not offer. I wired the office about this development. To my dismay, on the closing day the *Republican* met this "unfair competition" by following the Boston papers in printing the Bartlett address. Here was a "state of things!" Scenting trouble I early sought my seat in the big tent. Hundreds of people in the audience had discovered the premature publication. Before the proceedings were opened Doctor Bartlett, bearing the paper in his hand, advanced to the front of the stage and addressed to the long reporter's table the sharp inquiry, "Is the representative of the *Springfield Republican* present?"

Admitting my identity I was careful not to rise. "Can you explain the outrage of this publication, sir?" I declared myself as much in the dark as he could be, and said he would have to communicate with the office. The incident was quickly over, but it seemed to one person of long duration. Next to me sat Tom McGuire, New England correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who said, "You got out of that mighty well, and I'll give you a good word in the *Herald*." "Thank you, Tom," was the answer, "I need friends!" Never to fade from memory is the rustle of those papers all over the tent as the audience compared the printed and spoken words of President Bartlett.

After doing my work I went to Tom's room at night to see what he had done for me. This popular personality was in deep slumber on his bed, oblivious to the world, with his report unwritten. This I prepared and telegraphed for him, but lacked the nerve to embody in it that which McGuire intended to say about the Bartlett episode. The *Republican* of next morning explained the situation, and placed the responsibility on the Boston papers, where it belonged.

Nothing equalling the parade on battle day had been seen in Vermont, and its glory remains locally unsurpassed. The state national guard, soldiers of the Civil War, the governor and state officials, the Legislature, civilian organizations, citizens of every official station; Governor Prescott of New Hampshire, with all the state officers and a battalion of state troops and Civil War veterans; Lieutenant

Governor Knight of Massachusetts, with the governor's staff, the executive council, officers and members of the Legislature, and the First Corps of Cadets of Boston; the Putnam Phalanx of Connecticut, and a contingent of neighboring New York troops, — all these and more made up the long line.

So the three New England States whose minutemen had fought in Bennington a century before were represented, with New York men added. Governor Seldon Connor of Maine and staff were there, and Governor Charles E. Van Zandt of Rhode Island with his staff. Executives of other States came, — Governor S. M. Cullom of Illinois, Governor Matthews of West Virginia, Governor Ludington of Wisconsin and Governor Drew of Florida. A detail of Fuller's Battery from Brattleboro had charge of a cannon captured from the British.

War veterans escorted the President and members of his cabinet. Chief Justice Waite of the United States Supreme Court was present, as were many senators and representatives in Congress. All Bennington was brightened by flags and the national colors, and fireworks blazed at night. President Hayes was warmly acclaimed all the while, and in response bore himself rather stiffly, as was the fashion until Theodore Roosevelt introduced greater freedom into presidential manners.

The men from Windham County were conspicuous for numbers and enthusiasm. Brattleboro had marched almost *en masse* across the mountain. The big delegation was dominated by Colonel George W. Hooker, a Civil War veteran, the best mixer

in the State, whose wit never flagged. He married the sister of Jim Fisk who was Vermont born and became notorious as a financial freebooter in the big city. Colonel Hooker was riding with his brother-in-law on the palatial Erie Railroad car Fisk maintained, when the latter noticed a passing train-load of pigs.

"Relatives of yours, George," said Fisk, waving his hand to the passing train. "Yes," retorted Hooker, "relatives by marriage!"

Colonel Hooker once declared the pleasantest sound in the world to be the clink of ice in the pitcher as it approaches the room where you have something to dilute or to chase.

XXIV

A LIVELY YEAR IN STATE POLITICS

THE two great business governors of Massachusetts have been Thomas Talbot and W. Murray Crane. With their administrations — Governor Talbot 1879-1880, and Governor Crane 1900-1903 — the *Republican* was in close touch. Both of these executives shunned public speech. They sought efficiency of service and counted personal recognition a secondary matter. This point of view had its bearing upon their exceptional success. The secret lay in singleness of purpose, joined with finest business capacity, and the recognition that the administration of public affairs is a matter of business. Not so simple as a single corporate enterprise is the business of the Commonwealth, but requiring the same careful oversight and wisdom of direction and care in management. Alike holding this view of the governorship both were capable of large planning, of obtaining coöperation in their efforts, and of accomplishing results. In these things no other executives of this State in my time are to be compared with them.

The year 1878 saw the election of Governor Talbot and brought a variety of picturesque politics that centered around General Benjamin Franklin Butler, — but not to his advantage. In the past

the general had hatched trouble for Republican state conventions, but now he was looking in the other direction. It was a gloomy time in business, with many failures, Alexander H. Rice, rounding out his three terms, had been a perfunctory governor. It had gradually come to be felt that the times demanded positive and definite leadership. Careful survey of the field and study of the possibilities early led the *Republican* to advocate Talbot. To a like conclusion influential men more slowly came, and in the end Governor Rice and his supporters stood with them.

The reform course of President Hayes awakened response in Massachusetts. The President had removed Collector W. A. Simmons, Butler's "young Christian soldier", from the Boston customhouse, and Alanson W. Beard took charge in March under pledge to administer the office on business principles. Simmons had Methodist affiliations, but was not a meek and lowly Christian in politics. Soon after Beard took charge Mr. Sanborn could say of that hotbed of intrigue in his weekly Boston letter that the customhouse was as much out of politics as Quincy Market. The "young Republicans" of that time — most of whom lived to grow into old ones — came to the support of the reform principles the head of the Federal Government had espoused. By June an admirable statement and appeal came from these then young men, signed among others by Moorfield Storey, Roger Wolcott, John W. Carter, George M. Towle, Benjamin Kimball and Charles P. Bowditch. In August the young Republicans impressed

their views on party leaders through a meeting in Worcester that was representative of the State. By the forward-looking ministrations of that movement some budding politicians got started right.

Having failed after much seeking to induce the Republican party, wherein he had long had prominence, to tender him its gubernatorial nomination, General Butler, greenbacker and bitter opponent of the Hayes Southern policy, turned to the Democracy. Only by force could he obtain potency in that quarter, and this was not withheld. The Democratic state convention in September, 1878, broke the record for riotous performances. Where Butler's ambition was at the fore turbulence was born. The Democratic state committee, being anti-Butler, and ruling too stiffly against him, it became evident the night before the convention in Worcester that by pursuing the regular order the general could not be nominated on the morrow. Hence, many hours after midnight and much growingly heated talk, the Butlerites resolved to capture Mechanics Hall and hold it. Not long before sunrise J. D. Cadle, then our Westfield reporter, brought me the latest Butler plans. He agreed to join his friends in the storming party — who were to climb into the hall by a long ladder from the rear — and make record of the early inside proceedings, leaving me more freedom to care for the doings outside and in. E. B. Maynard of Springfield, afterwards judge of the Superior Court, tore his trousers in hastily mounting the ladder, and there were other unconventional incidents.

Daylight revealed the Butler men holding the hall in such determined fashion that the mayor of Worcester could not persuade them to budge. He reported to the state committee that it would be impossible to clear the hall without bloodshed, and so won favor with the Butler forces. The old guard deliberating at the Bay State House, regretfully determined to adjourn the regular party convention to meet in Faneuil Hall at Boston at a later date. When Edward Avery, chairman of the state committee, attempted to tell the Butler gathering, over which David Power of Springfield was temporarily presiding, that they were adjourned he was bitterly denounced and cried down and out of the door. Amid much fiery oratory Butler was nominated for governor, and John F. Arnold of North Adams for lieutenant governor.

It was a day of tempestuous feeling and expression on both sides of the Democratic split. Men of Irish ancestry were mostly with Butler, including the poet John Boyle O'Reilly, but Patrick A. Collins sided with the regulars. He was not in Worcester that day, but took part in the Boston convention. Henry W. Ely of Westfield was for Butler, and Reuben Noble very much against him. Edward H. Lathrop was with Butler, but George M. Stearns and most American Democrats of Springfield and Western Massachusetts were on the other side. There was a continuing row among the brethren that year.

The later Democratic convention in Boston, it may be said, put up Josiah G. Abbott of Boston

for governor, with William R. Plunkett of Pittsfield for lieutenant governor.

There was unity and enthusiasm in the Republican state convention which followed next day on the heels of the democratic discord, where Thomas Talbot was named for governor, and John D. Long for lieutenant governor. Republicans were mightily relieved to be rid of Butler. For head of the ticket Talbot received 851 votes to 266 for Long. This served to put the growingly popular speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in line for the governorship and the other public honors Mr. Long carried off.

Coming out of the three days of political conflict in Worcester thoroughly wearied, and with another night of toil ahead, I came upon more politics at the railroad station. A crowd had gathered about the smoking car of our train and cause for the excitement was sought. General Butler was aboard, and sitting in the seat behind him was the editor of the *Springfield Evening Union*, with opportunity to hear much. My duty seemed clear. Pushing through the crowded aisle to where a seat had been turned and the hero of the moment sat with three friends, I asked the person next General Butler if he would not loan me his seat for a few minutes, as I must talk to the General. This he readily did. Telling the general of my connection with the *Republican* I began to ask questions.

"I don't know you, young man, and you can't interview me!" was the gruff opening.

"But, General, I've just come from the Republican

convention and they have been saying harsh things about you."

"What have they been saying?" he shot back.

"Senator Dawes denounced you as not having a record to inspire confidence in your reform professions."

"Young man, you can take out your notebook. Tell Senator Dawes from me that I never received any Credit Mobilier stock, and if I had, I shouldn't have lied about it. Mr. Dawes was ready enough to have me support him for senator."

The new collector at Boston being mentioned, General Butler savagely commented, "It would have been better not to have put a bankrupt tailor into the customhouse", for Mr. Beard had been in the clothing business. Of President Hayes he patronizingly said, "I think he is a politician of the village school, who is willing to do anything to maintain the party ascendance that any old politician would do."

Much wiser was General Butler in giving his opinion of the Republican candidate for governor. "Mr. Talbot is a good man, a man of convictions, who would do right if he could. But the State House ring won't let him." Being asked if he had any "bricks" in store for the Republican nominees, as some of his followers intimated, the general replied, "If I catch myself saying a word against Thomas Talbot I shall consider myself showing signs of insanity. But the election is not going to turn on the question of men; it is what they represent." General Butler said he considered himself the candidate of the

Democratic party, and regarded the coming Boston Democratic convention as "no more important than any other meeting of private gentlemen." He expected "the people" to care for his candidacy; "I have a workshop on every farm. I have no doubt there are many people working for me on this train. They are my campaign orators."

All in all General Butler yielded a "rattling" interview, and as I thanked him he said, "Young man, I am going out to Dayton, Ohio, where I am governor of the Soldiers' Home. Mail me a copy of what you write so I can see if you are to be trusted." As I passed to the back of the car Tilly Haynes, who had watched the proceedings, said, "That was the cheekiest thing I ever saw done. You bluffed it through all right." Such praise from Barnum's friend and one fully acquainted with the methods of the theatrical business gave the young newspaper worker reassurance he needed.

This Butler episode threw light upon a remarkable personality, one which had been under discussion ever since before the Civil War. He was never uninteresting, and opinion was always sharply divided over him. What was the secret of Butler's power? Short and stout he was, and one of his eyelids drooped so as to make him look more like a pirate than a statesman. But he was dramatic and audacious beyond other men. He ever had an eye to effect, and delivered important political speeches in a dress suit with a rose in the buttonhole of his coat. He was "smart" in the Yankee sense. Few got the better of him in thrust and repartee. When

he was in anger men disliked to face him, — as when James G. Blaine, speaker of the National House, with Butler waiting in the corridor before his door to make sure of a promised committee appointment, climbed out of a rear window of the Speaker's room and so got into the hall of the House "by some other way" to make announcement of his committees. After that, Butler, balked of his desire, could only nurse his grievance and nag the presiding officer.

But the man had sway over his fellows. He took care of his camp followers. From time to time good men got into his train. Williams College, conservative and orthodox, gave him the degree of LL.D. in 1864, but Harvard, where the governing body knew him better, always withheld that honor. To many Butler represented challenge to constituted authority. The disaffected — and criminals going before the court — admired and made use of him. But Butler did not wear well, as his career demonstrated all along its tortuous way.

It took six columns of the *Republican* to recount the doings of that big Democratic night and day in Worcester, together with a forecast of what the Republicans would do at their gathering next day. There was color in the long story, but not superfluity of words. The following day four columns were written about the Republican convention. This volume of copy had to be garnered and written out word by word in long hand. Dictation, the typewriter and telephone had not yet arrived to spare one's hand and brain. Happily such excessive

strain was not an everyday matter. But there was always a satisfying exhilaration about newspaper exploitations. I once asked the elder Samuel Bowles, why a certain man who had secured release from the stress and confinement of newspaper work had gone back to the old task when there was no urgency of a financial sort. "It is like taking whisky," was the reply; "when one gets the habit he feels that he must have the excitement it produces." Workers on newspapers know all about that thrill.

XXV

TALBOT'S FRUITFUL ADMINISTRATION

INTO the campaign for the election of Talbot the *Republican* put its heart. Massachusetts needed a reformer capable of achieving results such as Springfield had in Daniel L. Harris. Under the senior Bowles the paper had established leadership in state politics, and his young men sought to maintain the tradition. Study of the situation made it clear that unless the Republican party cut loose from Governor Rice and other aristocratic wholesale apologists for the past, it would meet defeat. Thomas Talbot had come up from plain things, understood the stresses of life through experience, and he had insisted since 1868, when he served in the Executive Council and urged his view upon Governor Bullock, that the State must be brought back to a "peace basis."

He was elected by a plurality of 25,290 over Butler. Talbot received 134,725 votes, Butler 109,435, Judge Abbott 10,162 and Miner 1913. Reverend Doctor Miner was the prohibition candidate. Patrick A. Collins once said of this excellent Universalist divine that Doctor Miner would be a fine man "if he would only let rum alone", — a saying often plagiarized since.

Long before the convention I came into relations with Governor Talbot. As I desired more intimate

knowledge of his career and public purposes he arranged to let me quiz him during a journey from Boston to Pittsfield. He had a compartment, and the conversation was unflagging until the Berkshire county seat was reached. There Mr. Dawes was in waiting, and Governor Talbot urged me to come with him and continue the talk. But as his host did not second the invitation, evidently regarding the young newspaper man as a negligible incident, I declined. That was the way with old-time public men of that period.

Out of the intimate talk came full confidence in an unpretentious yet masterful personality. In a leaded article of two columns which followed, a word picture was given of Governor Talbot — there were no newspaper cuts at that time — together with a forecast of his election. There is room only for this extract from the editorial :

“Thomas Talbot is a plain-mannered, square-shouldered man, of medium height and wiry build. He has a good head, a pleasant face with an assertive nose, and his hair and whiskers are quite white, the latter worn with a short bristly burnside cut. His appearance stamps him as a positive man, and his hand grasp is hearty and strong. Governor Talbot's advantages as a candidate are his fidelity to his early appreciation of the necessity for retrenchment, his intelligent study of where economy ought to be applied, and his large experience and broad and honest sympathy with the people. He quietly fills the bill of Butler's promises, and can command confidence where faith in party professions has been worn out.”

Mr. Talbot's parents came from Ireland, his father, of English ancestry, a weaver of woolen goods, settling first in Cambridge, New York, and moving just after the birth of his seventh son, Thomas, to Danby, Vermont. The father died six years later, and Mrs. Talbot took her family to Northampton seven years after that, when Thomas, then thirteen years old, was put in the carding room of James Shepard's woolen factory. At seventeen he went into the Williamsburg mill of his two brothers, Charles P. and Edward, and rose to be overseer of the finishing room. He was able to spend six months each of two years at Cummington Academy. Thereafter life educated him. Edward Talbot died in 1837, Charles sold his interest in the mill, and Thomas went to Pittsfield as finisher of broadcloths for the Pontoosuc Company, but soon joined his brother in Billerica. There the Talbots developed a model manufacturing company. Governor Talbot married for his second wife the daughter of Lieutenant Governor Joel Hayden of Williamsburg. Governor Talbot thus had knowledge of the western part of the State as well as of the eastern.

The boy who began life by working from 5 A.M. to 8 P.M. made a good employer. He knew both sides, was just with his employees, and solicitous that they should have good homes and social privileges. In such consideration he led in a path mill men of that time were slow in taking. How finely the careers of those Talbot boys illustrates the ever-present possibilities of American life!

As for the State government, Governor Talbot

brought about a sweeping reduction and readjustment of state expenses through curtailment and consolidation of departments, and the lessening of both officials and salaries, from the governor's down. The retrenchment scheme was drastic, and it worked out well. All this involved considerable opposition and friction, but the undemonstrative man in the executive chamber showed himself master of the opportunity. He knew what was needed and went after it. He inspired the loyal support of strong men in the Legislature, who forced that body to advance his program. There had been no year in time of peace up to that time so inspiring, and the results achieved stand out in the backward look. That this executive should have been more than once referred to in heated debates of the General Court as "*The Springfield Republican's* governor" pleased certain young toilers in the Connecticut valley.

Mention ought to be made of some of those who helped the governor. Robert R. Bishop of Newton, Justin Dewey of Great Barrington, Hosea M. Knowlton of New Bedford and Charles L. Gardner of Palmer among the senators were especially strong. Bishop and Dewey were to become Superior Court judges, Knowlton attorney general, and Gardner the Hampden-Berkshire district attorney. The House was even more alive to the Talbot program. Charles R. Ladd of Springfield, Joseph H. Walker of Worcester, later member of Congress, Theodore C. Bates of Worcester, John Q. A. Brackett of Boston, afterwards governor, Francis W. Rockwell of Pittsfield, later member of Congress, Hamilton A. Hill and Henry

D. Hyde of Boston and John D. Washburn of Worcester, were among the effective representatives. Levi C. Wade of Newton, afterward president of the Mexican Central Railroad, became speaker. The *Republican* had supported Mr. Walker of Worcester, forceful but not popular, then beginning his public career. He insisted on the need for retrenchment in, and closer oversight of county expenses.

During the Talbot period I was brought into closer touch with the public-spirited men who edited the weekly newspapers of Western Massachusetts. They possessed character and individuality; nowhere was there a stronger country press. It was necessary only to convince these men that the public interest was involved in order to line them up for useful measures. Solid support was given to Governor Talbot by the papers at our end of the State. Democratic weeklies were few, but the men in charge of Republican papers did not permit themselves to be made mere appendages of managing politicians. Hence it was possible for them at times to seek official improvement through political bolts. Henry S. Gere of Northampton now and again took a fall out of a too arrogant "Hampshire County ring", and it was a pleasure to join forces with him. So of others.

Editor Gere of the *Hampshire Gazette* seemed to me, upon the whole, to be the most representative man among the town editors. Scrupulously honest, of tall and angular build, straightforward in writing and action, he knew the life of New England and was its faithful interpreter. He wrote annually of the bloom of the apple orchards up Williamsburg way.

Northampton, Mass. Feb 9, 1903.

My dear Mr. Griffin,

I send you by this mail a copy of my "Reminiscences of Old Northampton." It is not a very pretentious ^{work}. but gives many facts, of minor interest today, perhaps, but which may in the future become more important. What I have recorded are facts which never find a place on the town and county records, and pass away with the personality of the contemporary generation. It might be well, if some writer in every town and city would record his, or her, personal recollections, as I have done. They would add greatly to the flavor of each local history.

I hope you are in good health, and I know you are prosperous.

Sincerely Yours, Henry S. Gere.

I make place for a letter of Mr. Gere's embodying a suggestion that carries wide appeal. Upon his eightieth birthday newspaper men of the region invited the venerable editor to a dinner in Springfield. Not even then had Mr. Gere wholly laid aside the pen. The little book sent me gives memories of Northampton from 1840 to 1850. His faith that such writing has lasting value is justified; let many other men follow him.

The fact that Governor Talbot was so closely occupied with his large reformations of state business, combined with his aversion to public utterances, gave the lieutenant governor, John D. Long opportunity to impress himself upon the people. He made the most of this opening as he was asked to represent the executive on all sorts of occasions. Governor Long's engaging personality and genuine ability won favor. He came to no public event without preparation, and so uniformly acquitted himself with credit. The best that he had went into these efforts, as is always the part of wisdom. No audience is so poor that those who compose it fail to be complimented when a speaker gives them something worth while. The young lawyer who published his own translation of Virgil's "*Æneid*" revealed scholarly tastes.

The arts of popularity were natural to Governor Long. With ready wit he made use of incidents of the occasion. When he displayed interest in people it was the forthputting of a kindly heart quite as much as Yankee cleverness. He had resource in this, as when at a political reception in South Deerfield, he greeted a farmer passing in the line with words, "Glad

to see you ; and how are the family and the old white horse ?” Of course the old man was delighted. That night some one asked Governor Long how he had remembered the man and even the color of his horse. “It was not difficult,” said the governor ; “did n’t you notice the white hairs all over his overcoat ?”

While Governor Talbot served the State so well he was also serving his party. The effect of the year’s work — the governor would not accept renomination — was to insure the Republicans three years of clear sailing. Lieutenant Governor Long succeeded to the governorship, while Butler relapsed into a threat that for a time could be kept in the background. Butler tried conclusions with Long in 1879, and was beaten by a plurality of 13,602. The poll stood Long 122,751, Butler 109,149, John Quincy Adams, who succeeded Abbott as the candidate of the unreconciled Democrats, 9989, Reverend Doctor Eddy, prohibitionist, 1645. In the presidential year of 1880 Charles P. Thompson became the single Democratic candidate, and Long defeated him by 53,145 ; in 1881 Thompson ran again, and Governor Long led him by 40,023.

Governor Long enjoyed politics and public life more than the law. He paid attention to executive duties, was clear-headed and adaptable. He met public occasions with a happy adequacy. All seemed well to the man and his party, and he attempted no fundamental work of the Talbot order. Mr. Long, by the way, had supported the Greeley independent movement of 1872, but thereafter there was no interruption of his party conformity. Time brought prudence.

Quite as ready as the veteran partisans was John D. Long ever after to accept the Republican party as the best agency of government in State and nation.

A charming friend was removed from Berkshire to Boston when Morris Schaff, inspector general on Governor Long's staff, was appointed by Governor Russell to the State Gas and Electric Light Commission, where he was to formulate constructive policies and to exercise for many years watchfulness in behalf of the public interest. He was also to employ his gift of sympathetic understanding in writing books that have given pleasure to many. "Etna and Kirkersville", "Spirit of Old West Point", "Battle of the Wilderness", "Sunset of the Confederacy" and "Jefferson Davis" reveal General Schaff's life and intellectual and moral progress from the small Ohio town of his birth through West Point and the Civil War where, as General Grant's ordnance officer in Virginia, he witnessed with deep feeling the extinction of the "Lost Cause." Fruitful in the joys of friendship is the life that can summon philosophy, powers of observation, fairness of judgment and loyal fellowship like Morris Schaff's.

XXVI

DARK HORSES IN THE CONVENTION OF 1880

NATIONAL political conventions are grab-bags out of whose impenetrable obscurity presidential nominations are drawn. They constitute our absorbing quadrennial sporting event, in which all have stake, and the interest is as wide as the country.

The Republican convention of that year was shadowed by the figure of General Grant, who had returned the year before from his journey around the world, during which honors beyond precedent had been paid him in Europe and Asia. He was the country's most distinguished citizen. People thought of his splendid record in the Civil War and were becoming forgetful of failures as chief executive. It was realized that the magnanimous soldier was without assured income, and the plan for giving him the presidency made appeal. Irritations over the reforming independence of President Hayes tended now to a revival of narrow partyism according to the old order. To thwart this tendency became the purpose of independent citizens.

So it came to be Grant, with a compact and devoted support, against the scattering field when the convention in Chicago was called to order on June 2. But widespread had become the feeling that a third

term in the presidency for any man was undesirable for the republic, and expectation of stampeding the convention for Grant could not be realized as the delegates steadied to their work. On the first ballot Grant received 304 votes, Blaine 284, Sherman 93, George F. Edmunds 34, E. B. Washburn 30, William Windom 10; necessary to a choice 378. Ordinarily Grant's lead might have invited increasing support and led to victory. But here men had been committed against him as well as pledged to his support. The cleavage was permanent. Blaine's inability to win had been demonstrated; there was call for the union of the anti-Grant forces upon another name.

In the Cincinnati convention of 1876 Mr. Blaine had been assisted by Robert G. Ingersoll's incomparably brilliant nominating speech, but his sponsor four years later was ineffective. The oratorical honors in Chicago were won by Senator Conkling speaking for Grant, and James A. Garfield for Sherman. These speakers offered contrast in personality and methods. The one was uncompromisingly repellant toward those who disagreed with his views, the other was more judicial and tolerant. Such converting power as lies in convention speeches — which is little — was with the Ohio advocate.

The suggestion that Garfield thought more of promoting his own political fortunes than of advancing the candidacy of Sherman is one of those mean insinuations that political contentions are forever breeding. It was begotten by the outcome of the convention, whose issue was not a matter of any one's planning, but was shaped by circumstances within

the body. After maneuvering for ten days, on the thirty-sixth ballot the delegates gave Garfield 399 votes, Grant 306, Blaine 42 and Sherman 3. The unexpected had again arrived, with Blaine and Sherman asking their supporters to go to Garfield; and disappointments were many and resentments bitter and lasting.

Garfield had grown in the sight of the convention into an overtopping figure. The anti-Grant forces turned to him not through his wooing but in recognition of personality and power in public life. Nothing could have been more natural than his nomination after other candidates were tried out. Search after concealed designs or tortuous methods is part of the study of politics, and such watchfulness is necessary to establish facts. But the habit and the process may beget censorious cynicism that blinds to the value of considerations that are obvious. Newspaper writers and historians are alike subject to this misleading. It lay within no man's power to pilot the Sherman candidacy to acceptance by the convention. That Garfield was not negligent or disloyal Sherman acknowledged. Looking at the matter dispassionately then and now, seeing inability to bring his own State to the convention with united front, I think John Sherman's fundamental weakness was apparent. Lack of growing power was manifest in his case as in Blaine's. The impossibility of Sherman's nomination, patent at the start, was demonstrated when a majority of the Massachusetts delegates broke for him on one ballot without awakening response.

A high tide of factional disagreement marked this

convention. There was scrapping over lithographs in hotel corridors between the supporters of Blaine and of Grant. The intensity of the conflict appeared in the secret meetings outside the convention, as when Conkling said to his followers one night, "Stand fast, keep the faith, for just so surely as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, will, when the times comes, the weaker in this fight go to the stronger. Do not mind abuse of our candidate. It will hurt only those who indulge in it. Our candidate cannot be pismired to death." There you have the tide of discord rolling. Also Conkling's scornful implacability.

Conditions did not so shape as to test the possibilities that lay in the Edmunds candidacy. When it appeared that Blaine could not get the nomination, or Grant, or Sherman, Edmunds was the second choice of most of Grant's supporters and would have been acceptable to the other side. Had Conkling been amenable to the logic of the situation, or the advice of others, and turned to Edmunds on the morning the candidate for president was nominated, he would have furnished the dominating rallying point. In that event the party might have been saved subsequent discords. Garfield would have taken his place in the Senate, to which he had been elected, and with Edmunds in the White House it is safe to presume that Conkling would not have petulantly ended his public career as he did.

As it was the "undaunted 306" went out in nothingness, taking the sop of the vice-presidential nomination. In this Conkling played an indifferent part and took no comfort in it. In fact he did not appear at

that session. His campaign had failed, and wounded pride abided with him. Arthur rose to historic distinction, but his former friend can never be rehabilitated. The American people do not forgive "a poor loser" who nourishes bitterness and displays ill temper. Handicapped beyond redemption is the man who cannot "give and take." Our political history is forever illustrating this.

The main question decided — as has been too often the careless thought of national conventions — the second place was awarded as a consolation prize. Chester A. Arthur was named for vice-president in placation of the supporters of General Grant. The nomination of Garfield met with greater approval throughout the country because it had not come along the political runways that are constructed by managers of candidates to exits of their own desire. The pre-convention planning amounted to nothing when the delegates attended to the business.

Our interest had been more in Edmunds than in Garfield. Blaine did not have the confidence of the *Republican*, and we sought in advance of the convention a candidate of the first order of ability with a record unclouded by self-interest. Edmunds had with him thirty-two delegates from New England, and Blaine thirty-five. There was no larger figure in the statemanship of that time than the keen and masterly senator from Vermont. He was genuine, resourceful, but not especially conciliatory or magnetic. No other senator came nearer constructive leadership in a body of exceptional strength. He was well liked, despite his watchful guard over legislation as it passed.

To study Mr. Edmunds from every angle I had journeyed to Vermont for light on a remarkable personality from boyhood and early manhood to fine maturity. At first-hand many interesting things were gathered. Richmond, his birthplace, a farming town near Burlington, was settled by people from Berkshire County in Massachusetts. Ebenezer Edmunds, the father, came from Hancock, and his wife, Naomi Briggs, was from South Adams, and a cousin of George N. Briggs, a distinguished governor of Massachusetts. The father had keen intuitive insight into character, and the mother possessed intellectual qualities that were the rich heritage of her family. George was remembered as an active, attractive boy, who learned his lessons with what seemed marvelous rapidity and recited the ideas in his own language. Some private instruction supplemented what the local schools could give, and then he read law in Burlington. He began practice in Richmond with a brother-in-law. Soon he was making his mark and went to Burlington to become one of the great lawyers of Vermont.

The early legislative service of Mr. Edmunds was remembered in Montpelier as both brilliant and thorough. He was twice elected speaker of the House, and later president *pro tem* of the Senate. He was fond of society, and the late Edward H. Lathrop of Springfield, then studying law in Montpelier, remembered Edmunds as exquisite in dress. But no one was more efficient in the making of laws then and after. Mr. Edmunds entered the United States Senate in 1866 upon the death of Senator Foot, and

Vermont kept him there for twenty-five years, or until 1891, when he would no longer serve.

Mr. Edmunds, who had been a passive looker-on, experienced no regrets over the outcome of the convention. It had been a matter of wonder to him that Mr. Blaine should want to leave the Senate, "full of good fellows, for four years in the presidency and the privilege of seeing an average of one hundred mercenary and wrangling strangers a day." Mr. Edmunds was then in his prime, tall and not unlike Lincoln in proportions, although his head pitched forward slightly from his shoulders. His hair and beard, the latter full and originally dark brown, had turned quite white during his senatorial service, and he had become rather bald, acquiring a reverend aspect, which gave rise to comparison with the classic portrait of St. Jerome.

Mr. Edmunds' habit of mind and candor of outlook are unconsciously revealed in a letter received in 1914 discussing the framing of the Federal Anti-Trust law. This statement was marked "Private", but by right of the illumination it affords, belongs to history. Writing from Aiken, South Carolina, under date of February 14, Mr. Edmunds said :

In the *Republican* of the 7th there is reference to a passage in the autobiography of Senator Hoar in which it is stated, or implied, that he was the author of the Anti-Trust law, and you truly state that it is not important who was the author of it. I am sorry to be obliged to say, in justice to the other members of the committee on the judiciary as well as to myself, that Mr. Hoar was mistaken in his recollection of the history of the law in the committee. Some years

after I resigned from the Senate in 1891, and after Mr. Hoar's death, being in Washington, I saw a copy of Mr. Hoar's book for the first time, and knowing that the statement in question did not accord with my recollection, I went to the document room of the Senate and found on file the documents which confirmed my recollection of what took place in the committee. The original Sherman bill in print was found, and also the original substitute bill, reported by me from the judiciary committee in the handwriting of my confidential clerk.

The matter was under consideration in the committee for some days and evenings ; every member of the committee contributed suggestions and arguments as to what should be done, and the best way to do it, — Mr. Hoar among the rest. I took notes and written slips of the various proposals, and they were all discussed, and finally the scheme as it appeared in the report of the committee was agreed upon. I do not remember the particular part that each member of the committee took in the proposals, except that which I took myself, which was that the bill should be general and going to the limit in stating the prohibition to be "in restraint of trade", etc. without undertaking to define what circumstances should constitute such restraint ; and the views of Mr. Hoar and myself, and indeed all the members of the committee were finally in accord. I was then instructed to prepare the draft of the whole bill as thus finally agreed upon, which I dictated to my clerk, and which as soon thereafter as possible was submitted to the whole committee and unanimously approved, and I was instructed to report it accordingly. It passed the two houses exactly in that form. If Mr. Hoar had framed the bill, he would, according to the invariable course in the committee, have been instructed to report it to the Senate.

It would be correct to say that nearly every member of the committee was the author of the bill, for my work in drawing it up was merely putting into logical shape what every member of the committee had participated in.

I need not say that I am sure Mr. Hoar would not have intentionally stated anything that did not accord with his recollection, but in the respects I have mentioned he could not justly say that he was the author of the bill, or that I or any other member of the committee was "the author of the bill" for we were all authors.

It was the opinion of all of us without exception that the true construction of the phrase "restraint of trade" was what I understand the Supreme Court has lately decided it to be, namely, that the restraint must be real, etc., and not merely apparent in some unimportant way.

I merely write this as if you and I were talking the matter over together, for, as I have said, it is of no public consequence.

XXVII

GARFIELD'S ELECTION AND INAUGURATION

NOT more to have been anticipated than Garfield's nomination at Chicago was the naming of General Winfield Scott Hancock by the Democrats in their convention held the same month in Cincinnati. The issues of 1876 were no longer burning, and Samuel J. Tilden, not in firm health, removed himself from consideration. Passing by Senator Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware, and others known in public life, choice was made of General Hancock. He was a West Pointer, fifty-six years old, commanding the Department of the Atlantic, with headquarters at New York, — a new man and a new deal. Linked with Hancock was William A. English of Indiana, a narrow, old-time partisan.

As a soldier General Hancock's record was beyond challenge. He had been an honorable and heroic figure in the Civil War, winning as perhaps no other general did the confidence of the old Army of the Potomac. Though never rising above a corps commander, he did sterling work with each new occasion. General Grant wrote of him "Hancock stands the most conspicuous figure of all the general officers who did not exercise a separate command. He commanded a corps longer than any other one, and his name was never mentioned as having committed in

battle a blunder for which he was responsible." To a critic of Hancock, General Sherman said, "If you will sit down and write the best thing that you can put into language about General Hancock as an officer and a gentleman, I will sign it without hesitation." So recognized in professional standing, the Democratic candidate was to the electorate an unknown quantity in problems of government.

Such test as the soldier had encountered in civil affairs revealed strength and wisdom. When in command in 1867-1868 of the military district comprising Louisiana and Texas, against the assumptions of the carpet-bag governor of Texas, General Hancock sustained the civil before the military power in all matters of common law. He did this after seeking the advice of Judge Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, as the campaign was to disclose. That was to his credit. As Daniel Dougherty of Philadelphia said in his nominating speech in the convention, "Hancock's first act as military governor was to salute the constitution by proclaiming that the military rule shall ever be subservient to the civil power."

General Hancock stands in memory a manly figure in politics, as he was in the army. His personality commended itself. His campaign activities were restricted by the circumstances of his position. When the Democratic candidate thoughtfully spoke of the tariff as a "local issue" — as it always was and must be — Republicans derided the expression as revealing ignorance of political and economic affairs. Unthinking and prejudiced voters accepted this point of view, but the analytical acumen of Hancock's

phrase has since been recognized by his political opponents. The essential weakness of Hancock's candidacy lay in popular-distrust of the Democracy. High-minded Democrats feared that Tammany would be disloyal, and were justified by the event. Without the vote of New York State Hancock could not win. It is of interest to know that in the popular vote the majority of Garfield over Hancock was but 3033 as recorded by the *Tribune* almanac.

The outcome of the contest was most affected by recognition that the Republican candidate possessed the advantage of a long course of eminent service in the field where the president's duties lie, and where his rival was untried and untrained. Efforts to discredit General Garfield in the Credit Mobilier matter and in other ways were overborne by recognition that dishonorable action was alien to his life. Public considerations had prevailed with him above thought of personal advantage. Carl Schurz advocated Garfield's election in an early speech in Indiana, by far the best of the campaign, and the reforming element of the Republican party were with him. He won the independents as well.

There was disappointment in that quarter because Garfield did not hold his campaign in better alignment with the standards the Hayes administration had set up, but there were acute political difficulties in the party's situation, with so many organization Republicans bitterly critical of the outgoing régime in the White House, led by Conkling on the one hand and less openly by Blaine on the other. It was not easy steering for one so sensitive to the currents of party

feeling, but Garfield went through the ordeal creditably, if without early exhibiting that assertive leadership that would have better established future estimates of him. He felt that the first step must be to win the election.

After the convention national interest centered in Mentor, Ohio. The candidate left his home at one time for speech-making in the East, designed to promote party harmony and unity. Conkling and Grant remained more or less openly indifferent until Maine went Greenback in her September election, and then both spoke for the Republican ticket. Following his nomination the Garfield home became a political Mecca, and the invasion continued until the departure of the inmates for the White House. There were often above half a hundred visitors a day, mostly seekers for preferment, to be looked after at luncheon or dinner, while the children were sent away at night to provide sleeping quarters for outsiders. This shows something of the burden a presidential candidacy lays upon the family.

There was much to draw one to Washington in the spring of 1881 for first sight of an inauguration. This occasion was to surpass others as a spectacle. General W. T. Sherman, chief marshal, engineered the military and civic procession that all the people resident in or coming to the national capital can see on the 4th of March. It moved to the minute through impeding snow, wet and chill, conditions many times experienced since. The city was packed with visitors, and the route from the White House to the Capitol was decorated, though in the old haphazard way. The

World's Fair in Chicago was to teach a better method. Regular troops were in escort, but a guard of Knights Templar attended the carriage drawn by four horses in which rode President Hayes and Garfield. The president-elect was a member of the local commandery. With them rode Bayard of Delaware and Anthony of Rhode Island, members of the Senate committee.

A second carriage carried General Arthur, escorted by Senator Pendleton of Ohio. The Cleveland Grays, in Continental uniform, came after, then a Utica company in like garb; troops from Maryland, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia; Grand Army men, naval cadets and all the rest, in a long, brilliantly varied line, with bands playing and flags everywhere. Cheers told of the progress of the carriages. In front of the eastern entrance to the Capitol, densely packed, stretched far away the people who waited to see the new executive take the oath of office and deliver his address.

But first the vice-president is sworn in the Senate chamber, whose galleries hold only about twelve hundred people. The scene there is colorful beyond all else on that day. Wives and daughters of notables, domestic and foreign, crowd the galleries, and men squeeze in where they can. Mrs. Hayes, beautifully gowned, escorted the mother and wife of the president-elect to their seats, Miss Fannie Hayes and Miss Molly Garfield following. Upon the floor the senators were packed close on one side, so that the officials entitled to admission might be accommodated and the representatives. Dignified

formality marks the entrance of the diplomatic corps and the gowned Supreme Court. The diplomats provide the resplendent feature, all in their Court dress, and decked with ribbons and stars. No preliminary incident was so suggestive as the entrance of General Hancock in full uniform, escorted by Senator Blaine. Very soldierly he was, but stouter than in the days when his soldiers called him "the superb." Applause greeted the defeated candidate, and he was forced to hold something like a reception before being escorted to a front seat. He was attended by his staff, as was General Sheridan, who entered soon after, and the two sat side by side.

All rose when the President of the United States was announced, and Hayes came in with Garfield. They were seated below the dais of the vice-president, facing the audience. Prayer, roll call, the swearing of new senators, and announcement of the special session preceded Vice-president Wheeler's presentation of General Arthur. He made his modest little address, and took the oath administered by his predecessor, soon to resume the practice of law in Malone, New York.

The throng outside the Capital had waited until the chief figure of the day should reappear, accompanied by those who had made up the picture in the Senate chamber. Rapidly, and with more or less scrambling, the platform erected over the lower flight of steps leading to the eastern portico was filled. In the front and center, on the raised stage, Garfield sat in a chair once occupied by George Washington, with President Hayes on his right, and Chief Justice

Waite on the left, ready to administer the oath of office, — all Ohio men. After the delivery of the inaugural address in advance of other congratulations, President Garfield kissed Madam Garfield and his wife. Never before had a mother seen her son inaugurated President of the United States. Upon that scene the sun shone, and bright was the way as the new executive was driven to the receiving stand in front of the White House.

This picture of my first inauguration I was to see many times repeated from Garfield to Wilson. In essentials inauguration ceremonies are alike. But one incident of that day deserves elaboration. No one among his friends had taken a deeper interest in the progress of General Garfield than Mark Hopkins. For no other man did the new President cherish such reverent regard as for his old teacher who had retired from the presidency of Williams College after thirty-six years of service, but was still meeting his classes with full intellectual vigor. It was a development of this relationship that on the afternoon of the inauguration day there should be a Williams gathering in the White House, with Doctor Hopkins as spokesman. President Garfield at four o'clock passed with Mrs. Garfield to the East Room. There a hundred or more Williams graduates were grouped in a semi-circle about Doctor Hopkins.

The chief participants were of striking mien. Garfield paused about ten feet in front of the venerable Hopkins, who was of noble proportions and stately bearing, obviously a man of God, but with readiness of wit that would have equipped a great actor. The

President of the United States stood with hands crossed before him, as "Mark the perfect man" took his part in a scene without parallel in American history, as follows :

"President Garfield: The alumni of Williams College here gathered esteem it an honor that we are permitted to be the first to congratulate you in this house, now your home, on your accession this day to your great office as President of the United States ; and they have deputed me to say a few words in their behalf.

"But before doing this I must be permitted to greet and congratulate you personally on my own behalf. This I venture to do, if for no other reason, because I have been told, and I suppose truly, that I am the only president of a college who has lived to see one who graduated during his administration attain to this high honor. This I am now permitted to see, and for it I give thanks to God. In this, with the exception of your honored mother and immediate family, there is no one who rejoices more than I do, and from the bottom of my heart I congratulate you.

"Having thus ventured to say a word for myself I now speak for the alumni.

"Since your graduation, sir, twenty-four years ago, your course has been conspicuous, and we have watched it with deep interest. We have seen you passing on and up without defeat, until by no political maneuvering, but by high statesmanship and continuous public service in the face of the American people, you have attained one of the highest positions this world has to give — the presidency of the grandest republic hitherto known.

"We then, sir, may congratulate you, and I do it in the name of those who hold, or have held, high positions under the government, in the name of those

prominent in the several states from which they come, in the name of your classmates of whom so many are present, in the name of all present, I congratulate you, and assure you that we feel honored in your honor.

"And not in the name of these alone do I congratulate you, but in the name of the college, its trustees, and its alumni, wherever they may be. Standing as I do among the oldest of the alumni, and having taught so many of them, I feel authorized to speak for them. I know that they also feel honored in your honor, and that as a body they will be strongly in sympathy with your administration.

"To that administration we look forward with confidence. In view of its past responsibilities and grand opportunities we invoke upon you the blessing of Him who has led you hitherto: and we trust that in connection with it there will come to yourself still higher honor, and to the whole of this vast country, East, West, North and South alike, greater prosperity than it has hitherto known."

None who were present forgot while they lived the yearning solemnity of the words, "We invoke upon you the blessing of Him who has led you hitherto." The words and men as they faced each other were remembered with a shock four months later when tragedy encompassed the President and the nation.

President Garfield was so moved by the utterance and presence as to say that Doctor Hopkins was more truly president than his pupil. No verbatim record was made of President Garfield's response. Only a skeleton outline, written later at the request of Colonel A. F. Rockwell, Garfield's classmate and intimate friend, remains. The substance is here, but not the elaboration and warmth of feeling:

"I am deeply grateful to you, and to the alumni of Williams College here assembled, for this cordial greeting. It will give me new strength for the duties of this place to know that I am welcomed and supported by this great company of educated men, whose lives illustrate and honor so many professions, and such wide fields of useful activity.

"It is especially gratifying to me that your greetings have been delivered by that venerable and venerated man, who was in our college days, and will always be, *our* President. I hope he will pardon me for a personal reference. For a quarter of a century Doctor Hopkins has seemed a man apart from other men — standing on a mountain peak — embodying in himself much of the majesty of the earth, and reflecting in his life something of the sunlight and glory of Heaven. His presence here is a benediction."

XXVIII

PITIFUL ENDING OF A GREAT CAREER

THE Williams College thread ran through the brief life of the Garfield administration and the tragedy of his taking off. The President was in the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Washington, July 2, 1881, starting to participate in Commencement week at Williamstown, when all was changed by the assassin's bullet. General Garfield had represented the alumni at the inauguration of Paul A. Chadbourne in 1872, and President Garfield was to speak for the alumni at the inauguration of Franklin Carter. Nowhere was the consternation greater, the grief deeper, than among the men of Williams gathered in Berkshire for their festival. Under the shock there was talk of abandoning the exercises, but in the light of the subsequent hope that the President of the United States might live, the program was carried out, save that Francis Lynde Stetson replaced Garfield in speaking for the alumni, and a heavy cloud shadowed the valley.

Never was Fate more cruel than when it set before this man the opportunity of the chief magistracy, and gave him barely four months in which to prove himself. In that time nothing could be perfected. Congress was not in Washington. The few furrows he turned were not even planted. Yet from such

beginnings writers have ventured to infer that there would have been scant fruits of forward-looking accomplishment in government had Garfield lived and wrought. The injustice of the process must affront the judicially minded.

The venerated Lincoln and other presidents would have fared badly if likewise judged by their meager beginnings in the great office. Far more fortunate than Garfield in this respect were the other murdered presidents. From one who had done so much with his life hitherto, large things were to have been looked for in service and achievement, — for Garfield was always growing. He was without executive experience, but possessed a background of exceptional sweep. He had been quick to learn and had shown brilliant readiness of adjustment to new conditions. His had been a singularly well-rounded development.

The political thought of the moment was focused on the filling of offices. Old newspaper men will remember how watchful we were of appointments, always to be discussed in their factional bearings. Not conflict between parties was involved, but differences of factions in the dominant party. Agreeable to precedent Garfield called Blaine, foremost leader of the opposition to Grant, Conkling's most irritating opponent, to be secretary of state. Trouble soon or late with the imperious New York senator was inevitable, despite President Garfield's efforts during the campaign and after to establish an understanding. The open break was precipitated when the President abruptly nominated William H. Robertson to be collector of the port of New York. It was challenge

of the sharpest kind, and there is no doubt that Conkling's arrogance led to it. It was Garfield's act, and not influenced by his secretary of state. It implied insistence on full freedom of executive action.

Judge Robertson had headed the Blaine contingent in the New York delegation at the Chicago convention, and gladly went to Garfield in the end. The term of Collector Merritt, a competent official whom President Hayes had appointed in opposition to the Conkling machine, was but half out. Broad public considerations as now seen did not demand the change. The affair exhibits the political thought and temper of a time when offices were still held to be the potent weapons of politics for reward or punishment. Senators Conkling and Platt in high dudgeon resigned their offices and appealed to the New York Legislature for reëlection, which was denied them. It seems in the calm review childish business, as is so much in politics, albeit regarded with deadly seriousness then.

What would have been regarded as an episode in a completed administration remains the most striking incident of one barely begun. The record that might have been written in American history beyond that affair, had Garfield lived, must forever remain in the realm of speculation.

It is plain enough that the murder of the President was an outgrowth of the political inharmonies bound up with the spoils system. The murderer, a disappointed seeker after office, revoltingly vain and mean of nature, declared "I am a Stalwart. Arthur

is now President of the United States." His perverted character was permitted flagrant exhibition in a loosely supervised trial. The prisoner was addicted to making frequent use of "high-toned" in his unlovely speeches, until the expression became a wearisome abomination. Just as so many people in this time, with more enthusiasm than sense, have rendered "uplift" a cant word grating on the sensibilities.

The trial dragged from November 14, 1881, until January 25, 1882. It took the jury only half an hour to return their verdict of guilty, and Charles J. Guiteau was hanged June 30, 1882, almost a year after his awful crime had been committed.

The people of the United States and of the civilized world watched with profound feeling Garfield's fight for life. He lingered until September, making the most of the chance that the doctors said was his. In sickness as in health the President's buoyant nature asserted itself, but how imperfect at that time was our surgical mastery.

The heat and devitalized air of Washington depressed the patient, and he came to long for the cheer of the ocean. The longing was met. Perfect preparations were made for the railroad journey of two hundred miles. The day set proved the hottest, the most uncomfortable of the year, but all went well after the President was lifted in the White House until he was laid down in the cottage at Long Branch. So far as possible silence attended the passage of the train by the hushed crowds along the way.

Bulletins told each day of the condition of the invalid by the sea. Intense feeling came to bind with

cords of affection the nation to its chief magistrate, slowly approaching the borders of the Unknowable, as if to shame the spoilsmongers out of their hateful contentions. This, of course, could be only partially done and temporarily.

That which was universally felt has been preserved in a letter written by Charles Eliot Norton to James Russell Lowell then in London, whither President Garfield had sent him and President Arthur later kept him. This was mailed the last day of August, nineteen days before the end. "But perhaps, nothing has been of more service" (during the period of waiting) "than the example of patience, fortitude, simplicity and sweet domestic worth shown by both Mr. and Mrs. Garfield under a trial so severe, and made enormously more grievous by the terrible glare of publicity in which they have had to endure it. This exhibition of admirable character has produced a great effect. The impression made by it is very deep. It is a blessing for the country that such a standard should have been held up."

When death came George William Curtis, writing in *Harpers Magazine*, spoke of Garfield as "the brave, wise and upright gentleman"; and voiced the national feeling in these words, "He is dead, and like the serene rising of a planet into a cloudless sky, one of the noblest and most characteristic of American figures passes into history." Did he and we have clouded vision in that moment? This man was very lovable and bore himself with impressive poise in the supreme test.

The body was carried to Garfield's native State,

and entombed at Lakeview Cemetery, Cleveland, September 26, in the presence of an immense assembly. Business was suspended and services were held throughout the country.

Sadness lies on all sides of the "might-have-been" of that life. Mrs. Garfield was fitted to preside over the White House with gracious dignity and sure sense of values, but her little time was filled with anxiety and sorrow. The Garfields were there only long enough for a newspaper woman to tell the people how the children were seated at table. The entrance, the moving journey to Long Branch, and then the return to the old home in Ohio, — how short and harrowing in its culmination the story was.

The sympathy of the American people was expressed in the spontaneous raising of a fund of \$360,000 that the widow and children might be given the advantages otherwise foreshortened by the removal of the bread-winner. Returns have been made and are being made on that investment. In public service, and in ways of helpfulness to others, the children of President Garfield have been mindful of what was so thoughtfully done in their father's name.

Garfield's oratory, superb on occasions, and always noteworthy, was the forthputting of a mind informed by varied experiences, by study, and by omnivorous reading early begun. He touched life at many points, and never indifferently. His steady advance was paid for in toil, and he was assisted by mental suppleness. The wide march of his mind aside from politics is shown in an address on "The Western Reserve" delivered before the Historical Society of Geauga

County, Ohio, to be found in "Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History."

Longest remembered were the few words spoken from the balcony of the New York Custom House to the throng fevered by the news of Lincoln's assassination :

"Fellow Citizens : Clouds and darkness are around him ; his pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds ; justice and judgment are the establishment of his throne ; mercy and truth shall go before his face. Fellow Citizens, God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives !"

To how many minds in time of national stress afterward came those words, "God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

Garfield had the sturdiest kind of an American boyhood. The father died at thirty-three years of age, and James was the youngest of four children. Until fourteen years old the boy helped his mother. In 1848 he struck out for himself and went to Cleveland, thinking to ship as a sailor on a lake steamer, but the near look dissipated thought of romance in sailing. Instead the lad drove a boat on the Ohio Canal for some months and was promoted from the tow path to the boat. During the winter of 1849-1850 he attended an academy at Chester. In vacation he worked at carpentry, chopped wood, was a harvest helper, and so paid for his schooling. In religion he identified himself with the Christian or Campbellite denomination. Having a cousin at Chester, he entered in 1857 what later became Hiram College,

the principal educational institution of his church. He was there to study, became active in prayer meetings and debating societies, and was able to pay his expenses by teaching.

The fame of Doctor Hopkins led Garfield to Williams in the autumn of 1854, where he was graduated in 1856. He was an outstanding figure in the Williams of his time. Garfield was interested in public speaking, in college and after, and as an alumnus who frequently returned to Williamstown urged that the art be nourished by his *alma mater*. The college called on him for formal addresses, and when attending commencements he always figured in the alumni meeting.

After graduating he went back to teach in Hiram Institute, of which he became president the next year at twenty-six years of age. The regulations of the Christian Church of the Disciples permitted the principal to preach, and he did so. He also studied law in Hiram, under the direction of a Cleveland law firm. In 1858 he married Miss Lucretia Rudolph. The next year he was chosen state senator to represent two counties.

Then came his conspicuous service in the Civil War. He enlisted in the 42nd Ohio Regiment in August, 1861, and for gallantry at Chickamauga was made major-general of volunteers December 5, 1863. He proved a brave and skilful soldier. In that year he left the military service at the request of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, who urged that he could help the country most in the House of Representatives, to which he had been

elected fifteen months before. In making this choice General Garfield relinquished the opportunity to command a division of the Army of the Cumberland, offered by General George H. Thomas.

So one fine chapter of this life was closed, and another opened. In the House of Representatives he was placed on the committee of military affairs, then the most important in Congress. He rose to prominence, and as time went on was given committee places and chairmanships commensurate with his standing. When Mr. Blaine went to the Senate in 1877, Mr. Garfield became the undisputed leader of his party in the popular branch of Congress, and its candidate for speaker. Election to the Senate and to the presidency followed each other in 1880.

Is not the space taken in telling of so typical an American career well employed? That boys and young men are impressed by the early struggles of famous men recorded in books written for youth, and are thereby moved to emulation I am convinced through instances that have come under observation. If one could search the souls of acquaintances, he would find there impress of early admirations for men and women who affected their lives during the impressionable years. Many such revealments I have encountered. In this way fires of loyalty to ideals are lighted, and refinements in living are perpetuated.

Nothing is more to be rejoiced in than the generous enthusiasm of youth, that seeks the gold in human character and overlooks the dross with clean-minded scorn for petty detractors. Not all the destructive

criticism of a time given to dampening youthful ardor can quench the instinctive hero-worship that inspires growth and deepens character.

As Doctor Hopkins lit the flame of service in Garfield and thousands of Williams students, so did Samuel Bowles fire the hearts of newspaper workers with the purpose to serve. A great possession are strength and magnetism joined with clear sight and earnestness of conviction.

XXIX

ARTHUR'S DIFFICULTIES AND THE RESULTS

CHESTER A. ARTHUR faced a situation of extreme difficulty. Upon his wisdom and tact much depended nationally and personally. His commitment to the Conkling-Grant side of the controversy within his party and with Garfield had been absolute. While occupying the position of vice-president, he had gone to Albany to appeal for the reelection of Conkling and Platt to the United States Senate. Upon that effort had fallen the blight of President Garfield's death, and Arthur had succeeded to the presidency. It was now to appear how far selfish things in politics were to be set aside, and old loyalties readjusted in harmony with relationships growing out of enlarged responsibility.

At such a time heredity and early environment are assets. Arthur was the son of a country clergyman, with what that implies. That influence was to be felt by him, as later by Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson. There was also to come the seriousness which responsibility brings. Mr. Arthur was college bred, of gracious personality, and a lover of literature. He was always faultlessly dressed, enjoyed good living and was an accomplished man of the world beyond most public men.

Meantime the country was doubtful of Arthur's

quality. Around him had raged the bitterness attending President Hayes's fight for the reform of the civil service. He had been removed from the collectorship of the port of New York. In all forward movements against established things, more or less injustice is inflicted as the cause is pushed over obstacles to insure advance. Arthur had been a beneficiary of the Republican machine in New York State and its loyal defender. Ancient abuses are not seen, or are reluctantly admitted, as an entrenched order repels attack. The judicial temper resides not in combatants. But when one is transferred to a larger place the vision must be enlarged.

For the present President Arthur was to determine the character of his administration. Senator Hoar has written that if Arthur "had said that he would not allow the act of an assassin to make a change in the forces that were to control the administration so far as could be helped and that he would carry into effect the purpose of his predecessor, wherever he could in conscience do so, he would have maintained himself in popular esteem." This counsel of perfection came in later years from one unfriendly to President Arthur. Its difficulties must be apparent. It was not part of the political thought of the period that the Garfield cabinet would be kept. After his death the members tendered their resignations, and the new President asked them to continue until the meeting of Congress in December. It was felt that every president is entitled to advisers of his own choice, and there was merely curiosity as to what of the material used by Garfield might be kept by Arthur.

It was not expected that Mr. Blaine would be retained, though the executive and the secretary had worked in harmony during the interim. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey was called to the department of state. He had been attorney-general of his State, served two terms in the United States Senate, and declined an offer of the English mission from General Grant in 1870. He was of the Elder Statesmen and Stalwart faction. William Windom of Minnesota in the treasury department soon retired, and was replaced by Charles J. Folger of New York. Robert T. Lincoln, secretary of war, for very obvious reasons was retained; as were for a time William H. Hunt of Louisiana in the navy department, and Samuel J. Kirkwood of Iowa in the interior department. Thomas L. James, one of the best of all our postmasters-general, was replaced by Timothy O. Howe of Wisconsin; and Benjamin H. Brewster of Pennsylvania was made attorney-general in place of Wayne McVeagh of the same State. Later William E. Chandler of New Hampshire became secretary of the navy and Henry M. Teller of Colorado secretary of the interior department.

Two interesting and important men were later brought into the cabinet as death made changes necessary, — Walter Q. Gresham and Hugh McCulloch, both of Indiana. When Timothy O. Howe died in 1883 Mr. Gresham succeeded him as postmaster-general, and in September 1884 was made secretary of the treasury after the death of Judge Folger. The following month Mr. Gresham resigned to become circuit judge of the United States, and Mr. McCulloch,

who had entered Lincoln's second cabinet as secretary of the treasury and continued under President Johnson — from 1865 to 1869 — held the place until March 4, 1885. No one in the United States was better qualified to conduct the treasury department than this veteran of wide experience and sound judgment. In 1893 President Cleveland was to make Judge Gresham, then living in Illinois and still a Republican, his secretary of state.

There was thus a change in the cabinet almost as marked as if another political party had come into control. This helps to reveal the extent to which the Republicans were split. The fact was exhibited in the nomenclature of the time. On one side of the dividing line were the Stalwarts, inveterate followers of party, and on the other side the Half-breeds, men opposed to existing machine domination. Sufficient reasons for the schism are not readily discernible by present-day students. We who lived in that period know that the division had its beginnings in the keen hunt for office, disagreement over civil service reform, and differing views regarding the Republican policy in dealing with the problems of reconstruction in the South, — not to speak of clashing personal ambitions. Many a citizen of independent mind was coming to feel that the long controlling party needed to be turned out to grass, where reflection and the healing of time might serve to unify it again.

In the absence of great issues of old, fierce lust for office was recognized as a very present evil. The effort to remedy the existing condition, so far as law

could do it, was hotly resented by "regulars" in politics. The apotheosis of the spoils system was seen in Guiteau and men who, when thwarted in their desires for place, cherished venomous resentment. The average citizen, accustomed to the intense political feeling evoked by the Civil War, was slow to understand what taking offices out of politics represented in the promise of public benefit. "Snivel service reformers" beneficiaries of the old doctrine sneeringly called those who advocated the change, and so had ceased to be blind followers of party. Hide-bound partisans disliked Rutherford B. Hayes because he had sought to lift the country out of the slough, and were bitter against Carl Schurz, George William Curtis, James Russell Lowell, Colonel T. W. Higginson, and other "holier than thou" persons who were challenging existing political abuses, and so were making things uncomfortable.

But popular apprehension of the evils growing out of office mongering had been spreading. There was demand for something better. So it came about that President Arthur presented the question to Congress in his first message, and two years later was to sign the first civil service law passed by our national law-making body. Time has its way of producing the unlooked for, often to the marveling of those directly concerned.

What a forlorn hope this accomplishment had seemed in its earlier stages! But how patiently and gallantly its progress had been promoted. The name of Thomas A. Jenckes, Republican congressman from Rhode Island, who died in 1875, survives because of

his early advocacy of this reform. So of Dorman B. Eaton of New York, never a member of congress, who studied the experiences of Great Britain and shaped the measure that finally passed as the Pendleton Bill, named for its original sponsor, the Democratic senator from Ohio, whom President Cleveland sent as minister to Germany in 1885.

Charles Sumner had desired this reform, and General Hawley of Connecticut and Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts were active advocates in the Senate of the Pendleton Bill. In August, 1881, following Garfield's assassination, the National Civil Service Reform League was formed. Before that, in 1877, a civil service reform association had been established in New York State, and George William Curtis began his stately and effective public advocacy of this cause that ended only with his death. Other persons of light and leading scattered over the country labored in like unselfish spirit for this governmental improvement before the national awakening came. It is unnecessary to say that the *Republican* very early enlisted in this movement.

Without forfeiting friendships, President Arthur was able to turn aside undesirable demands for place which came from former associates in New York politics. Not so easy was the adjustment with Mr. Conkling. The great man in retirement was offered a seat in the Supreme Court of the United States, and the tender was declined. This practically ended the old relations of the two men as Mr. Arthur exercised full responsibility for his office. It was a decent way to end that domination. Hugh McCulloch,

having intimate knowledge of things in Washington past and present, wrote that the Arthur administration "was distinguished, as few have been, for fairness, elevation of tone, and freedom from extreme partisanship." As between the parties that statement is true. But Arthur's appointments, in the main good, were made from a faction of his party, and so its dissensions were perpetuated. Not all of his appointees were desirable, as when Alanson W. Beard, the admirable collector of the port of Boston, was made to give way to Roland Worthington of the *Boston Traveler*, a follower of General Butler.

President Arthur's good sense and courage in vetoing an inflated river and harbor bill won the approval of the country. In that fortunate time the treasury showed a surplus of revenue over expenditures and Congress was tempted to extravagant spending. That bill of 1882 providing for the expenditure of over eighteen million dollars was abhorrent to a people not yet accustomed to thinking in terms of billions, but the measure prevailed over the President's objections. In this and other ways an overturn in politics was being invited.

This began in the congressional elections of 1882, which gave the Democrats a majority in the House. The Republican total of 152 — 147 being a majority — was replaced by a Democratic total of 196, rising from 130, and the Republicans falling to 118. The Republicans lost four districts in Massachusetts. Patrick A. Collins was elected, and Leopold Morse reelected from Boston. Colonel Henry B. Lovering was chosen in the sixth district,

and Theodore Lyman as an independent in the ninth district.

President Arthur's recommendations to Congress were well considered, though few were acted upon. He secured a reduction in letter postage. Within the limitations created for him, and which he accepted, he made an efficient president and maintained the dignity of the office. He lost his wife shortly after election to the vice-presidency, and his sister, Mrs. Mary A. McElroy, presided with gracious adequacy over the social activities of the White House. Business men regarded President Arthur with favor, and history will respect the record he made.

XXX

WHEN BENJAMIN F. BUTLER BECAME GOVERNOR

THE year 1882 brought to Massachusetts a political campaign which involved much acrimony. It witnessed the humiliation of old guard Republicans in the nomination of the candidate for governor, and in the election the triumph of General Butler. Sharp differences were developed. The Talbot reform year called to the front a group of strong men in the Legislature who joined with the governor to lower the state tax from two million dollars to half a million dollars. That was accomplished in 1879 through the agency of a joint special committee of the Legislature known as the retrenchment committee. Its chairman was Robert R. Bishop, president of the Senate. He was a lawyer living in Newton, six years afterward to become judge of the Superior Court.

John D. Long had been smoothly governing the State for three years and was to get through in 1883. The old guard sought to nominate as his successor William W. Crapo of New Bedford, an admirable gentleman, son of Michigan's war governor, long resident in this State, who had been for four terms a member of Congress and knew both business and law. The opposition put forward Senator Bishop, whose greater familiarity with state affairs was urged by

men who had served in both branches of the Legislature and shared in the fight for economy. It became a contest between old leaders and those who desired to assume leadership. The supporters of Bishop won in the convention, but lost the election and their hopes of leadership.

Whether Mr. Crapo might have prevailed over Butler must be doubted. Mr. Bishop did not possess the qualities necessary for magnetic leadership, but Mr. Crapo did not have them either, though he was the abler man. The campaign on the Republican side lacked the enthusiasm unity brings. There was growing restlessness among the rank and file of voters, to whom Butler's glittering promises, oft repeated, made appeal. Many otherwise sensible citizens had become ready to take a gambler's chance and say "Let's elect the old man and see what he will do." This temper of mind was not lessened by mistakes made in the conduct of the campaign in behalf of Mr. Bishop. When the Republican candidate came to Springfield he was lavishly entertained at the Springfield Club. This was popularly resented as an exclusive function, and aroused enmity. So things went wrong in a variety of ways. The end was that through his persistence in politics for so many years, in more than two political parties, Butler at last obtained opportunity to sit in the executive chamber. His plurality was 13,949 in a total vote of 253,278.

This accomplishment had been the ambition of Butler's later life. But the realization of it, this welcome confounding of his enemies, failed in the test of the executive office either to bring the personal

glory hoped for or the benefit promised to the commonwealth. In fairness history must record that Butler, with all his blustering claims, made a poor governor. Beyond this he had hopes for the presidency and that dream faded.

In the state campaign I had learned the charm General Butler could exercise. Ardent Butler men in Springfield asked me to confer with their candidate, something every newspaper man welcomes. When he was seen at the Haynes house the general dismissed his advisers and talked about himself. It was a fascinating story, sketching a mighty interesting life. I was told how the jealousy of men prominent in the life of the time had led to gross misrepresentations of Butler's record. Convincing it all seemed as one lingered under the spell. To every question came a disarming answer. No longer was it surprising that there were so many devoted partisans of a personality so appealing.

Out of that room came one with open mind who soberly questioned if it could be possible that the *Republican* and so many fair-minded and honorable men had gone wrong in judging Butler. A long walk led to the decision to go back to the office and test what had been told by examination of the records on important points and by what the other side had to say. It was thus revealed that much of what was effective on the stump and in the personal narration did not stand impartial study. It was a brilliantly one-sided presentation. Many things stand to the credit of this forceful man, but his pleadings in the law and in politics were not distinguished for the candor

that reflects all the facts. The same attitude of mind and temper caused him to fail as governor.

The inauguration of a governor is worth witnessing. It embodies ceremonial dignity the fathers brought from England, and of which the republic retains too little. Beyond that it is a resurrection time. In ordinary inaugurations men who have retired from public office of every kind reappear for the day to their own joy and the philosophic amusement of others. It is usually much a parade of "has beens", most of them otherwise forgotten. But when Butler was inaugurated his supporters appeared in numbers to lend another color to the scene.

This was a jubilant gathering of the suppressed or neglected politicians who cherished resentments against the old guard of Republicans. The day of their triumph through "the old man" had come, and proudly and fondly was he regarded. I can see them, — handsome Colonel Jonas French, who had pounded the top of a pine table to splinters in presiding over a Butler convention in Springfield. "You must never let a Democratic convention get away from you," said the Colonel in explanation — "That would be fatal!" Other prominent Butlerites — so they were called in popular speech — were A. C. Drinkwater, William D. Northend, Colonel Welden of Pittsfield, Colonel Lyman of Northampton, Christopher C. Merritt of Springfield — and so on.

Among the older men was Eliphalet Trask of Springfield, who had been lieutenant governor with Governor Nathaniel P. Banks from 1858 to 1861. Fresh in mind was an incident of the night before

election when Governor Trask and leading supporters of Butler came to the *Republican* office with a statement from their headquarters in Boston containing serious charges against the other fellows. It was against the rules of the game, as we played it, to print such charges too late for the other side to reply before voting time. This was explained, but did not quite satisfy. Turning to Governor Trask I said, "Would you be willing to have this matter prefaced in the paper to-morrow morning by the statement that we use it, in contravention of our rule of fair play, upon the personal assurance of Governor Trask that the matter presented is a just and true statement of facts?" "Of course I would not," said he: "I don't personally know about the facts." That illuminated the situation, and the callers retired in pleasant temper, carrying their boomerang with them.

The campaign which led to the victory now being crowned with glory had been of exceptional interest. Much secrecy attended it. In Springfield the Butler leaders conferred behind closed doors at night in Colonel John L. Rice's office. Somehow, to the disgust of those concerned, the substance of their doings regularly appeared in the *Republican*. Frantic efforts were made to locate the leak, but availed nothing. The mystery may now be explained. A reporter of the paper each night after a meeting made a circuitous journey to the back door of a loyal friend of mine and there learned the facts. That reporter is dead and the secret lies between one of the most useful public servants of Springfield and myself. Colonel Rice never learned it.

When the final instalment of Butler money came to town I did not know the exact sum. Ben Weaver was in the habit of making a late night visit at the office. He knew, but was close as the grave about it; so of the other leaders. Leading Mr. Weaver into absorbing reminiscences of politics as played in New Bedford, his mind thoroughly engaged, I shot at him the question, "How much Butler money came to-day?" Without thinking, and to wave aside the interruption, he told me. Then he awoke dismayed and angry. "If you use that, I'll never come here again while a campaign is on!" It had been fair play, and the news was printed. Never again did Mr. Weaver call during a political campaign in which he was taking part.

But let us return to what has been called "The gasometer on Beacon Hill." The incoming executive issues the inauguration invitations. The retiring governor is expected to keep in the background and fade out of the picture as speedily as may be. In the executive chamber the friends of the governor-elect gather about him. In this preliminary State House reception, the attractive qualities beneath the overbearing public characteristics of General Butler were displayed. He had *savoir faire*. Governor Long's part was not easy. He was a lingering relic in the midst of hero-worshipers who bowed before the rising sun, but he failed not in proper welcome to the new order. Butler was as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, as a strong man rejoicing to run a race, and quite overbore the departing luminary. He came as a conqueror who had taken the strong-

hold by violence, and every hand was outstretched to his. When General Butler, with a profound bow, thanked his women guests for honoring him with their presence, he resembled a battered knight of old and handled his mature charms with marvelous dexterity.

The address of Governor Butler in the Hall of the House of Representatives was of inordinate length, filling nearly three pages of the *Republican*. It attacked the financial, the penal, the reformatory and the educational administration of the State. Out of this wholesale condemnation the one thing established during the year was proof of maladministration at the Tewksbury almshouse. After leaving the governorship Thomas Talbot had taken the chairmanship of the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity. He deserved and held the confidence of the people, and was remedying many defects of past administrations. The secretary of the board was Frank B. Sanborn. One of the members of that board, perhaps the ablest member, was Mrs. Clara T. Leonard of Springfield. She made a special study of Tewksbury and reported the general state of the institution good, the woman's hospital well looked after, the men's hospital not so well, and the medical superintendent slack. This resulted in the dismissal of Doctor Lathrop and the superintendent, Mr. Marsh.

From an extended public investigation it appeared that a great hospital and insane asylum had grown up with an old farmer at its head and no competent medical supervision. Republican administrations had failed to realize the shortcomings of the Marsh family. Governor Butler is entitled to credit for the exposure

that forced remedial action, even though his methods were sensational in the extreme. Facts were brought out showing gross neglect in the past of insane and infantile wards of the State, but it did not appear that the general care of the inmates at any time justified the charge of the governor that they were tortured or skinned, alive or dead.

After asserting that Massachusetts was a sadly misgoverned State, Governor Butler sought to establish the contention. The executive had an early encounter with John E. Russell, secretary of the Board of Agriculture, which disclosed ignorance of State affairs. Mr. Russell was an exceptional person, always a Democrat in politics, with shrewd knowledge of life, most attractive in private and public encounter. He was a great lover of horses, who came to know and practice farming for the love of it. Later he was a member of Congress from the rock-ribbed Republican Worcester district. Under previous secretaries oversight of agricultural interests had been perfunctory and inefficient. After Mr. Russell was persuaded to accept the office the farming interests had a real leader. He brought knowledge and inspiring direction where it was needed. The farmers came to love Secretary Russell.

The "supreme executive magistrate", as Butler delighted to call himself, began his interview by saying, "Mr. Russell, I want you to tell me about the schools of the State." It was an astounding revelation. "Your Excellency," responded the startled but amused official, "I am secretary of the State Board of Agriculture." That spoiled the

governor's pose and gave Russell command of a situation he had joy in rehearsing. The executive never again troubled the agricultural department, whose head, it had been reported during the campaign, vigorously declined, in language truly rural, "to help haul the Butler swill cart."

The executive council, which was Republican, would not lend its "advice and consent" to certain appointments. Then the affronted governor had to try again. Neither side dropped politics at the threshold of the executive department. N. A. Plimpton was refused confirmation as insurance commissioner. John K. Tarbox of Lawrence was then appointed and confirmed, and he made an excellent head of the department until his death years afterward. The rotund and oratorical M. J. McCafferty of Worcester was made a judge of the Municipal Court of Boston, and George L. Ruffin, Judge of the Charlestown court, the one an Irish Catholic and the other a Negro. The governor asserted that neither race had up to his time been honored by judicial appointments in Massachusetts.

Picturesque incidents of the Butler régime were many. Harvard set aside its hitherto unbroken practice of conferring the degree of LL.D. upon governors. Governor Butler met the trying situation with becoming dignity. He went to the Commencement in Cambridge attended by the usual military escort. Lieutenant Governor Ames ventured on the way out to express the hope that His Excellency would avoid saying anything unpleasant.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "when visiting a family

where one of the members has been hanged I never mention rope." The biting reference was to the Webster-Parkman murder case. Thereafter the governor was most gracious. He regretted in his speech that the narrow circumstances of his youth had carried him to a Maine college instead of to Cambridge, recalled that he had sent his son to Harvard, and made himself so agreeable that he was cheered again and again. Butler once more cleverly countered on the critics. The governor in due course went to the Williams Commencement and expressed his gratitude for the LL.D. that institution had conferred long ago in recognition of his war services.

Perhaps the most grimly amusing incident of this governorship related to Governor Butler's Fast Day Proclamation, a pious production, issued in February, which was criticized in most pulpits and some newspapers. The attack was so general that the reporters went to the governor about it. He turned the tables by disclosing that he had made use of the proclamation issued by Governor Christopher Gore in 1810, the worthy for whom Harvard named a building. Only this addition had been made:

"And I do specially exhort the ministers of the gospel on that day to feed their flocks the divine word, and not discourse upon political and other secular topics which divert the serious thoughts of the people from the humble worship of the Father."

XXXI

GEORGE D. ROBINSON AS CANDIDATE AND GOVERNOR

THE hectic year under Butler made rapid flight. Very short seemed the time until the Republicans and Independents were called upon to battle for his overthrow. Wisdom in dealing with the situation had become more essential than short-sighted partisans were ready to appreciate. Voters regarded with disfavor old methods of attack. The fair-minded disliked an assumption of all virtues on one side and the denial of any to the man who had been made governor by the people. No longer effective were Jovian thunderbolts cast by George F. Hoar and others out of the atmosphere of almost superhuman rectitude in which they enveloped themselves. That kind of assault rather disposed the man by the side of the road to give the poor old sinner another chance.

Anger and bitterness no longer converted anybody, and it was essential that illumination and conversion be brought about. Only a year before a majority of the voters had been with the governor. It remained to introduce the "come let us reason together" spirit so long absent. This was brought from Washington by George D. Robinson, member of Congress from the Springfield district, who was drafted as the candidate by the Republican state convention.

It had been expected that Henry L. Pierce, formerly member of Congress and mayor of Boston, independent in his political thinking and of fine and generous nature, would make the fight against Governor Butler. But the day before the convention Mr. Pierce withdrew. Henry Cabot Lodge, not yet in Congress and chairman of the state committee, appealed to Congressman Robinson, whom he found in the Boston law office of his brother, Charles Robinson. The brief interview was of happy outcome. "I have not sought the governorship" was the reply, "but if the party wants me and needs me, I will stand." Alanson W. Beard had seen Mr. Robinson and prepared the way. The convention next day was a ratification meeting where the candidate in his short address said to the delegates, "It is your duty to command. I count it mine to obey." So were born reassurance and confidence that deepened as the campaign went on under Robinson's leadership. He stamped upon the canvass a character that led to victory.

The people were ready to try Butler upon his record as governor. "I wonder if any man can be as honest as Brother Robinson looks," George M. Stearns once said in the courtroom. This upright bearing invited trust. The presence of the man suggested one who stood "foursquare to every wind that blows." Butler was astute, and men called him tricky ; perhaps he found satisfaction in that reputation. Robinson was straightforward and dependable. In him old New England persisted. From the lips of his father he heard how ancestors resisted the British in Lexington.

Such was the basic difference between the men as they entered upon the most memorable contest for the governorship ever waged in Massachusetts, which held the attention of the State and the country.

It soon appeared that Robinson was more than honest in appearance and fact. He displayed political sense and tact joined with speaking power calculated to reach and persuade his audiences. Time proved him fit for the opportunity and equal to the need of his party. There was business method in his way of handling the problem that had been forced into his hands. His breadth of appeal and candor were in striking contrast to the inaccuracies, bombast and inconsiderateness of his opponent, albeit he had no small task in tackling one so confidently arrogant and impatient of opposition. Whereas the old order of campaigning had been looked for, this candidate introduced a better sort. As the great debate went on the people recognized the departure and welcomed it. The Robinson speeches were of the temper needed to change votes, and so were heard and read with avidity day after day.

Mr. Robinson's development in equipment for public life had advanced in Congress beyond the knowledge of his district and of the people of the State. Meeting him on the train coming from the convention, when congratulations filled the air, I said to the hero of the occasion, "I do not rejoice in your nomination." This seemed a surprisingly inharmonious note, until it was added, "You will win over Butler, I believe, but a greater future awaited you

in Washington." So I shall always believe. But the right man had been picked for present service of the State, and that was perhaps glory enough.

Into the contest Mr. Robinson threw himself completely, shrinking from no effort and fatigue. He made seventy-six speeches, nine of them on the final day. Abstemious living and an equable temperament had fitted him to endure such a strain as few men could undergo with safety for the time. But in the long run, no doubt, the tremendous effort lowered his physical power. He never lost his temper, his good sense or his grasp of the situation. As a political debater few men have been the equal of George D. Robinson.

The way in which his success was won is worthy of consideration. Butler led off and his antagonist followed him through the State, reasoning everywhere with the voters in calm persuasion. Beyond that every Butler argument was answered and each appeal false in spirit or fact was assailed. There was no personal abuse, but the relentless exposure was maintained and facts in refutation were always verified. The auditor of the State at that time was Charles R. Ladd of Springfield. That office was the fountain-head of information regarding state expenditures. Thither Candidate Robinson repaired every day when it was possible for him to reach Boston. Auditor Ladd would be ready to serve him with all the information the office afforded, — just as he stood ready to serve General Butler or any other citizen of the State, only the chief executive magistrate never came. He relied upon others, and some of the men who

furnished information were disturbed when he unconsciously muddled their statements.

Behind Robinson was more than the support of his party, and no candidate was ever better backed by a state committee. Every day its chairman and some of the members, reinforced by those having special knowledge in any department of state service, went over the Butler speeches and studied his statements in the light of facts known to them. In this way the candidate was further assisted. More than once the *Republican* had dispatches from him asking us to consult our files and give needed information by which statements made by the governor could be disproved. He was master of the campaign and indefatigable in his labors. In all things he was systematic. If he reinforced his work on the stump by so much delving after truth, it was no more and no less than a habit which governed him in the prosecution of a suit in court or the preparation of an argument in Congress.

But the supreme art of Mr. Robinson's talks lay in the frank and convincing method of presenting his arguments. In person he was of medium height, with broad shoulders and well-knit frame. He bore himself with an air of fearlessness all his own. His voice was moderately strong and of ringing quality. His presence was the embodiment of neighborly good fellowship. He made few gestures and spoke straight on. He was not a rhetorician, but had the eloquence which presents a case in the most forcible and convincing way. His speeches displayed, as is rarely seen, the faculty of marshaling facts and inferences

in converting array. Above all, the speaker bore the stamp of genuineness, — and so stood in contrast to Butler and all demagogism. In those days Mr. Robinson wore his whiskers in what may be called a more closely cut Horace Greeley fringe; later, while governor, he reduced them to close “side bars”, and finally adopted the mustache only.

The Robinson plurality over Butler was 9864 in a total vote of 312,357. This was 56,079 more votes than had been cast the year before. It represented a great outpouring of the men of the State. In the presidential year of 1880, 282,512 voters had come to the polls.

During all the sharp passages of the campaign Mr. Robinson retained the respect of his rival. It was indeed “a fair field and no favor”, but the Republican candidate kept it a fair field. Only once did he seem to approach unfair personal attack, and that was when, in the excitement and glow of one of his speeches, after having exposed some unwarrantable statements made by the governor, the orator declared, “Why, he can’t see anything straight!” — at which the audience laughed and cheered, thinking it a smart fling at the cast in His Excellency’s eyes. The orator even then did not catch the full bearing of his words, but Governor Butler did. He referred to the matter with bitterness in his next address, — and Mr. Robinson promptly and handsomely explained his inadvertence and asked the governor in all sincerity to accept his explanation and apology. The incident illustrated the honorable methods he employed in every relation.



Photo. by Moore, Springfield

GEORGE D. ROBINSON.

Mr. Robinson had retained his seat as representative, and in December, 1883, went to Washington to participate in the organization of the 48th Congress. On the second of January following he forwarded his resignation of the seat in Congress to Governor Butler. The Governor's reply was in clever temper, as follows :

Your resignation of your office of representative in the 48th Congress of the United States from the 12th district of Massachusetts, tendered to the Governor of the Commonwealth this morning, is hereby accepted, the reason prompting the same being so entirely satisfactory to a majority of the people of the state. I have the honor to be, very respectfully.

Soon after the election Mr. Robinson had called at the State House to pay his respects to the governor. Governor Butler accorded him gracious welcome, and when Mr. Robinson said that so far as he was concerned the campaign had left no sting and he hoped His Excellency could say the same, Governor Butler responded that when he had been beaten in trying a case he never laid it up against the man on the other side. He went on to say that their suit had been fairly tried before the people and that court had decided in favor of the Republican candidate. He was now ready and anxious to give every assistance in his power to the incoming executive. Governor Butler called in the officials of the executive department and bade them give all possible aid to Mr. Robinson.

In the transition from a successful parliamentary

career to the executive office Mr. Robinson carried to administrative work the same ability, conscience, diligence and thoroughness. As always he formed his own judgments. Mr. Ladd testified that Governor Robinson took nothing for granted. In all his dealings with the auditor's office he called for chapter and section authorizing the expenditure. "He wanted to be sure where he was going in all cases." During three years Governor Robinson discharged his duties so as to command universal confidence. His messages conveyed a clear, compact and vigorous presentation of State affairs. There was no striving after oratorical effect, but composure, simplicity and directness characterized his official addresses. He had the courage to veto a veterans' preference bill as a blow at the efficiency of the public service, and also exposed the impropriety of having members of the Legislature increase their own pay for a pending session, and blocked the way. His appointments were good and the character of his administration high.

Governor Robinson's chief business achievement was the extrication of Massachusetts from the railroad business through her ownership in the Hoosac Tunnel and the Troy and Greenfield Railroad. That connection had been a source of endless expense to the State treasury, and Governor Robinson in the last year of his service made a sale to the Fitchburg Railroad which stopped the ancient and formidable leeching of the public money. This sale brought to the State five million dollars in gold bonds and five million dollars in the common stock of the Fitchburg Railroad. On this stock the state was to

realize par under the administration of Governor Crane.

In 1886, the closing year of his governorship, there opened before Governor Robinson a possibility of being sent to the United States Senate. John D. Long, then a representative in Congress, was contesting the reelection of Senator Dawes. Many members of the Legislature preferred Robinson. It was a popular suggestion. Had he given this desire any encouragement the situation might have been so changed as to carry the senatorship to the executive who had left Washington at the call of the State and served it so acceptably. But both the senator, the ex-governor and the public were told that Governor Robinson was not a candidate. It was a temptation resisted. After giving ten of his best working years to public life he recognized no urgency requiring his further public service, and was to go back to law and make provision for his family.

Opportunities there were to return to the public service. When Harvard conferred the degree of LL.D. upon President Cleveland in 1886, Governor Robinson was also honored. In his speech the Republican executive paid tribute to the high aims and valuable service of the Democratic President. Subsequently President Cleveland urged ex-Governor Robinson to take a place on the Interstate Commerce Commission. This was declined after appeal had been made in a personal interview. The great head of this commission was Judge Thomas M. Cooley of Michigan. The Massachusetts Republican was impressed by the personality of the President and

recognized in him an honest and strong man. President Harrison in 1889 vainly sought to make Lawyer Robinson a commissioner to consider the claims of the Cherokee and other Indian Tribes to land in the Indian Territory.

On returning to the practice of the law after ten years one has to study decisions with which those in continuous practice are familiar. He is handicapped for the preparation of cases. It is harder work for him than for the others. Accustomed to toil, Governor Robinson speedily closed the gap and took his place with the best of the profession in the State. His achievement is comparable with that of Senator Conkling in the New York courts after long absence in public life. Much important business from all parts of the State came to Lawyer Robinson along with the respect of the lawyers. He had signal triumphs, as in the Borden murder case. He was in the full tide of success in this field when, after nine years of practice, death overtook him, February 22, 1896, at the age of sixty-two years.

In an almost perfunctory way the governorship was passed along to the business man who had been lieutenant governor during Governor Robinson's three terms. Oliver Ames, amiable, rather dull, with no gifts for public life, is entitled to remembrance because, in advance of the coming of the automobile age, he inaugurated the building of permanent roads by the State. Despite criticism and opposition Governor Ames held to his own opinion, was far-sighted in this important matter, and thereby put Massachusetts in the right way. Governor Ames served from 1887 to 1890.

XXXII

ROOSEVELT AND LODGE DECIDE FOR PARTY

OUT of the action of the national conventions of 1884 came the muddiest and meanest of political campaigns. We touched lower depths in that contest than the American people are likely to reach again. Political manners show improvement over those of the fathers, and there is betterment over our own past. As fair play and understanding more and more prevail in matters of business and community dealing, so broadly of politics. Marked exceptions to this there may be, but people do justice in the long run, and the intervals before its coming seem to be shortening. Partisan rancor cannot endure as once. Surely I am not hopeful beyond reason in this generalization, even while bearing in mind the experience of Woodrow Wilson.

The Republicans gathered in Chicago June 3 and a month later came the Democrats, who convened July 8. In that city have been staged most of our exciting convention politics since Lincoln was brought forth in the old Wigwam in 1860. Chicago affords historic ground and is the convenient place for delegates from every section. Shifts have been made for the sake of change and to behold scenery as other cities have secured conventions for exploitation pur-

poses. But for the work that is to be done, Chicago is desirable above the rest. Heat is to be expected in June and July, wherever the delegates assemble, with the odds in favor of intensest torridity. Every old convention-goer can be blazingly emphatic about convention weather. But only in Chicago was there the chance that from the great fresh-water sea might come blessed winds to cool the nights.

Every State delegation to a national convention is made up of "four members at large and two from each congressional district", with as many alternates. How often have I heard the quoted words read in the call at state conventions. Those chosen to take part are accompanied by politicians or friends sufficient to fill a special train for the journey to the convention city. On the way all talk politics and make friends. During the going and coming many things are projected or settled in political affairs at home.

Who shall be made chairman of the delegation is discussed, and the allotment of the State's convention committee places, these to be determined when the delegation organizes in its hotel headquarters at the end of the journey. The delegation also elects a member of the national committee, there being one from each State.

Reporting a national convention is an intricate matter, and the wider one's acquaintance among public men the more is he advantaged. As one attends many conventions his fitness increases. In this respect seasoned Washington correspondents are fortunate. Those new to the job are obliged to labor more diligently in order to overcome the handicap. Close

touch being kept with the home delegation, one worked outward. Local representatives in Congress and your senators could be helpful if they would. But through whatever agency one was able to employ, it was essential to learn the inside doings relating to every candidate, active or passive. Early and late this knowledge must be pursued. At any moment might come such swift turn in affairs as would determine the outcome of the convention.

One's newspaper acquaintance served to widen his reach. Swapping information is always in progress. Edward G. Riggs of the *New York Sun* could reveal the intricacies of New York political thought, and I might inform him as to the sentiment of New England delegates. So of Francis E. Leupp of the *New York Evening Post* and very many others keen in scenting news and wise in knowing its bearings. Bright young men were appearing every four years. Graduates of the *Republican* office enlightened me in many things, and I them in some others. The free masonry of the craft put one in touch with all genuine newspaper men. Most important was the bringing of trained judgment to bear day and night on all the proceedings and possibilities of changing and perplexing situations. The joy of it was great, and so was the fatigue and the temptation artificially to stimulate one's flagging powers as the great game dragged on. But those who did this were few, and in the way to becoming casuals in journalism. Serious business brooks no foolishness, albeit good fellowship was then permitted its proper times and places short of Canada and the three-mile limit.

Republicans were bitterly divided as they entered their convention. The country had been given astonishing evidence of this in the President's State — pivotal in national elections — where Charles J. Folger, secretary of the treasury, former judge of the New York Court of Appeals, ran for governor two years before. He was defeated by a plurality of 192,000. This expressed the resentment of Blaine's followers, who regarded Folger's candidacy as the product of interference by the Federal administration. Not only were the leading candidates for the nomination at battle, but Mr. Blaine's brilliant adroitness in public life had undermined public faith in the unselfishness of his motives.

To lift the Republican party above all these differences and to place it in a clear light before the voters, where the factions could come together, was the effort of those who asked the nomination of Senator Edmunds. "The President thought his old friends were a little too heavy and he unloaded them," said Thomas C. Platt in personal conversation, speaking for the New York anti-administration men. "The time has now arrived," he added, "when they can and will unload him." With this feeling friends of General Grant and many Stalwarts supported Blaine rather than Arthur. The President had not won the full confidence of Republicans and Independents. Among the Edmund's leaders in the convention were George F. Hoar, John D. Long and Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, and George William Curtis, Andrew D. White and Theodore Roosevelt of New York. William McKinley, chairman of the committee on

resolutions, advocated Blaine, as did William Walter Phelps of New Jersey, Whitelaw Reid and Charles Emory Smith of the *Philadelphia Press*. Federal office-holders were most conspicuous in the Arthur backing.

Through many letters sent to important Republicans months before our state convention, the *Republican* sought to place Massachusetts at the head of the Edmunds movement. The responses were cordial and the impetus important. It may be worth recording, that, after the election, President Arthur said to his secretary of state, Mr. Frelinghuysen, that he laid his defeat to the action of the *Springfield Republican* in bringing forward the Edmunds candidacy. Senator Hoar has written that if Arthur had continued Collector Beard in the Boston customhouse he would have had the support of the Massachusetts delegation, and that was one element entering into the disaffection.

This was Mr. Roosevelt's introduction to a national convention, but Mr. Lodge's second appearance. They were active participants. When the delegates made John R. Lynch, a colored man, temporary chairman over Powell Clayton, choice of the national committee, Mr. Lodge offered the motion, which Mr. Curtis and Mr. Roosevelt supported. Clayton had just abandoned Arthur for Blaine. In that day's dispatch our correspondent called Mr. Lodge "bright-faced and scholarly", and said "there was much interest in young Mr. Roosevelt of New York, an earnest and direct speaker, who held the attention of the house and will be listened to whenever he speaks." Beyond advocating Mr. Edmunds at a rally in the

Massachusetts headquarters, Mr. Roosevelt carried his characteristically impetuous appeal through all the headquarters of the States.

On the second day a resolution was offered declaring that every member of the convention was bound in honor to support the nominee. Edward L. Pierce of Massachusetts challenged the resolution, and warm debate followed. George William Curtis turned the scale against the resolution. "A Republican and a free-man I came to this convention ; by the grace of God a Republican and a freeman will I go out of this convention" began that splendid spokesman for great matters. Power he had, with surpassing finish, and was at his impassioned best. Mr. Curtis recalled the ringing words Mr. Campbell of West Virginia had spoken in the convention of 1880, "I am a Republican who carries his sovereignty under his own hat." In neither convention, whether at the behest of Roscoe Conkling or of a lesser imitator, did this proposition secure passage.

The nominating speeches were too many and not of a high order of merit. Judge W. H. West of Ohio, "the blind orator", for Blaine, became tiresome. It seemed as if seconding speeches of the ordinary sort would have no end. Much was expected from Martin I. Townsend of Troy in presenting Arthur. He was Berkshire born and had wide reputation as an orator. His fine head with upstanding gray hair drew attention. But Townsend failed to thrill the convention, a reference to Platt's defection drew hisses and the galleries tired of him. No adequate reinforcement came from seconding speakers. The oratory for John

A. Logan and the rest filled the night session until midnight, when Massachusetts was reached in the call of States and John D. Long spoke for Edmunds. The polish of his address and the grace of its delivery drew instant attention. Here was the finest speech of them all, but it came at too late an hour to permit of attention in the morning newspapers. The next day's events obliterated it. Challenging was Governor Long's closing sentence, "I nominate the honorable — aye, the *honorable* George F. Edmunds of Vermont."

The fourth day brought the balloting. It had become evident that party peace was not likely to be brought to pass through Edmunds, John or General Sherman, or any one else. The fight between Blaine and Arthur must go to a finish. On the first ballot Blaine had 334½, Arthur 278, Edmunds 93, Logan 30, General Hawley 13, Robert T. Lincoln 4, General Sherman 2. The second and third ballots increased Blaine's lead, and on the fourth ballot General John A. Logan's delegates, by his direction, went to Blaine. This with other changes gave 541 votes and the nomination. General Logan was nominated for vice president on this losing ticket. Robert T. Lincoln had by telegraph flatly declined the place.

What stands out most strikingly in the memory of that convention is that there Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge were led to decide that young men seeking a public career should remain straight party men. Mr. Roosevelt found reasons for departing from that position when he turned upon his friend, William H. Taft, but Mr. Lodge has never imperiled

his good and regular standing in the Republican party. He has had anathema for independents as partisanship became intensified with the years.

It was easy to see that there would be much bolting of Blaine, and the correspondents sought to discover such purpose among the delegates. Next to me at the press tables sat Ellis H. Roberts, editor of the *Utica Herald* and later treasurer of the United States. I suggested that if he would talk with George William Curtis, then coming down the aisle, I would seek to learn the intentions of Lodge and Roosevelt. Mr. Roberts reported that Mr. Curtis had replied with deep feeling, "I was here at the birth of the party, and fear that this day's action may lead to its downfall." It was clear that the editor of *Harper's Weekly* would not support the nomination. My report was that Lodge and Roosevelt were getting ready to accept the ticket. Mr. Lodge said they were to discuss the matter on the homeward journey, adding that for effective public service alliance with a party seemed necessary. That thought could lead only to one decision.

The convention ended June 6, and Mr. Lodge came home to find under way a formidable bolt of Massachusetts Republicans. This was embarrassing. Within a week a thousand noteworthy Republicans held a meeting of protest in Boston. A committee of one hundred was set going. With these bolters Mr. Lodge was at odds and the difference thus set up in many instances lasted long.

Another member of the Massachusetts delegation came to the opposite decision. John F. Andrew,

son of the war governor, stood by his convictions after as well as before and refused to support Blaine. Happily he did not thereby lose political preferment. The Democrats ran him for governor in 1886. He was elected to Congress as a Democrat in 1888, two years after Mr. Lodge arrived there, and was reëlected to the 52d Congress. As chairman of the House civil service committee Mr. Andrew did good work in Washington. He died and was mourned in Boston in 1895, when not yet forty-five years old.

XXXIII

FIRST NOMINATION OF GROVER CLEVELAND

THE Democratic presidential candidacy of 1884 gravitated to Governor Cleveland. After displaying exceptional executive qualities as mayor of Buffalo, it was Mr. Cleveland's fortune to be nominated for governor of New York in 1882, at a time of hopeless division in the Republican ranks. Neither nomination was sought. The momentum of achievement made Governor Cleveland the party's outstanding figure and very plainly the man to put forward. While serving as mayor he had been nominated for governor, and while holding that office he was nominated for president. Honesty, clear conviction, forceful courage, watchfulness over the spending of the people's money marked his work. He entertained no dreams of power. Politicians accustomed to the sinuous processes of their kind "could not make him out." The simple adherence to public duty and the steady rise offered a problem whose obvious explanation was beyond their comprehension.

The times were ripe for such a man, but Tammany did not care for the type. The organization could not do business with him. But Democrats outside of the great city welcomed Cleveland. The State convention had directed that New York's vote be cast as a unit, the majority governing, and forty-nine

out of the seventy-two delegates at Chicago were for the governor. In vain Bourke Cockran protested. Daniel C. Manning, Abram S. Hewitt, William C. Whitney, Smith Weed and other followers of Tilden were for Cleveland. The younger Democrats of his State were aggressive in his behalf. The unit rule held. Voices of Tammany men were lifted long and loudly against the candidate of their State, and Edward S. Bragg, general in the Civil War and commander of Wisconsin's famous "iron brigade", drew thunderous approval by declaring that the Democracy of the country loved Cleveland "for the enemies he has made."

This repudiation of the Tiger was the rousing convention incident. Yet it was realized that open defiance of Tammany would invite reprisal, as it did. John Kelly and Benjamin F. Butler went out to knife Cleveland, and their combined efforts almost gave the presidency to Blaine, with Charles A. Dana assisting.

General Butler was a delegate from Massachusetts and a member of the platform committee, but his financial heresies were rejected by his associates in that body. Butler offered a substitute platform in the convention, and it was deeply buried when voted on State by State. The committee resolutions were adopted before the candidate was named. Butler had already accepted the presidential nomination of the Greenback convention held in Indianapolis the last of May. His hopes of adding the Democratic nomination received no consideration, and the campaign of 1884 left him stranded.

On the fourth day of the convention Grover

Cleveland was nominated for president and Thomas A. Hendricks, old-fashioned partisan of Indiana for vice president. Mr. Hendricks was to die eight months after taking the office. From the first the outcome as to the head of the ticket seemed inevitable for three reasons: because there was an irresistible opinion, especially in the West and Northwest, that Cleveland was the party's strongest man; because Mr. Manning and the governor's New York friends had managed his campaign with perfect skill; and because Tammany Hall opposed him. But Mr. Manning and the rest had been obliged to drag Governor Cleveland into an attitude of receptivity. He was slow to see in himself conspicuous fitness for service. Consent secured, the candidate was given slight knowledge of the comprehensive campaign conducted in his behalf, whose wide-reaching effects the convention disclosed.

The campaign which ensued, filled with the gall of bitterness, in the end turned upon the public records of Blaine and Cleveland. Mr. Blaine, attractive as Henry Clay must have been, was by nature a speculator. He appreciated the things wealth could give. While in office he had at least come so near trading official influence for personal advantage as to invite loss of faith. Distrust begotten by his own words and acts turned independents and many Republicans to Cleveland. Mr. Blaine took the stump and had the help of the best talent left in his party. The appeal for loyalty to it was never more ardently pressed. The Mugwumps, brilliantly represented in many States, organized and did their own campaigning.

Irish Catholic disaffection towards Governor Cleveland was fostered by the suggestion that Blaine had no love for England and his mother was a Catholic. Tammany's underground work ran along that line, and Patrick A. Collins, finest representative of his race and faith in political life at that time, made a great speech in Albany in explanation of Cleveland's fair dealing and in condemnation of such insulting race and religious appeal.

It was left for Reverend Dr. Burchard, speaking at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, October 27, in behalf of Protestant clergymen, and in the presence of Mr. Blaine, to say unrebuked, "We are Republicans and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with a party whose antecedents have been rum, Romanism, and rebellion." Next day the city was placarded with Burchard's alliterative trilogy, and the incident wrought against Blaine in the closing days of the campaign.

It will surprise later generations that Governor Cleveland made but a couple of speeches during that campaign, one at Trenton, New Jersey, and the other at Bridgeport, Connecticut. The place chosen for his appearance in New England was dictated by the belief that Connecticut offered Democratic fighting ground. It was a rugged figure of medium height that stood before an immense audience of Connecticut freeman, arrayed in the Prince Albert coat then worn on such occasions. The face was strong and set, the firm lines of the mouth discernible beneath the brown mustache, the hair not yet touched by time. Cleveland, ever sturdy in speech, talked without notes. This abil-

ity to memorize his writings with exactness was one of his gifts. The strength of memory most people laboriously acquire was natural for Mr. Cleveland. Those who heard his first inaugural were surprised by its perfect delivery under circumstances foreign to the speaker's previous life. Everything that left Mr. Cleveland's pen was like copperplate, — almost as carefully done as were even the least of the writings of Eugene Field, whom I first knew during his flitting career at Williams College and much better in newspaper work. Both men had joy in the friendship of children, and there the resemblance ended. Patient care in penning helped assure the retention of what was written before the day of typewriting.

In line with the insistence of Mr. Cleveland as mayor and governor was the Bridgeport speech, — the doctrine that "the people have a right to demand that no more money shall be taken from them, directly or indirectly, for public uses than is necessary for an economical administration of public affairs." If that preaching appealed to the people so long before the arrival of the omnipresent tax gatherers of to-day — local, state and federal — how much more should it be welcomed now. Altogether delightful such simplicities appear in contrast with later perplexities of living and government.

New York State was the battleground of that election, its vote was close, and the delayed count gave Cleveland a lead of 1149. Butler has written that if his friend John Kelly had lived he could have proved that votes cast for the Greenback candidate were given to Cleveland. How like this was to the charac-

ter in the play, "Old Homestead", who so often said, "and I could prove it, too, if old Bill Jones was alive." The people were sensitive to the contention of 1876, and all felt that a disputed election would be calamitous. That solid ground was lacking for challenging the result Cleveland's managers were perfectly assured. Hence there is interest in the statement of William C. Hudson, long Albany correspondent of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, that on the tenth day after election, when word was brought to Mr. Cleveland that the Republicans had conceded his victory, he said, "I am very glad to hear it. I am more than glad they yield peaceably. For in any event I should have felt it my duty to take the office of the President of the United States on the fourth of next March."

Not grace of speech, or arts of popularity contributed to advance the public career of Grover Cleveland. As candidate and executive he was not a shining personality, but always a straight-forward one. He had sound sense and depth of conviction and was independent in action. He thought along the simple lines of the old Americanism, the kind that regarded the discharge of political duties as an obligation. He harked back to the time when volunteer party workers manned the polling places, and was impatient of the deterioration represented by paid workers. Here is the interpretation of the man. The citizen must personally attend to his political duties, and public officials are to see to it that the business of the people is economically and efficiently looked after. Much of such preaching we have always had, but this man was intensely honest in it. When Colonel Lamont

condensed the political attitude of Cleveland into the phrase, "Public office is a public trust", it was truly expressive of the man's thought and performance. From this conception of the meaning of citizenship he never swerved. It explains him all the way. And so interpreted he was, and will remain in history, a strong and useful servant of the republic, ever to be held in honor.

One of the distinctions of James Russell Lowell's life was his early insight into the character of Abraham Lincoln. When others belittled and feared, he was comprehending and standing beside and for the homely and lonely man in the White House, bowed with burdens that must be carried with patience infinite, and which only time's slow abatement could relieve. Lowell had like understanding of Cleveland, and quite from the first, as when he returned from his agreeable post as Minister to England and said to the Democratic President, "I come to you like Saint Denis, with the head you have cut off under my arm", the acme of sportsmanship. When so many good men were hospitable to low detraction of Cleveland, and so misinterpreted him, Mr. Lowell was not misled.

Campaign oratory is often hateful, and even the best intentioned speakers have their lapses in the heat of party advocacy. I remember saying to George D. Robinson, after a speech in Springfield, that if he lived long enough he would come to know the solid worth of the Democratic candidate, and do him justice; as he did when governor speaking at Cambridge on the platform with Mr. Lowell. In his address at

Harvard's 250th anniversary in the winter of 1886 — coming in the middle of Mr. Cleveland's first term as president — Mr. Lowell gave measure of the President in these words :

“He has left the helm of state to be with us here, and so long as it is intrusted to his hands we are sure that, should the storm come, he will say with Seneca's pilot, ‘O, Neptune, you may save me if you will ; you may sink me if you will ; but whatever happens, I shall keep my rudder true.’ ”

XXXIV

WHEN CLEVELAND TACKLED THE PRESIDENCY

FOR the first time in a quarter of a century — 1860 to 1885 — the United States was to have a Democratic President and cabinet. Democrats would be entitled to hold Federal offices. Men and women accustomed to the dominance of the Republican party feared the change. Doubt of Democratic capacity to govern was honest and widely diffused. It would not be easy so to direct the transfer of responsibility as to reassure the doubters and satisfy the country. This was very clearly realized by those who had been drawn to Mr. Cleveland's support. There was anxiety among Mugwumps quite as much as among Democrats. The country waited with intense interest upon the formation of the cabinet.

At the end of his second year as governor of New York Mr. Cleveland turned that office over to Lieutenant Governor David B. Hill, and gave attention to the larger responsibility only two months away. He had slight acquaintance with national leaders of his party, time-worn figures most of them. He began to send for the best of them. Much there was to be learned. Patiently, sensibly, Mr. Cleveland settled to his task. Ready to aid him were high-minded Democrats who through Tilden and Cleveland sought to

make the Democracy more worthy of public regard. Those who had labored with one reforming governor to upbuild the Democracy gave their faith to another. There was little self-seeking in that quarter, but sober realization of the opportunity that had arrived. What the hungry rank and file of the Democracy felt and thought was another matter. The new executive came between cross fires in his party. The forward-looking element was ready to welcome new leadership, but the old-timers must be led along. Sharp division between South and North was to be bridged, with war-time radicals of the other side critically watchful and hating still. The South must have its share in governing.

First considered in cabinet making is the secretary of state. Thomas F. Bayard, fine product of generations of gentlemen in the public life of Delaware, had been second in the balloting at Chicago. Precedent and fitness pointed to him, but secure in the Senate and high in its counsels, he would be hard to persuade. After repeated offers Mr. Bayard's consent was obtained, and that was the beginning of an intimacy between the President and secretary that was to progress into lasting respect and affection.

A good deal I learned as the construction of the cabinet proceeded, but most about the choice of the New England member, William C. Endicott of Salem, Supreme Court justice and accomplished gentleman, whose one incursion into the political life of Massachusetts, after retiring from the Bench, had been as a rather perfunctory candidate for governor.

Thus early Francis Lynde Stetson, trusted friend

of Samuel J. Tilden, had gained Cleveland's esteem and confidence. Their friendship deepened with the years. Mr. Stetson might have had high official station had he been willing to turn from close attention to the law. "The trouble with Frank Stetson is," Mr. Cleveland told a delegation of New York men who early suggested recognition, "that he will not permit his friends to do anything for him."

While the cabinet was in hand, Mr. Stetson asked me to write him fully of New England men mentioned, — their history and qualities, and to what extent each was calculated to increase confidence in the new administration. Careful attention was given to the request. The men were put upon the scales and their advantages and disadvantages given due weight. The conclusion was reached that Judge Endicott's appointment would mean most. In order to show that no prejudice had affected the judgment, it was stated that Judge Endicott, because of the unfairness of our state libel law at that time, had rendered a verdict against the *Republican* involving small but unwelcome damages, in a case where the paper had sought to protect the public interest. That case, it may be added, was appealed and never reappeared.

Back from Mr. Stetson came word that Mr. Cleveland had read my summary of the men with much interest, and asked to retain the letter. It was added that unless I received word to the contrary, Judge Endicott would be a member of the next cabinet.

Not long after that Jarvis M. Dunham, president of the Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company, always a Democrat, a frequent evening caller at the

office, when we talked of current affairs and swapped reminiscences of Berkshire County people, surprised me with an afternoon call.

"I came to advise you," he said, "to take the 6:30 train for New York."

"This is sudden," was the answer; "do you mean it?"

"I certainly do."

"Cannot you tell me something more?"

"Not a word," he replied. So the New York train was taken, and light awaited.

Light began to dawn when I saw George M. Stearns and leading Democrats from Eastern Massachusetts. They assumed that I knew the object of their journey, and it speedily appeared that they were on their way to see Mr. Cleveland, and Mr. Stearns as spokesman was to urge that Patrick A. Collins be taken into the cabinet. After their interview at Mr. Cleveland's hotel, Mr. Stearns gave me his speech, incidents of the visit were gathered and next morning the *Republican* had the full story and a scoop on other papers. The fruitlessness of that visit was not even remotely suggested to the hopeful friends of General Collins. But, secure in knowledge of the fore-ordained, one paper did not go wide of the mark in its editorial discussion of cabinet possibilities.

A quarter of a century later in a letter to Mr. Stetson allusion was made to the time of which we are writing, and his reply carried that matter a bit further. From the New York office of Stetson, Jennings and Russell — three choice men who have joined the ma-

jority — under date of March 24, 1909, Mr. Stetson wrote :

Your reference to the Endicott letter and the early days of the Cleveland administration, seems like a message from the Golden Age. My heart was enlisted in that movement, of which the most remarkable public approval was given in the Cleveland meetings here last week. I wish you might have been present at what is generally regarded as the most extraordinary memorial ever made to a public man.

That was a curious incident to which you refer. At the very last moment the question came to me for decision, whether the New England cabinet member should be John Quincy Adams or Judge Endicott ; and upon your testimony, as well as that of Hampden Robb, I felt justified in throwing the balance for Judge Endicott, who was appointed. He took to Washington his family, including his attractive daughter, Miss Mary Endicott, who there met Joseph Chamberlain, and thus became Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain the admired American of English society. What a curious chain of events.

Most wisely Mr. Cleveland took with him to Washington as his private secretary Colonel Daniel S. Lamont, just as with equal wisdom Woodrow Wilson in turn carried with him Joseph P. Tumulty. In the second Cleveland administration Colonel Lamont was graduated into the cabinet. Lamont and Tumulty were the most helpful secretaries of my time, examples of absolute devotion to their chiefs. During Cleveland's first administration I had letters from Secretary Lamont regarding Massachusetts men suggested for Federal office, and responded with the impartial advice an independent observer is in position to give.

Little occasion was offered for attack on the Massachusetts appointments. Leverett Saltonstall, one of the courtliest of the "solid men of Boston", was made collector at that port, and Colonel J. W. Coveney of Cambridge, surveyor. George M. Stearns of Chicopee and Springfield, United States district attorney, was the peer of any lawyer in the State. John E. Fitzgerald, an attractive lawyer, became internal revenue collector at Boston. Frank J. Pratt of Greenfield, experienced in business and of the best standing, was collector for Western Massachusetts. Mr. Pratt's office, long held by E. R. Tinker of North Adams, was before long consolidated with the Boston office. The postmaster of Boston was General John M. Corse, whose stand at Allatoona, Georgia, until reinforcements from General W. T. Sherman could arrive, is celebrated in Ira D. Sankey's inspiring hymn, "Hold the Fort." Colonel John L. Rice, deserving veteran of the Civil War, left the law for a time to conduct the affairs of the Springfield post-office.

Having some knowledge of the care taken by Colonel Lamont in securing information concerning a single State, one gained an idea of what must have been involved in gathering country-wide knowledge of candidates for presidential appointment. Because of their misleading character ordinary party indorsements early came under sharp inspection at the White House. With all possible watchfulness mistakes were not to be avoided. No wonder effort had to be made to check up careless and unworthy recommendations. How much attention the chief magistrate was forced to give in that transition period to the

filling of Federal offices! And how meager was the satisfaction therein for one burdened with weightier matters of service.

Three of the eight members of the cabinet were taken from the Senate. Bayard, Lucius Q. C. Lamar of Mississippi, secretary of the interior, and Augustus H. Garland of Arkansas, attorney-general, were important senators. So large a draft weakened the Democratic side in that branch of Congress. The secretary of the treasury Daniel C. Manning, and of the navy, William C. Whitney, were New Yorkers. William F. Vilas of Wisconsin was made postmaster-general, and Norman J. Coleman of Missouri secretary of agriculture. Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana, which had gone for Cleveland, were passed over. Mr. Manning, Albany banker, went to Washington reluctantly at the persuasion of Samuel J. Tilden; illness a year later took him out of the cabinet, and Charles S. Fairchild, also of New York, assistant secretary, was his competent successor. There was slight change in the cabinet during the four years. A year before the expiration of his first term Mr. Cleveland made Mr. Lamar justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Vilas was transferred to the interior department, and Don M. Dickinson of Michigan became postmaster-general.

Independents were critical of Manning and Whitney as machine politicians. Mr. Whitney's business ability and foresight proved of lasting benefit to the navy. He established new standards of efficiency and vitalized the department. He was a disturber of favoritism. The cabinet invited respect as a whole,

and so helped reassure the fearful. Weak spots in cabinets do not always appear where critics expect to find them. Is not decent political activity a public duty? Loyalty to party is of value to the nation if directed to maintaining high political standards. Abuses of machine domination present another question. Sometimes there is lack of sensible differentiation between the two.

Mr. Cleveland's resolution of purpose escaped none who served with him. It represented mastership, and he became "the old man" at forty-seven years and under. That was a term of affection and meant devotion and faith. He was "powerful set in his way", to be sure, but the wisdom of his intent was adapted to the needs of the country. He had the instinct that lays hold of essentials. He was a prodigious toiler, without the faculty of relieving himself of details. One wonders at his clear sight in the midst of so much fog at this stage of his career. During his second term, with the interval of four years for reflection and growth, the insight and courage were less remarkable.

A stubborn man, ponderous in his thinking and movements, lacking familiarity with the ways of Washington and without national political background,—so those of large experience in public life characterized this President. In surface considerations they had warrant for this precipitate judgment. But those familiar with all phases of the situation, who had labored for abatement in the evils of spoils-mongering, and for the advancement of tariff reform, saw reason to expect progress along these lines.

Emphasis on political virtues and the need for going ahead along particular lines varies with the time. Each period brings its pressing duties and the extent of their urgency is apparent to those fit for leadership. Here is the measuring-rod of statesmanship. The man in public office who apprehends and fights valiantly in behalf of the things that press upon his conscience is almost of necessity self-centered. It is his portion to be misunderstood. Seldom is he philosophical. But he lays foundations, and by the strength of his work future building is advantaged.

"Of all horned cattle," said Horace Greeley, "deliver me from college graduates." In studying politics as it went by, very often one mentally echoed this formula born of repeated exasperations, substituting the words "super-critical reformers", men with whose purposes I had the deepest sympathy. Some of them were subject to accepting half lights for full vision and became filled with impatience bitterly expressed. It was so in the slow but steady advance of civil service reform. James Russell Lowell understood the involved situation in which President Cleveland was placed better than Carl Schurz, or even George William Curtis. He could make allowances, and did not insist upon more advance at the moment than it was reasonable to expect. The difference between the performance of executive duties and writing about them Woodrow Wilson was to learn. Sympathetic understanding of tangled problems encountered by presidents of high purpose not all historians are qualified to acquire. Better placed to understand are fair-minded newspaper observers. Party alliances

are not for them, because handicaps upon freedom of judgment.

Charles Francis Adams, less at odds with the affairs of an imperfect world than his brother Henry, rendered valuable service in many fields. His insight into matters concerning the conduct of the Civil War was the keenest. He established on broad lines the policies of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission. Under him it became a model for other states. He had his own views in politics and acutely independent thinking was expected of him. His finding was that, "upon the issue of a reformed civil service, Cleveland showed himself as much in advance of both parties as it was wise or prudent for the recognized leader of one of those parties to be." The troubles Cleveland encountered through the misleadings of unregenerate politicians, represented at their worst by Senator Gorman of Maryland, aroused his angry contempt. Nor, so beset and hampered, was Mr. Cleveland ready to bear with meek endurance rebuking reformers whose idealism brooked no delay, however unavoidable, in the advancement of the cause to which they were intensely devoted.

It was a squally time for the Democratic President, farseeing beyond the rank and file of his party, beset before and behind, and very human. But he sustained and strengthened the Pendleton law, and had the approval of Dorman B. Eaton. There was no longer party assessment of officeholders in Washington. The presidential post-offices went to the party in power, as the precedent was, with the conspicuous exception of Henry G. Pearson, capable Republican

in the New York office. Not all Democrats became postmasters, but as occasion offered the fourth-class offices were filled by them. Inconsistencies there were, and blunders many, but George William Curtis could say in 1887, along with criticism, that "under this administration much has been gained for reform." The correctness of that verdict is now seen to be beyond challenge, as informed and judicially minded observers then recognized.

Cleveland's first term will be forever distinguished by the courage that devoted his entire annual message of December, 1887, to advocating downward revision of the tariff. He believed the financial situation demanded it. The attention of the people must be focused upon it. That it involved justice to the many and advantage to all he was convinced. Deceit and treachery on the part of party associates awaited him. Advisers feared the country was not sufficiently informed to respond to his appeal. Next year the national election was to come. He was told that the Republicans would welcome this staking all on a single issue, as they did. But, seeing public duty, the President was not to be dissuaded, even though political defeat might be involved. The truth must be preached. He was building for a greater personal future without suspecting it.

This it was that led James Russell Lowell to say in an address before the Tariff Reform League in Boston, the same month, "We are here to felicitate each other that the presidential chair has a MAN in it, and this means that every word he *says* is weighted by what he *is*." Capitals and italics are

Mr. Lowell's. "If it be lamentable that acts of official courage should have become so rare among us as to be noteworthy," Mr. Lowell further said, "it is consoling to believe that they are sometimes contagious." Suggestive still is the Cleveland courage.

XXXV

SPIRIT OF THE MUGWUMP MOVEMENT OF 1884

OBSERVATION of Massachusetts politics included no more impressive happening than the revolt against Blaine. There was high quality in the Mugwump leadership and in the rank and file. The uprising did not exhibit the "lunatic fringe" Roosevelt saw in his following of a later period. Thoughtful and resolute citizens engaged in it. From the moral impulse of the anti-slavery and Civil War periods there had been decline to a plane of office-hunting and selfish materialism in politics. Massachusetts Republicans had sought to bring the party back to its old place by offering Senator Edmunds, and the nomination of Blaine was the answer. This was not acceptable. He was typical of that which was condemned. Mr. Lodge sought the betterment so earnestly that on his way to the Chicago convention he called at the office of the *New York Times* to urge that newspaper under no circumstances to lend its support to Mr. Blaine. He was assured by Mr. Miller that the *Times* needed no looking after, though missionary work might be in order in Boston newspaper offices. Now Mr. Lodge, declaring that ours was a government of parties, accepted Blaine and secured the advantage of party.

Many of Mr. Lodge's associates in the Edmunds movement declined party fetters. Immediately after

the national convention the significance of the revolt became apparent. Among its sponsors were Charles R. Codman, who had presided over the convention which nominated Governor Robinson, Henry L. Pierce, former congressman, Charles Francis Adams, Moorfield Storey, Edward Atkinson, President Eliot, Francis J. Child and James Barr Ames of Harvard, Francis C. Lowell, Richard Dana, Jabez Fox, John S. Farlow, William Everett, Frederick P. Fish, Samuel Hoar, — a hundred or more men representing civic leadership, who called a meeting of protest in Boston. It proved a very stirring and determined one.

Mr. Pierce opened that Faneuil Hall gathering, and Colonel Codman was made chairman. Doctor Eliot and President Julius H. Seelye of Amherst College were among the vice-presidents. Reverend James Freeman Clarke, one of the speakers, alert of soul and eloquent, advocate of the "divine right to bolt", was ready to vote for a Democratic candidate "who could be trusted." Colonel T. W. Higginson, leader in the anti-slavery movement, did not fear political loneliness in following his convictions. "If this movement leads to the wilderness, some of us camped out there in the days of the Liberty party, and we can do it again." But, he added, "a party which can train reform governors of New York and then nominate them for the presidency is not one to shrink from, whether it be Tilden in the past or Cleveland in the present." That expressed the sentiment of the meeting better than President Eliot's call for a new party. The response which followed this rocking of the old

"Cradle of Liberty" brought to the standard of revolt a surprising number of influential Republicans throughout the state. Never since the Republican party came into power had there been a disaffection like this.

July 12, the Republican rally in Boston to inaugurate the campaign was presided over by Mr. Lodge, and addressed by Governor Robinson, Senators Hoar and Dawes, William W. Crapo and Congressman W. W. Rice of Worcester. Congressman John D. Long and lesser lights spoke at an overflow meeting. Appeal to party pride and loyalty was the note sustained throughout. Bitterness increased as the campaign progressed, and a stiffening of party lines, with the result that many men of influence, young and old, left the Republican party, some of them never to go back. The losses were more lasting than the Greeley campaign had brought, and thereby the Democratic party gained in character.

There followed an independent conference in New York City, held in the University Club Theater, July 22. Looking over that body of some eight hundred persons doing their own thinking, they seemed to be about equally divided between young and old. George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, General Francis C. Barlow, William Hayes Ward, Charles J. Bonaparte, Benjamin H. Bristow, Henry C. Bowen and Simeon E. Baldwin were some of the well-known participants living outside of Massachusetts. Men from this State who addressed the conference were Colonel Codman, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Theodore Lyman, one of the ablest of our congressmen, William

Everett and George Fred Williams. Judge Joseph Tucker of Pittsfield, Joseph Walker of Worcester, William H. Forbes, Samuel Hoar, Phineas Pierce and Winslow Warren were made members of the Mugwump national committee. The conference adopted an address to the country written by Mr. Curtis and indorsed by Mr. Schurz. There was, indeed, a distinguished company back of that appeal.

That day, addressing a Republican rally in Worcester, Judge E. R. Hoar of Concord said that "young men of the independents do not appreciate the gravity of their proposed action in deserting the Republican party and voting for Cleveland and Hendricks." But his boys, Samuel and Sherman, were in the movement to remain, the elder for the campaign, and the younger for his lifetime, too soon ended. Their point of view was finely and succinctly stated by President Seelye of the New York conference, as follows :

"We are called independent Republicans, and we accept the appellation. In all that gives sacredness and strength to the name, in the love of liberty, in the reverence for law, in the recognition of human brotherhood and the regard for human rights, in the demand for just laws and an upright administration, which have been the glory of the Republican party, we are still Republicans. We are independent Republicans, claiming for ourselves the right of private judgment — and yielding to others also the same — which requires each man to determine for himself whether a prescribed course is right, and which does not permit a man to follow a party except as a party follows truth and wisdom."

Doctor Franklin Carter, president of Williams College, had been designated as a delegate to the New York conference, though I do not remember seeing him there. He favored the independent movement. Doctor Mark Hopkins, still teaching, was always "regular." Shrewd Republicans seeking offset for the defection of college leaders persuaded him to make his one and only essay into politics as a candidate for presidential elector on the Blaine ticket. That Blaine had been Garfield's secretary of state, made it easy to enlist Doctor Hopkins.

Without the Mugwump movement Blaine would not have been undone, and his record was the cause of it. It weakened the Republican vote where its full strength was needed. By so much as Republicans revolted, as and where they did, the Democrats were strengthened, and that meant the difference between defeat and victory in the presidential contest. The lukewarmness of Tammany Hall in New York was overcome by Republicans who voted for Cleveland. The movement had its effect in Connecticut, and to some extent in Indiana. But generally the Mugwump campaign gained slight hold in the West. It operated chiefly in the East, where it was born. A few Westerners attended the New York conference, but I do not recall any meeting of its like in the West.

Massachusetts, not a pivotal State, did not appear in the Cleveland column, but the effect of the independent action was long to be felt. The Democrats gained some conspicuously able young men who became deeply interested in promoting tariff reform, and later

powerfully assisted to make William E. Russell governor. The infusion of new blood and the stressing of issues pertinent to the time brought the old parties more nearly upon a level. There had also been augmented the unorganized body of voters who stand ready to support one party or the other, as the claims of good government may dictate. Independent voting in Massachusetts was rendered easier, and the practice of it has become a factor to be reckoned with in all our political contests.

There were aspects of the Massachusetts figures worth recalling. Blaine led Cleveland by 24,372 — 146,724 to 122,352. But Butler, the Greenback candidate, received a total of 24,382 votes, largely drawn from the Democrats. This Butler total almost exactly equalled the Blaine plurality. Then St. John, Prohibition candidate, took 9923 votes, — so that a majority of the voters were not for Blaine. Governor Robinson received 159,346 votes, or 12,667 more than the Republican candidate for president, an exceptional happening. He had a plurality over Endicott of 47,516, and a majority over all of 4611. Garfield's plurality four years before had been 53,245, which was 28,873 above Blaine's. But Garfield also received a majority of 47,377. The Mugwump defection had been in evidence at the polls.

To berate and belittle bolters is immemorial partisan practice, and those who left their Republican associations in 1884 did not escape attack. The employment of such primitive tactics among schoolboys or petty politicians might have availed something, but not against men of the standing and pur-

poses of those engaged in a political departure so important in its beginnings and results.

The *New York Sun*, calling them Mugwumps in opprobrious derision — with many imitators — overshoot the mark. The name was welcomed by men who, like Doctor William Everett, knew that the word was borrowed from the Algonquin and in the original meant a leader or a big chief. In Eliot's Bible the word "centurion" in the Acts is rendered Mugwump. Thus from the enemy came a contribution to our political nomenclature. The word now signifies one who acts and thinks independently. There was real, if unconscious, humor in the early and ignorant use of Mugwump. Historians write of "the Mugwump movement" with warrant. The name has acquired a well-understood meaning, signifying ever-present possibilities in politics.

XXXVI

THE CAMPAIGN AND ELECTION OF 1888

INTEREST in the national conventions of 1888 centered in the leadership under which the Republicans, heartened by President Cleveland's tariff message, would give battle. Adherents of Mr. Blaine desired to see the line of 1884 reformed. He had promptly attacked the message in an interview given in Paris to George W. Smalley and printed in the *New York Tribune*. The new issue would overshadow former contentions. But signs of physical enfeeblement had sent Mr. Blaine to Europe, and from Florence, January 25, came a letter of declination to the Republican national committee. This opened the way to many aspirants, but still over the convention, which assembled in Chicago, June 19, hovered the possibility of another Blaine nomination.

Devoted admirers were reluctant to accept the January letter as final. Other delegates feared a second trial under the brilliant candidate whose vulnerability had brought disaster, and for some time the convention failed to find itself. After four days of marking time the situation was cleared by further messages from Mr. Blaine, then the guest of Andrew Carnegie in Scotland. He positively removed himself from consideration, and the

nomination of Benjamin Harrison was not long in coming. Twelve candidates were voted for. John Sherman led on the first ballot and rose to 249 on the second, his nearest approach to a presidential nomination. Harrison received 544 votes on the eighth ballot, 128 above the necessary 416. This result was in harmony with Mr. Blaine's desires as embodied in a cablegram, but where he wanted William Walter Phelps of New Jersey nominated for vice-president, the delegates took Levi P. Morton of New York.

The Indiana senator had been among the unusually large field of "dark horses." He promised to give satisfaction as candidate and president. The grandson of William Henry Harrison, elected to the presidency in 1840, who died only a little over a month after his inauguration, Benjamin Harrison brought sentimental appeal. He had an excellent record in the Civil War, rose to a colonelcy, commanded a brigade under General Sherman, and was breveted brigadier general "for ability and manifest energy and gallantry"; was a leader of the bar of his State, and a respected senator of the United States. Clean ability and substantial accomplishment had distinguished his career.

But tact and that indefinable thing we call magnetism General Harrison lacked to a degree not then appreciated, and the shortcoming was to limit his popularity and achievement as president. He possessed a gift for finished extempore addresses not surpassed by any other president. These talks exhibited a well-stored mind and an exceptional com-

mand of limpid English which carried the thought with exactness and beauty. Such speeches needed no revision, and one read them with delight. But the austere presence and the cold delivery impaired their immediate effect. From the lips of a glowing speaker like Robert G. Ingersoll those Harrison speeches would have captivated the country.

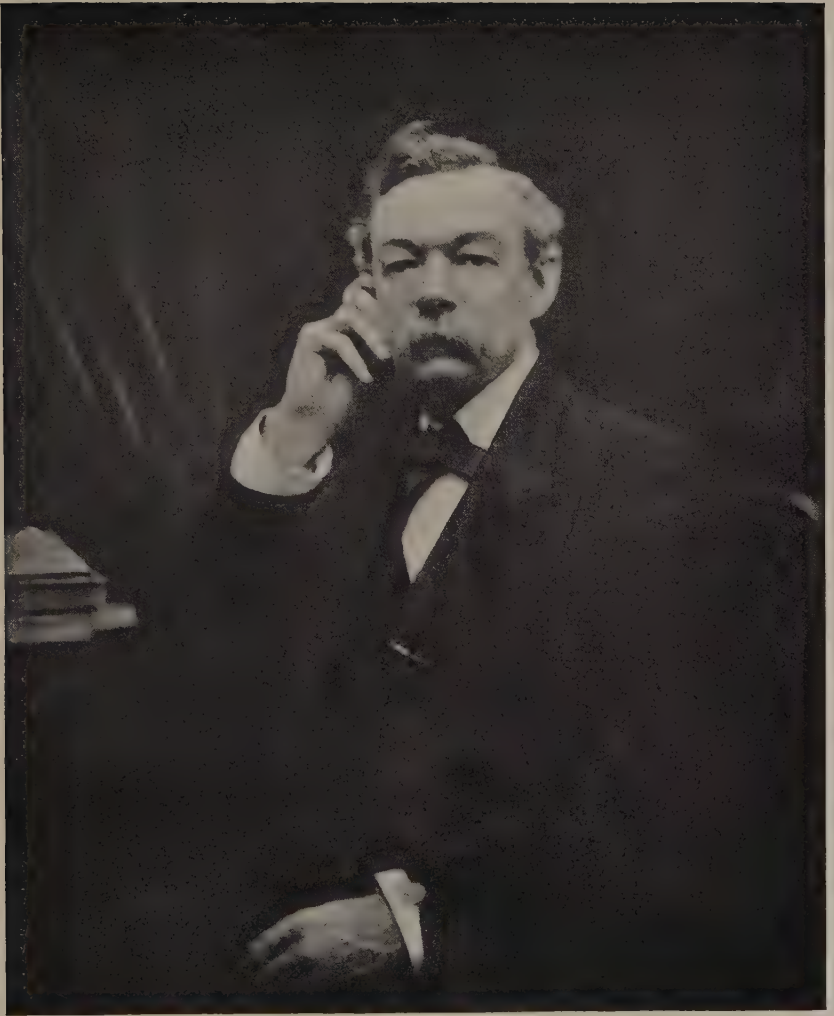
The convention in which the Democrats led off was of the "short horse" order. The chairman of a carefully conducted political convention is expected in his opening address to strike its keynote, and lay down the lines for the campaign that is to follow. Occasionally a chairman does this; most chairmen do not. In this business the perfunctory usually prevails over the vital. The position is a test of the occupant's capacity for leadership. In few other places is such a demonstration of power called for.

It fell to Patrick A. Collins of Boston to preside over the Democratic convention held in St. Louis June 5, which renominated President Cleveland. This chairman came close to the mark. His address was a cogent exposition of democracy, and a well-conceived appeal for the reëlection of the chief magistrate. Its immediate effect was lessened by the fact that General Collins (the military title, little pleasing to him, came through holding the office of judge advocate general on the staff of Governor Gaston) read his address. He was at his best in the unhampered give and take of political debate. Some of the newspaper correspondents, led to expect exceptional oratory, were disappointed in the delivery, while impressed by the clarity and strength

of the writing. Delegates from the South especially welcomed the crisp method of it, so unlike their style of political speaking. The Celtic New Englander pleased them.

Journeying to the convention I saw much of Mr. Collins, and the year before had reached the other side just after remarkable honors had been paid him in Ireland. If there has been a wiser representative of his race in this country, I have not known him; a better American there could not be. Fair-mindedness and honor ruled his intense spirit. The career he had illustrates the possibilities open then, and beckoning still, to youth of worth and purpose, however lacking in influential backing. His widowed mother brought him to Boston when he was four years old. In Chelsea Patrick reached the grammar school.

En route through Ohio Mr. Collins said, "Do you see that smoke in the distance? When a lad I worked in a coal mine over there." That came about in this way. Mrs. Collins married again in 1857, the year of financial stress, and in the hope of betterment the family moved West, where she had relatives. For two years her son did various kinds of manual labor. A severe illness turned his thoughts and steps back to Boston. He sought work that might lead to mechanical engineering, but physical impairment blocked the way. He obtained a footing in the upholstery trade, and in 1863, when nineteen years old, became foreman of the shop, and in 1867 was receiving the highest wages paid to any foreman in the trade. For eight years his



Patrick Mollins

evenings were chiefly spent in the public library. He welcomed Jefferson as the apostle of democracy and absorbed him, loved Emerson, delighted in history, in Carlyle and Ruskin, in the best poetry and fiction, English, French and American. So was begotten the pure and vigorous style that set him apart.

He saved money for the study of law, entered James M. Keith's office, and had two terms at the Harvard Law School. The inadequate schooling had been reënforced by such intense general study as few men undertake in college or out. He was admitted to the bar and opened an office, but conspicuous fitness for public life caused him to go far in politics, and left less time for his profession than he desired and repeatedly planned for. He had been twice sent to the state House of Representatives, and in 1869 was elected senator, the youngest man to sit in that body. He had a second term there. He was representative in the 48th, 49th and 50th Congresses; was consul general at London during Cleveland's second term, having declined a place in the cabinet. He was twice mayor of Boston — the city never had a better one — and died in office September 14, 1905, beloved and honored for his rare fellowship and conspicuously faithful citizenship.

The second nomination of Mr. Cleveland followed the nominating speech by Daniel Dougherty of Philadelphia and the efforts of three seconding speakers. Mr. Dougherty was theatric. Perfect quiet there must be, even to the stopping of messenger boys, before eloquence issued from his lips. Long

had he been a star performer in the political arena, and hence the stern insistence upon the deference due to oratorical distinction. Musical and pleasing was his eulogy, with the fire of spontaneity lacking. That brand of oratory is not now so highly regarded.

The only contest possible to the convention lay in the vice-presidential nomination. Indiana offered ex-Governor Isaac P. Gray, but in the end Allen G. Thurman was chosen by acclamation. He was spoken of as "the noblest Roman of them all", and the words were not misplaced. Ohio had no finer figure. He had served as representative in Congress in the forties. At thirty-eight years he was elected to the Ohio Supreme Bench, and three years later became Chief Justice, retiring in 1856. In 1868 he was elected to the United States Senate, from which the Republicans deposed him in 1881. "His rank in the Senate was established from the day he took his seat and was never lowered during his period of service. His retirement from the Senate was a serious loss to his party — a loss, indeed, to the body." So wrote James G. Blaine in his "Twenty Years in Congress."

Judge Thurman's rugged personality and commanding ability appealed to the country no less than to his associates. George F. Edmunds was his intimate. They crossed swords in debate but loved one another like brothers. When Thurman blew a blast into his bandana handkerchief and moved out of the Senate chamber, the senator from Vermont followed. They were on their way to refreshment and a talk. In his boyhood Judge Thurman

had learned French from a refugee in his home, and also the then polite accomplishment of snuff taking. During the presidential campaign of 1888 the bandana became the Democratic emblem. I still have a beautiful silk one, bearing the portraits of Cleveland and Thurman, bestowed in derision by a clever woman and sharp critic of everything Democratic.

The platforms of both conventions stressed the tariff in appealing for votes. The Republicans presented protection as the only safe American policy, and the Democrats argued that too much of it had become a national detriment. In such a debate intense feeling was sure to be aroused, but the fighting did not descend to unfair personalities. As the weeks passed it became evident that the outcome was likely to be close, with Indiana and New York more and more becoming the pivotal States. General Harrison's strength in his own State was demonstrated by the result of the election, and Tammany treachery gave the Empire State to the Republicans. David B. Hill was reëlected governor by 19,000 plurality, but Cleveland lost his own State and the presidency by 13,000. It was a triumphant day for "the enemies he had made." In the popular vote Cleveland led Harrison in the country by 98,017.

XXXVII

OVERTURN IN CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS

Is it not a fact that diminutive men are more desirous of being dignified than big fellows, and readier to resent anything approaching encroachment upon their dignity? In President Harrison's physical characteristics some saw a smaller edition of Roscoe Conkling, noting resemblances in the outline of head, nose and beard, and the assertive chest, — the pouter pigeon look. That Mr. Harrison's cold bearing was indicative of a sensitive nature is probable. This refined, intelligent, kindly of heart, and eminently patriotic man seemed always to have a defensive reticence, and never was ready in his public relations to relax and "let himself go." As we are made in such respects, most of us remain. More fortunate are those able to recreate themselves, as it were. Such good fortune did not come to the twenty-third president, any more than to some other occupants of the White House. His intimates were fond of him. The public respected, but at no time had warmth of feeling for him.

Striking and tragic beyond other phases of public life is the shift of personalities that comes with a political change in the administration of the Federal Government. Those who have reached "the seats of the mighty" — or, to put it in a more modern

way, have had place on the front pages of newspapers — are doomed to obscurity by the outcome of an election. The curtain falls for them. In their official places there will be placed other men; like them taken from ordinary life and lifted into precedence. The deposed may in the long run receive some slight resurrection through mention such as this volume gives, but that is the best most of them can hope for. Never is the sweet savor of high official life to return. They remain submerged in the citizenship we find so satisfying, but which has lost its charm for many a man who has lived, however briefly, under the bright light of publicity. The national capitol is haunted by former holders of office. Washington is very appealing, and the families of departing officials leave it reluctantly, with many a longing backward look. The civil service law does not save members of cabinets when mandate of the people changes the president. Honors go to members of his party.

As Democrats eagerly came upon the stage four years before, so now under President Harrison Republicans returned to the places which had known their kind so long before 1884. Mr. Blaine was, of course, made secretary of state; William Windom, also of the short-lived Garfield cabinet, secretary of the treasury; Redfield Proctor, ex-governor of Vermont, New England's representative, secretary of war; William H. Miller, of Indiana, the President's law partner, attorney-general; John Wanamaker of Pennsylvania, postmaster-general; General Benjamin F. Tracy, an eminent lawyer of New

York, secretary of the navy; John W. Noble of Missouri, another able lawyer, secretary of the interior; and Jeremiah M. Rusk, of Wisconsin, secretary of agriculture.

Mr. Wanamaker's appearance in the cabinet, his first and only political office, interested the public. How had the great Philadelphia merchant found his way there? In an interview with George Alfred Townsend — "Gath", the free lance of many years — the answer appears. At the request of Senator Matthew S. Quay, one of the astutest political managers the country has known, Mr. Wanamaker agreed to raise money for the campaign if the national committee would appoint an advisory board of business men with power to oversee the collection and expenditure of the funds. This they did, and Mr. Wanamaker started the subscription with ten thousand dollars and got others to follow until something less than four hundred thousand dollars was collected by him. The money was given for legitimate expenses, and upon the argument that it would increase prosperity. Mr. Wanamaker thus explained his method:

"I said to such as I addressed: 'How much would you pay for insurance on your business? If you were confronted with from one year to three years of general depression by a change in our revenue and protective methods affecting our manufacturers and wages and good times, what would you pay to be insured for a better year?' That they understood to be the measure of their contribution. We raised the money so quickly that the Democrats never knew anything about it."

Postmaster-general Wanamaker, very much interested in his new job, made Marshall Cushing, who began newspaper work on the *Boston Globe*, his private secretary. Much often depends upon how that place is filled. In "The Story of Our Post Office", a volume of over a thousand pages, Mr. Cushing brightly painted the record of his chief, in the midst of a mass of interesting material relating to the development of the American postal system. Many postmasters of that time were given recognition, including the late Colonel Henry M. Phillips of Springfield. Officials of great wealth can have their Boswells, but the poor in purse, however worthy, usually go without them.

While Mr. Wanamaker occupied himself in an effective way with the business of the department, James S. Clarkson of Iowa, outspoken spoilsman, was looking after the political side by emulating the record made by Adlai E. Stevenson in changing fourth-class postmasters. It is for their rivalry as partisan headsman that Stevenson, the Democrat, and Clarkson, the Republican, are remembered. When Clarkson resigned some two years later, he had changed 32,335 out of 55,000 postmasters. For that opportunity he sought the postmaster-generalship, and had been content to take second place.

President Harrison in his inaugural committed his administration to enforcement of the civil service law, and backed up the declaration by making Theodore Roosevelt a member of the civil service commission. The other excellent men of the board

were Charles Lyman, president, and Hugh Thompson, Democrat, ex-governor of South Carolina. Mr. Harrison supported the commission, but beyond respecting the small classified service, there was no zeal for the reform, and spoils methods were followed. There was need for much preaching, even in high places, and the forceful advocacy that came from Commissioner Roosevelt made for the progress of a reform then too little understood and practiced.

Mr. Cleveland's tariff message, so warmly welcomed by the Republicans, was to have other far-reaching effects not then discernible to the party returned to power, or the disheartened Democrats. Not only had the Republicans obtained the presidency, but the election gave them a plurality of seventeen in the House and a majority of ten in the Senate. For the first time in fifteen years President and Congress were political allies. President Hayes confronted a Democratic majority in the House throughout his term, and a Democratic Senate for the last two years of it. In 1880 the Republicans had a majority in the House, but the Senate was equally divided when General William Mahone of Virginia — physically the slightest of men — voted with the Republicans, and David Davis of Illinois — massive in build — went with the Democrats. By 1883 the Senate had become Republican, but President Arthur had to deal with a Democratic House during his last two years. There was a Republican Senate during President Cleveland's first term.

More fortunate conditions were present now. The

way was clear for such action as the Republicans chose to take when Congress assembled in December, 1889. The tariff was brought to the front, and the Republicans ventured upon protective legislation that was to produce serious consequences. William McKinley was made chairman of the ways and means committee, and so became leader of his party in the House. He was a thorough and honest believer in the policy of taxing foreign products so as to insure the home market to American industries, and of all the presidents was most loved by manufacturers. In agreement with Chairman McKinley were his committee associates. In the Senate Nelson W. Aldrich, leader of the tariff Republicans, was of like mind. Under the McKinley Bill, which became law October 1891, there was an increase in the tariff of four per cent.

Mr. Blaine cherished the hope of putting the United States in understanding relations with the nations of the Western continent, and so winning their trade. To this end he promoted reciprocity treaties designed to waive tariff restrictions where it would be profitable for this country to do so. William McKinley had not then advanced to this statesmanlike view. The secretary of state saw more clearly than the chairman of the House ways and means committee, but Mr. McKinley failed to proceed in harmony with Mr. Blaine's views. Early referring to the proposal to take hides from the free list, where they had been so long placed, Mr. Blaine wrote that it would be "a slap in the face to the South Americans with whom we are trying to enlarge our

trade." He begged the Ohio congressman to "stop it before it sees light", and summed up by predicting that "such movements as this for protection will protect the Republicans to a speedy retirement." The pleadings of Mr. Blaine with McKinley and Aldrich had been without avail, and the result followed as he had forecast.

The congressional elections in November revealed the temper of the country. The people had been thinking in terms of reduction and not ascension, widespread resentment was awakened, and the election results exhibited the extent of it. Even Mr. McKinley fell by the way, though that was not quite so serious as it seemed. A reapportionment of Ohio districts had left him with a new constituency largely Democratic. So far as his home folks were concerned he had not lost favor to the extent this defeat seemed to indicate, as was proved later by his election to the governorship. But the general results of the congressional election were staggering. Control of the House of Representatives was taken from the Republicans and given to the Democrats. The total of 173 Republicans was reduced to 88, while the Democrats were increased from 156 to 236.

To this landslide Massachusetts contributed. Her voters retired the Republican governor, John Q. A. Brackett. He was a lawyer of Boston, and an agreeable gentleman, who had been two years speaker of the state House of Representatives, but not a forceful personality. He was given only a single year as chief executive. The causes which changed the State

delegation in the national House from ten Republicans and two Democrats in the 51st Congress to six Republicans and six Democrats in the 52d Congress, operated to bring about the election of the brilliant young Democrat, William E. Russell, as chief magistrate of the State.

John F. Andrew and Joseph H. O'Neill, representing the two Boston districts in the 51st Congress, were reënforced in the 52d Congress by Sherman Hoar of Waltham, George Fred Williams of Dedham, Moses T. Stevens of North Andover, F. S. Coolidge of Ashburnham and John C. Crosby of Pittsfield. This was an overturn without precedent, and constituted high-water mark for the Democracy of Massachusetts. Mr. Stevens was a manufacturer capable of viewing public questions without the bias of self-interest, and respected. Sherman Hoar's charming personality and unselfish idealism won respect and affection. Mr. Williams had much impulsive power, but less stability, as his future was to demonstrate. Mr. Crosby, one of the ablest young men of Berkshire County, was to serve only one term and then to win honors in his profession and a seat on the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts. These young Democrats naturally flocked together and grew practiced in "joshing" each other. When Cleveland was in his second term Mr. Crosby, just after the death of a member of the Federal Supreme Court, meeting John F. Andrew, said, "The old man asked me to the White House last night." "Did he?" replied Andrew, with surprise. "What for?" "He asked me to take the place of the lamented

justice." "Where," responded Andrew, "in the coffin?"

In the certainty with which he remembered names and faces Mr. Blaine was a marvel among men. Numberless instances of this gift were related, and one of them comes to mind. Walking from the Capitol the day after Harrison's inauguration, some one called across Pennsylvania avenue, and I saw J. S. Carr, a sedate manufacturer of Springfield, coming on the run. This was unusual for one so self-contained. "Jim Blaine is the biggest man in the world!" he shouted as we fell into step. "How is that?" I inquired. "I've been to see him in the state department, and he said: 'How are you, Mr. Carr, and the cracker business, and Springfield?' The only time I had ever spoken to Mr. Blaine was over four years ago, in his special car in our railroad station, when hundreds of men shook hands with the Republican candidate for president. And he picked me out up there without any reminder!"

XXXVIII

GOVERNOR RUSSELL PERIOD RECALLED

I AM not so certain as once that personal appearance and facial outline and expression always reveal character. A mean-looking face may belie a generous man, and the open and reassuring countenance may belong to one of narrow and ungenerous nature. Happy are those blessed with pleasing features and bearing; life and its good things come more easily to them. The many are handicapped and must win in spite of externals for which they are without responsibility. But it is comforting that, given time, the character behind the mask is bound to reveal itself and limn its stamp upon the face.

William E. Russell, governor from 1891 to 1894, was favored by nature. Very winning he was in all that he did, when the doing and the saying were not always proof of superiority over others. But there was earnestness and honesty and sound sense in Russell. He bore the stamp of refinement. That so soon he became "Billy" in the common speech testified to an amiable attractiveness beyond the ordinary. As a speaker he was exceptional. His bearing was frankness personified, his voice full and pleasing and his gestures individual. He was effective in argument. Debonair youth in fighting

mood in his person challenged the Republicans for three years before success came. So a real Democrat was to follow where Butler had been placed six years before, and to obtain from the people the usual Republican allotment of three terms, for then our governors were annually elected.

This was a triumph that seemed to presage distinction in national politics as Russell grew to be the foremost Democratic figure of his State and New England. Like Cleveland he had been a successful mayor of his city of Cambridge before becoming governor. How blight fell upon that fair prospect will later appear.

The type of thorough campaigning exhibited in the Robinson fight against Butler was employed by young Democrats who were giving new life to their party. In Russell's case and in the whole vigorous debate over the tariff the speakers received assistance from behind the lines. The Home Market Club supplied Republicans with arguments and figures, and the Young Men's Democratic Club aided their side. Tariff reformers were ready to assist whenever they could. Discussion of schedules became a popular sport, and debate over them could be heard on every hand. The discussions, more than ordinarily infused with knowledge, were earnestly conducted. This led to considerable obliteration of party lines and further growth of a spirit of independence that was reflected in the vote of 1890. Russell won by a plurality of 9123, receiving 140,577 votes, Brackett 131,454 and Blackmer, prohibitionist, 13,534.



GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

The Democrats also made a hole in the state ticket by electing the auditor, being favored by Republican quarrels, but failed to prevent the re-election of Henry Cabot Lodge to the national House by importing Doctor William Everett of Quincy into the Lynn district. Three years later Doctor Everett was chosen to the 53d Congress — when Mr. Lodge went to the Senate — where his challenging individuality made its impress. He served but the single term. The House was much entertained, for example, when the learned member employed the chaste paraphrase “deposited in a cavity” for “put in a hole.” No campaign speaker in Massachusetts at that time was more enjoyed than the scintillating schoolmaster turned Democrat, son of Governor Edward Everett, scholar, statesman and orator of national fame in a former time. Forgotten is the father’s elaborate oration at Gettysburg; everlasting are Lincoln’s brief words there.

John W. Corcoran, candidate for lieutenant governor, who was William E. Russell’s running mate in all but one of his six campaigns for governor, was defeated by William H. Haile of Springfield, who was to serve as lieutenant governor during Governor Russell’s successive terms. Mr. Corcoran was a cousin of David I. Walsh, later governor and United States senator. They came from the Worcester County town of Clinton, and both were lawyers and attractive men. Governor Russell appointed Mr. Corcoran judge of the Superior Court, but he did not long remain on the bench, desiring the larger

income the law would yield. He was the only Roman Catholic on the higher state courts at that time, where since there have been many of that religious faith.

Governor Russell was a forceful executive and thoughtful in matters fundamental to the operation of popular government. His recommendations along that line were carefully considered, and some of them were adopted then, but time was required for the acceptance of others. He was sincerely sympathetic toward the improvement of labor conditions, though never demagogic. As a speaker he was much in demand and talked with purpose and point.

It was during his second term that the Columbian Exposition was held in Chicago, and the State was proud of her young governor—only George S. Boutwell had been younger at inauguration—who represented her on an occasion great and shining beyond other expositions. The Massachusetts building was a reproduction of the John Hancock house, home of our first governor under the constitution. In beauty of design and the comprehensive gathering of the finest products of the world that exposition set new standards and taught important lessons. It subdued and to a degree revolutionized the taste of the nation in the decoration of streets and buildings. Continuing care may be well exercised in every city and town that the lessons of artistic planning and restraint in color schemes be not lost as the Columbian example falls still further into the distance.

The election of Butler had been a mortification to the Republicans, and lots of voters enjoyed that. It is so when parties become too confident of their title to govern. But that triumph had been of short duration, and the reaction was such as seemed to assure the Republicans a long reign. The election of Russell rudely disturbed this dream, being of a different order and he of another type. This time there was better organization and more seriousness and depth of purpose in the Democratic campaign. The opposition had become dangerous through the well-ordered activity of young men new to active politics, many of them of Republican antecedents. Josiah Quincy and others who had passed through the Mugwump stage were being bound to the Democracy through dislike of the extreme McKinley tariff law. Nathan Matthews exhibited fine capacity as chairman of the executive committee of the state committee. The Young Men's Democratic Club was well established and appealed to men like Charles S. Hamlin, now of the Federal Reserve Board, who was to figure long and usefully in public life.

The early promise of that organization led to the formation of the Republican Club of Massachusetts, which body was to render more enduring assistance to its side. Roger Wolcott was its first president, and not less desirable for the place because he had refused to vote for Blaine. So his Republicanism was cemented anew, along with other redeemed Mugwumps.

Such a political stirring offered new challenge to

old guard supremacy, as the Republicans rallied their strength to make Russell a one-term governor. But again, as in Butler's time, the younger Republicans were to win in the convention and lose at the polls. Charles H. Allen of Lowell, who had been in both branches of the Legislature and served two terms in Congress, was favored by Mr. Lodge, Curtis Guild, Frederick T. Greenhalge and coming men of the party. William W. Crapo of New Bedford was once more the choice of the older men. Allen pushed for the place, Crapo did not, and Allen carried the convention by 713 votes to 514 for Crapo.

It is not extravagant to say that Mr. Allen possessed a charming personality. Perhaps there was thought of matching Russell in this respect, but in the campaign the Republican candidate was unfortunate. An inauspicious start was made at the opening rally in Boston when John D. Long, presiding, playfully declared that the Republicans were not in the habit of placing all their big apples on top of the barrel. It was a mortifying slip for one accredited with so much tact, for the Democrats promptly hailed Allen as the "little apple" of the campaign. Nor was the candidate happy that evening in telling a dialect story not acceptable to voters of Irish descent, when the situation called for every vote that could be won. A joint debate between Mr. Lodge and John E. Russell over the issues of the campaign was relished throughout the State, but the Republican nominee failed to measure up to Governor Russell. Mr. Allen's voice gave out before the end of the contest, and the election re-

Genl. S. W. Russell,

1857-58.

Henry F. Gardner

1858-59

Nathl. P. Banks.

1858-1861.

William Claypin

1869-1872

William Gaston

1875-1876

Alexander H. Rice,

1876-1879

Massachusetts
1880-1881.

Ray. F. Butler

1883-84

Rev. D. Johnson.

1884-1887

Oliver Ames

1887-1890

John A. Russell

1890-1891.

W. S. Russell. 1891

Souvenir of Dinner
353 Commercial St. Boston
April 14, 1891

SIGNATURES OF GOVERNORS OF MASSACHUSETTS LIVING IN 1891.

[Souvenir of Dinner given by Governor Ames to Governor Russell. Courtesy of Walter S. Robinson].

sulted in a plurality of 6457 for the governor. Mr. Allen never reappeared in state politics, but Mr. Long did not forget his friend, who was made Theodore Roosevelt's successor as assistant secretary of the navy in 1898-1900. For two years thereafter Mr. Allen governed Porto Rico by appointment of President McKinley.

In 1892 another attempt to retire Governor Russell was destined to failure. Lieutenant Governor William H. Haile of Springfield was put forward. He was properly supported by both wings of the party and the campaign was conducted in a way that seemed to promise success all along the line. Mr. Haile commanded respect as a citizen and a considerate employer, having maintained always the pleasantest relations with the workers in his woolen mill at Hinsdale, New Hampshire. He bore himself with dignity in his public appearances, but was not a match for Governor Russell, who carried Massachusetts in that presidential year.

While Harrison was given a plurality over Cleveland of 26,001, and ran 19,437 ahead of the Republican candidate for governor, Governor Russell defeated Lieutenant Governor Haile by 2534 and received 9564 more votes than Cleveland. Roger Wolcott was elected Lieutenant Governor over James B. Carroll of Springfield by 10,239, but Wolcott received 3485 fewer votes than Haile.

The Republican state committee held, and Mr. Haile believed, that he would have pulled through but for muddled ballots not counted. Wolcott Hamlin was the Prohibition candidate for governor. His

first name was the same as the last name of the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor, Roger Wolcott. An unknown number of citizens intending to vote for Haile and Wolcott carelessly marked Haile and Wolcott Hamlin, so losing their vote for governor. Many instances of such confusion were reported, but so far as this lack of intelligence extended its effects were beyond remedy.

XXXIX

BIG SWING OF THE POLITICAL PENDULUM

IN 1892 President Harrison was to meet ex-President Cleveland at the polls again, this time to suffer defeat. In type they were of a kind, — upright, stubborn, not magnetic. Strength of personality they had, but not winning ways. The chief subject of contention was the tariff, upon which President Cleveland staked all in 1887 and lost in the election of 1888. Appeal from the decision of that election four years after was to bring reversal of judgment in the great court of the people.

In the single ballot of the Republican convention held in Minneapolis beginning June 7, Harrison received $535\frac{1}{8}$ votes, Blaine $182\frac{5}{8}$, William McKinley 182, Thomas B. Reed 4 and Robert T. Lincoln 1. Only Harrison and Blaine were formally brought before the convention. The unauthorized support given to McKinley evidenced growing strength with the party and foreshadowed his nomination in 1896. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the *New York Tribune*, was made the candidate for vice-president. Like Greeley, he was to fail of election.

This convention brought the final humiliation of Mr. Blaine's political life. Mrs. Blaine and her sister, Gail Hamilton, the most brilliant and vitri-

olic woman newspaper writer of her time, were not always discreet advisers of the "Plumed Knight", as the statesman from Maine was called after Robert G. Ingersoll's laudation in the convention of 1876. Family support coming out of consuming loyalty has its perils. It easily passes into intolerance of all less friendly toward the object of worship. It was believed by Colonel McClure, who had great respect for Harrison, and knew the inside of many things, that Mr. Blaine's abrupt retirement from the cabinet three days before the opening of the national convention was precipitated because of Mrs. Blaine's resentment over fancied slights from the White House. It may have been refusal to make Colonel Coppinger, the son-in-law, brigadier general over the heads of outranking officers. At all events, the women of the Blaine family were embittered. Mr. Blaine was a sick man, with waning powers, and the President had been attending to important matters in the department of state. It is clear that Mr. Blaine was a reluctant candidate, and the victim of impetuous misjudgment.

Newspaper men studying affairs appreciate that every one carries information worth their knowing. In a quarter least suspected lies often a link the correspondent may be pursuing. The Harrison managers had taken on some of the aloofness that handicapped their candidate. They gave out general claims; the correspondent needs to get behind the veil. Being in pursuit of some leader who would shed full light, I saw Major J. Henry Gould, chairman of the Massachusetts state committee, heading

toward me across the crowded hotel lobby. We had journeyed together and I imagined that the major had been pumped dry. The natural impulse was to dodge him as irrelevant, but the kindlier thought prevailed. Major Gould approached with warm greeting and took a red memorandum book out of his pocket, saying, "I am acting as secretary of the Harrison conferences and thought you might like to see the record." Here was salvation brought unexpectedly and amply, and new proof afforded that friends are the reporter's capital. There was no longer need to continue the hunt for Mr. Depew. Obtaining loan of the book for half an hour I gathered with exactness the President's growing command of the situation, and knew for a certainty that Blaine was already overwhelmed.

Pleasant recollections remain of that convention in a beautiful city bearing impress of New England's best characteristics. Chauncey M. Depew, in gracious rôle becoming a master of amenities, asked the convention to extend its congratulations to Colonel Dick Thompson of Indiana, eighty-three years old that day. He had been a delegate to every national convention of the party; had voted in every presidential election for sixty years, served with distinction in Congress, and was in the cabinet of President Hayes. If England claimed so much for Mr. Gladstone at eighty-two, America, said Mr. Depew, claimed more for Colonel Thompson at eighty-three,—who, by the way, died in 1900 when ninety-one years old.

The venerable Indianian was brought to the plat-

form and made a little talk the day before he was to present President Harrison's name to the convention, which nomination Mr. Depew was to second in behalf of New York. It looked a bit like clever finesse. Senator Edward O. Wolcott of Colorado nominated Mr. Blaine with compact and telling advocacy. There were of course seconding speeches in behalf of Blaine and Harrison.

It was W. Murray Crane's first national convention, and the beginning of his public life. He was one of the four delegates at large, but few of those active in politics had met him when the train pulled out of Massachusetts. By the time we reached Minnesota the man from Berkshire was the friend of all the delegates. So favorable was the impression of him that Jesse Gove of Boston, having political perception, revealed the desire of the delegation to make Mr. Crane the Massachusetts representative on the national committee. Mr. Crapo was to give up the place but Mr. Crane did not care for it. Would I not try to make my friend see that he ought to accept the job?

Mr. Gove was told that while never volunteering advice, I stood ready, if consulted, to "back him to the limit." Next day Mr. Crane asked me to talk the matter over in the light of my experience as an observer of politics. The call to an interest outside a life absorbed in business impressed me as the knocking of Opportunity. He should open the door leading to larger service of party and country. Pleasant association was offered with picked men from every State. From the standpoint of business, here were

desirable acquaintances. But that was a minor consideration. This was a chance to help direct affairs of wide public moment in the interests of good government. Mr. Crane responded to my enthusiasm and agreed to take the place. When, in after years, the governor and senator sometimes declared that I "put him into politics", the reference was to this persuasion at a turning point in his life. Pleasant has been the memory of that opportunity to advance the public weal.

Two weeks after the Republican convention the Democrats gathered in Chicago, June 21. During the years of his retirement Mr. Cleveland had grown in popular regard. He was in the practice of law in New York City, and had established a summer home at Buzzard's Bay in Massachusetts. Removal from political affairs had been as absolute as he could make it, but the ex-President was forced to realize a general friendly feeling toward himself, quite to his surprise. He had pleasure in this, as every man must have, but he was chary about believing in the turn of popular favor. There was call for more speeches than he cared to prepare, and those he delivered were printed in full by the newspapers and impressed the people. Recognition of the speaker's honesty and sympathy with his aims permeated the country. Politicians were in small measure responsible for the third nomination of Mr. Cleveland, except as friends practiced in politics gave organization and direction to the popular demand. So it acquired overwhelming force.

In seconding Cleveland's nomination the situ-

ation was set forth by Patrick A. Collins in these words, "You may examine the sentiment and analyze the reason, and reject it because you cannot solve it because it eludes analysis; and yet stronger than any other man in this or any preceding generation, and in the hearts of the Democracy of this country, is the name and the fame of Grover Cleveland!" So far as the convention was involved, that was the fact.

Proof of this appeared when Tammany, with its "snap" state convention and envenomed fight in Chicago against Cleveland, came to a showdown. This was reached at the conclusion of a long night session and a remarkable oration by Bourke Cockran. Outside a boisterous storm raged and the dampness penetrated within to invite irritation. It was after midnight when the New York speaker made solemn appeal that the convention refrain from naming a candidate who would be unable to carry his own State. More in sorrow than in anger Cockran seemed to lift challenging and pleading voice that held the close attention of fifteen thousand weary people for an hour. It was a surprising exhibition of oratorical power, but availed nothing. I had been enlightened as to the real situation. No reply was made by Cleveland's friends, who pressed for the ballot. That gave Cleveland 617 $\frac{1}{4}$ votes, ten more than the necessary two thirds; and yielded to David B. Hill, his chief opponent, only 114.

William C. Whitney and the rest knew what to expect, and John E. Russell and General Collins of the Massachusetts delegates-at-large had been

of the inner circle. Mr. Cleveland trusted both and sought later to honor them. Mr. Russell declined to go into the cabinet as secretary of the navy, or to grace the Spanish mission.

Next day Mr. Stevenson of Illinois, headsman of the post-office department before Clarkson, was named for vice-president — and so “the boys” were appeased for the moment by the shadow without the substance. More to their liking was to be Josiah Quincy’s allotment, when assistant secretary of state, of offices in the diplomatic service. He discovered many Republican undesirables who gave place to those William J. Bryan afterwards called “deserving Democrats.” There is plenty of humbug in political appointments, and the amiable Mr. Quincy, early a Republican, turned into a very vigorous Democratic partisan. His brief occupancy of the Washington office suggested that he had taken it temporarily to tackle a job Judge Gresham was indisposed to undertake, being of such recent standing as a Democrat. The first assistant secretary of state toiled at the business diligently for six months, and then returned to private life in Boston, where he was never known to smile over the episode.

Reaction from the McKinley tariff law disastrously affected Harrison’s support. In 1888 he received 233 electoral votes to 168 for Cleveland, even though the latter led in the popular vote by over one hundred thousand. But in 1892 Cleveland’s electoral vote rose to 277, Harrison’s fell to 145, and in the popular vote Cleveland led by nearly four hundred thousand.

Again, March 4, 1893, there was the political transformation scene in Washington, — Democrats to the front and Republicans to the rear. But following his victory and the brilliant inauguration ceremonies Mr. Cleveland was to encounter unfavorable financial conditions. Dissipated had been the surplus he condemned in his first administration as a standing invitation to extravagance. A depleted treasury faced him. Expenditures now surpassed revenue, and plates had been prepared for another bond issue. Panic conditions in business were to follow.

A change of administration brings to Washington important newspaper men to behold and record. What was written gave index of how individuals varyingly viewed the same spectacle. Julian Ralph, *New York Sun* writer, a star of his time, for example, arose with the dawn of inauguration day, rode all about the city, and gave a delightful portrayal of the way Washington gathered and enjoyed its quadrennial spectacle from morning until night. It enlightened even those on the ground. I remember, too, a striking instance of Colonel McClure's news sense. We were stopping at the same hotel and I missed the colonel during the process of Cleveland's second inauguration, and feared he might be indisposed. But there he was in fine fettle when we returned from the Capitol. While the rest of us had been attending the progress of the victor the Philadelphia editor had been witnessing the obscuration of a president. He had been with Mr. Harrison at the White House, and a sympathetic letter told his

readers how a chief magistrate packs up and leaves the scene of his trials and triumphs. No one else had thought of the interest attending the departure of a president.

By way of contrast was a conversation the night of that inauguration day between the representatives of two great newspapers. "How much matter did you get off?" said one. "About six columns," replied the other. Then came the triumphant retort, "I beat you by two columns." The heresy of quantity above quality was in evidence.

XL

HIGH POINTS IN CLEVELAND'S SECOND TERM

NOT until nine years after Mr. Cleveland's death at his home in Princeton, June 24, 1908, at the age of seventy-one years, was it publicly known that during his second term he had been secretly operated on for the removal of a cancerous growth from the roof of the mouth. The surgery was effectual, and the concealment of it such a baffling of newspaper vigilance as would be deemed impossible except for the accomplishment. Reticence desirable in the public interest is most often achieved by taking newspaper representatives into the confidence of those concerned. Good faith was not broken when so placed during the World War, and such confidences are ever to be respected. But Mr. Cleveland, after his experiences in the campaign of 1888, remained distrustful of newspapers. Even had his attitude been different, the way taken proved best for the time.

The President was in the midst of his determined effort to preserve the national credit through maintenance of the gold standard. Vice-President Stevenson, not a civil service reformer, reflected the silver sentiment of the West. Knowledge that the life of the President seemed menaced might seriously affect the national well-being. The less said

about so critical a matter the better. So little was said that when, on the afternoon of July 1, 1893, Doctor Joseph D. Bryant, the President's physician and friend, assisted by Doctor W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, aboard E. C. Benedict's yacht, *Oneida*, as she sailed the East River at half speed, were placing the President under the knife,—the world was without knowledge of their anxious proceedings. A brief complementary operation followed sixteen days later, the President's speech had not been affected, and all was well.

Until Doctor Keen told the story of these surgical operations in the *Saturday Evening Post* of September 22, 1917, those who had cognizance of them were few. The Massachusetts man having the best and almost only information was Robert Lincoln O'Brien, now editor of the *Boston Herald*, Cleveland's personal secretary from his nomination in 1892 until November, 1895. He had told me the story "to be used in your reminiscences" before there was thought of writing any. Only after Doctor Keen's publication did Mr. O'Brien make public facts stored in memory regarding that particular phase of hitherto unwritten history. E. J. Edwards, at one time the *Republican's* Washington correspondent, then sending daily dispatches from New York to the Philadelphia press, signed "Holland", somehow learned of the essential facts at the time and printed them. His story sent newspaper men speeding to Buzzard's Bay, seeking confirmation or refutation. Mr. O'Brien's account of the way Colonel Lamont and Mrs. Cleveland met

the emergency and avoided disclosure, has been included in Doctor Keen's little volume covering the whole matter. Mr. Edwards came in for much misleading censure.

When Mr. Cleveland died in 1908, I was with Mr. O'Brien resting at Colorado Springs, after our tour of the Centennial State, made between the ending of the Republican national convention in Chicago and the beginning of the Democratic convention in Denver. The Colorado Springs newspaper owes me a debt for suggesting an interview with one who stood near to Mr. Cleveland during his most important years in the White House, — though Mr. O'Brien was not grateful. After having been caught in the interviewer's net, the victim drew the reporter's attention to James Morgan of the *Boston Globe*, one of my choice friends, author of a capital life of Theodore Roosevelt, among other books, and one of America's luminous newspaper writers. Mr. Morgan was unresponsive, but his friends gave the interviewer material for a story. The limelight has little attraction, save by way of humor, for those whose business it is to place other people in it.

The secretary of state in the second Cleveland cabinet was Judge Walter Q. Gresham, who had been for years what was later called a Progressive Republican. He received ardent support for the Republican presidential nomination in several conventions. Judge Gresham had not fellowshiped with the Democracy, but voted for Cleveland in the election of 1892 against his former neighbor of Indiana. His selection appealed more to the public, as giving

the administration broader base, than to partisan Democrats. Secretary Gresham was less punctilious in manners than Mr. Bayard had been, — in the estimation of diplomats was the unconventional Westerner in contrast with the dignified Easterner, though both were respected. Mr. Gresham died two years later, and Richard Olney of Massachusetts, who had been attorney-general, was put at the head of the state department.

Mr. Olney, who figured largely in vital events of the second term, was a great servant of the public, but he had no knowledge of how to employ the publicity that contributed so largely to the fame of John Hay and Theodore Roosevelt, and no desire to advertise himself. He was a foremost lawyer of his period, an old-fashioned statesman without political guile, a devoted patriot, the best of advisers, and a charming friend.

If your country is being committed to a wrong, do your best to right it. Under this simple and often unpopular conception of national duty, Cleveland and Gresham, grounded in traditions of justice, attempted the impossible by holding up the annexation of what the old geographies called the Sandwich Islands. A pending treaty approved by President Harrison and his secretary of state, John W. Foster, was withdrawn from the Senate, on the ground that our minister and marines had participated in the overthrow of the monarchy. The stark honesty of the proceeding startled the country, and the world paid attention.

George H. Blount, of Georgia, who had been

chairman of the committee on foreign affairs of the House, was sent to Honolulu as special commissioner, and his report confirmed President Cleveland's belief "that the constitutional government of Hawaii had been subverted with the active aid of our representative to that government and through intimidation caused by the presence of a naval force of the United States." Therefore, "upon the facts developed it seemed to me the only honorable course for our government to pursue was to undo the wrong that had been done by those representing us and to restore, so far as practicable, the status existing at the time of our forcible intervention." But Congress declared against this course, and the reparation was not permitted.

When McKinley assumed the presidency the dropped stitches were taken up, and we annexed Hawaii. At least one influential Republican in the House, Henry U. Johnson of Indiana, brother of Robert Underwood Johnson of New York, accepting at first the Republican view, after studying the testimony felt that Cleveland was right, and governed himself accordingly. The sense of justice and courage exhibited appealed to many as squaring with the principles of our government. Cleveland's course, morally great, was resented by Americans and others in Honolulu who had established the provisional government, as well as by commercial interests and believers in "manifest destiny" at home. Nevertheless there was foreshadowed the higher conception of national relationships that is making appeal in our day.

Demonstration of the certainty that interference with the transportation of the mails will not be tolerated by the United States, and the buttressing of that position by a unanimous decision of the Supreme Court, was a far-reaching service. Here Attorney-General Olney's legal ability found play, as appears in Mr. Cleveland's "Presidential Problems." Vigor and resource characterized the handling of the situation growing out of the dispute between the Pullman Palace Car Company and its employees in 1894, which led Debs and the officials of the American Railway Union to declare a boycott on all Pullman cars and attempt forcibly to prevent railroads from handling them. This invited prostration of the country's railroad service.

The rioting and destruction of railroad property that followed in Chicago halted passage of the mails. Governor Altgeld of Illinois leaned to the side of the trouble-makers. Had the Federal Government no alternative but to wait until the inert state executive should call for Federal aid, while the disorders went from bad to worse? A way was found without feeble waiting on the ancient doctrine of state rights, not applicable in this modern instance. Under the attorney-general's direction a bill in equity was filed in the United States Circuit Court against Debs and others, praying for an injunction restraining them from interfering with trains carrying mails and engaged in interstate commerce. The injunction was granted; subsequently Debs and his fellows were sentenced by the court for contempt; and the Supreme Court sustained

the action of the Circuit Court, the case for the government being argued by Mr. Olney. In support of the court's authority regular army troops, directed by General Nelson A. Miles, were summoned, with immediate moral effect and no bloodshed. In this way the supremacy of the Federal power was established for all time.

Memory may well play a little around General Miles, a son of Massachusetts who honored his State, and served the country with credit in the Civil War, in Indian outbreaks and in every relation of a long career. Nothing less became Theodore Roosevelt than his attitude toward General Miles, his superior in military knowledge and hard service. Miles's Civil War record was gallant, with wounds to show for it, in the long operations in Virginia. At twenty-five he was made brigadier general, the next year was brevetted major general, and at the close of the war was in temporary command of an army corps. He joined the regular army as colonel, was promoted to brigadier general and major general and in 1895 became commanding general of the United States Army. He had been conspicuously successful in dealing with Indian troubles and did real rough-riding, capturing the Nez Percés under Chief Joseph in 1875, and defeating the Apaches under Geronimo. His part in the war with Spain in 1898 was less important, when he personally directed the almost unopposed Porto Rico expedition. He was made lieutenant general in 1900, and retired in 1903.

General Miles was a competent soldier, commended by General Grant and other high commanders, and a

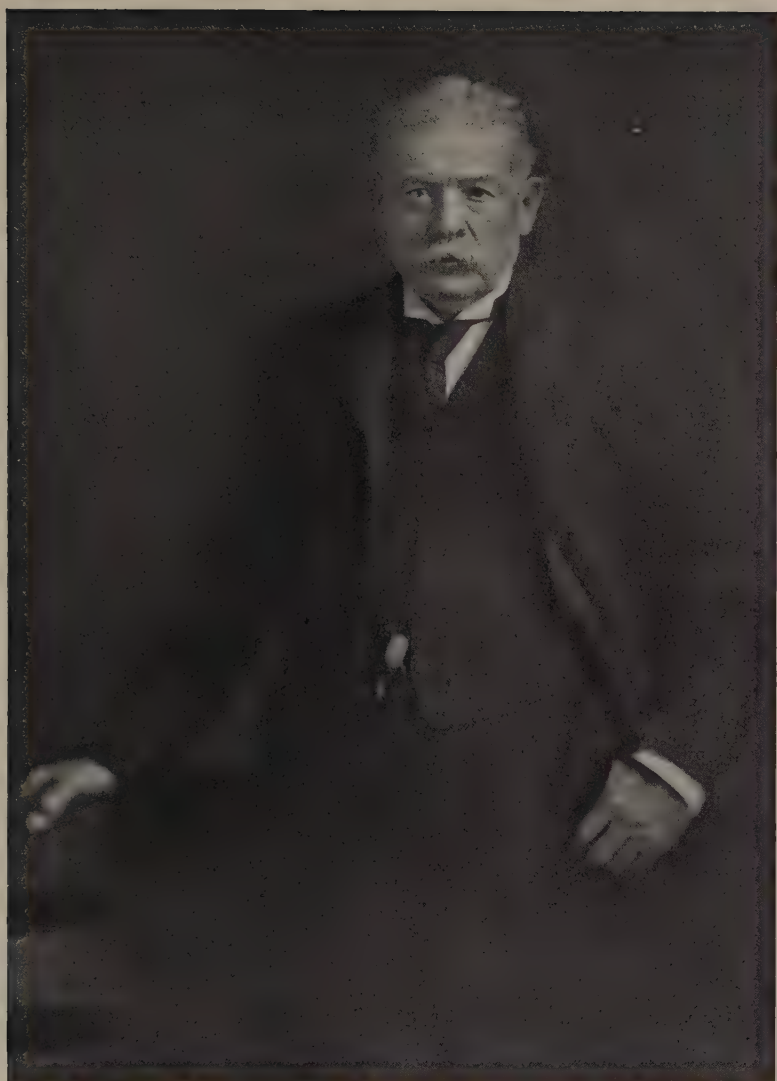


Photo. by Garo

With regards I
Richard Olney

very handsome military figure. Governor William L. Douglas made General Miles his adjutant-general and chief of staff in 1905, and the veteran laid out Camp Bartlett, near Westfield, for national guard maneuvers. On that ground, at a later date, the immortal 104th Regiment was trained for its service in France.

Perhaps most suggestive among my friendly personal correspondents back over the years was the late Charles C. Nott, wise Chief Justice of the Court of Claims. He was captain and colonel in the Civil War, and a prisoner of the Confederates for thirteen months. His judicial appointment came from President Lincoln in 1865, and President Cleveland made him Chief Justice in 1896. Washington contained no more thoughtful looker-on than Judge Nott. He wrote a great deal editorially for the *New York Nation* when Godkin inspired it. I have lighted upon a letter, written in 1902, deserving preservation here, in which Judge Nott says:

I wish that you would get some intelligent veteran to write up General Miles. His is the most brilliant record in our military annals — more so than Sheridan's for he was younger than Sheridan and without military education and started as a private in a three months' regiment, and far exceeded Sheridan as an Indian fighter. His 1400 miles pursuit of Chief Joseph and 1600 miles pursuit of Geronimo are unequalled. It was he who substantially brought Indian wars to an end North and South — with the Sioux and with the Apaches — he succeeded when Groomka failed, and Groomka was deemed the best Indian fighter this country had ever had. Colonel

Archibald Hopkins who was for four years in the Army of the Potomac tells me that "Miles' division" was then often spoken of as the best in the Army, and Miles was then little more than a boy and had been severely wounded.

Mr. Olney never settled into ruts of conservative thinking. He saw more than one side, and was as ready for new light in his age as in youth. He could act vigorously as attorney-general when labor became involved in an invasion of the rights of the public, and in the same office see to it, so far as the government was concerned, that corporate interests did not interfere with the rights of labor. When, in the year of the Pullman strike, the receiver of the Philadelphia and Reading Company, appointed by the United States court at Philadelphia, made an order discharging all men from his employ unless they resigned from the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, the attorney-general interfered. He addressed a vigorous letter of protest to the court, and the order was rescinded.

The Venezuela controversy, of disturbing interest of 1895, is a milestone of historic moment marking a broadening precedent in the application of the Monroe Doctrine. Cleveland and Olney finally opposed with all the power of our government the purpose of Great Britain to impose her will on the South American country without arbitration. The patience with which the United States, through several administrations, had sought to exercise her good offices and bring about arbitration in this boundary dispute, which had extended over a period back to

1841, will impress those who study the matter. The final formulation of our position into demand for the reparation of what the President and secretary believed to be a breach of the Monroe Doctrine created an acute situation between the United States and Great Britain. The *Republican* supported the administration. James Ford Rhodes, the very trustworthy historian of the politics of my time, takes issue with the course of Cleveland and Olney.

The immediate effects of the stand taken by our government were disturbing, but the outcome was reassuring and desirable. The infusion of new vitality and power into the Monroe Doctrine was an accomplishment of lasting value. The President stood serene amid the storm, not unanticipated by those who caused it, in full confidence that his contention would prevail, and in the end beget new respect for us in the English mind. His confident attitude was revealed to a few newspaper men in whom he had faith, but not for publication. Mr. Cleveland never could be persuaded to employ the newspapers for enlightening public opinion and smoothing his official pathway.

Mr. Olney's handling of the American argument was very able. His few years at the head of the State Department were sufficient to establish him as a masterly secretary. His Americanism, whether as citizen, lawyer or public official, was broadly conceived and everywhere resolutely maintained.

President Cleveland's disgust with the betrayal by Democratic senators of his tariff policy, as embodied in the Wilson Bill, was expressed in biting

terms. The Wilson-Gorman Tariff Act became a law without the President's signature. The senator from Maryland, Arthur P. Gorman, Calvin S. Brice from Ohio and David B. Hill of New York, have gone into history as leaders in the emasculation.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON.

Dec 13. 1896

My dear Mr. Olney

Though you gave me
full permission the other day to
go away for a week, now that
I am about to start I have
misgivings on the subject—
fearing that something may
occur that will hinder my
presence here as much as it
looks desirable.

Since however this is
a feeling that always attacks

me in starting moments I
shall disregard it.

The nearest teacher
kind to the same of Duke
Sloughter, in "Georgetown
South Carolina".

Yours very sincerely
Samuel Clemens

Hon Richard Olney
Washington

XLI

McKINLEY, REED AND THE GOLD PLANK IN 1896

THE campaign of 1896 was to focus conflicting monetary views of many years into conflict destined to establish the gold standard. Public men had been timeservers in dealing with silver, "the dollar of our daddies." Time, financial conditions and the Sherman Silver Purchase Act were making it more and more difficult to maintain the parity of gold and silver. It was expected that the tariff would be the paramount issue of that presidential contest, but forces beyond the control of cautious politicians put silver first. By the sale of large amounts of gold bonds, Cleveland had protected the treasury and sustained the parity of gold and silver. But, an immediate crisis tided over, the unsettled question remained to become insistent in the conventions and the voting. There could be no peace until this vexing matter had been disposed of.

Seen from a national convention New England shrinks to a small section of a great country, despite the exceptional influence she has exerted in national affairs. Perhaps our part of the country will not again contribute a President of the United States. It seemed possible before the Republican

convention in 1896 that this might be done. That the six States would enthusiastically unite in putting forward Thomas B. Reed of Maine was regarded as a matter of course. We had the tallest possibility to offer. Above the rest towered the big, appealing, very able and masterful Reed, easily the outstanding figure in Congress, courageous in temperament and action, capable beyond the rest of leadership that accomplished its purpose.

There was no one exactly comparable with Mr. Reed in his time or since, — a giant in stature and mental equipment, and a surprisingly agile one. Speaker Reed did his own thinking, and there was much of it. Conclusions were presented with an effectiveness that was individual, from an angle where surprise lurked to enforce his view. His sense of humor was ever inwardly playing, and illuminated where he willed to flash it. It reënforced a sound philosophy of life. He had been an epoch-making Speaker of the House. A resolute and great president he would have made. After events that molded others might have been shaped by him, and would have been directed, we may be sure, in harmony with Mr. Reed's well-established ideas of his obligation to American principles and his own conscience.

But dissonance in New England's harmony was to come rather early from Vermont, where Mr. Hanna, acting through Redfield Proctor, captured the delegation from the Green Mountain State. Where "business is business" in politics, ideal considerations are impeded. Mr. Hanna's smooth-

running machine recognized no boundaries of courtesy in its operations. Senator Proctor served himself at that time, but not New England, where resentment and grief were awakened by the defection. It mattered not that Mr. Reed had always been for sound money, and a pillar in support of protection, for not on these grounds did the default rest.

"A new political manager — a business man using business methods had it all fixed for Major McKinley." So writes Michael E. Hennessy of the St. Louis convention, which opened June 16, in his useful book, "Twenty-Five Years of Massachusetts Politics." That was a polite way of stating a demoralizing fact. Mr. Hanna's "practical" way of promoting the candidacy of his friend made no appeal to Mr. Reed, who saw it go to triumph with philosophic contempt. During the week of McKinley's inauguration I was in the press gallery of the House one day, when Mr. Reed's secretary came to say that the speaker would like to see me in his room. There I had a long and illuminating talk with Mr. Reed, covering with intimate revelation preconvention happenings.

He told of an early meeting of his supporters, at which man after man reported upon the favorable sentiment of his State toward Mr. Reed. All went smoothly until a prominent man from California got up to say that he desired a definite understanding regarding an appointment the Pacific coast must have. It was a place on the Supreme Bench. At this point Mr. Reed drew up his great form, and said that he had been in Washington for nineteen

years, and during that time had heard every President of the United States called a liar, and it was because of just such propositions as the gentleman had put forward. Mr. Reed declared with great emphasis that a presidential nomination would not be worth considering, unless his candidacy remained absolutely free from trade or dicker or any personal promises whatsoever! It was possibly "unbusiness-like" politics, but was he too fastidious?

The gentleman from California speedily became one of Mr. Hanna's active lieutenants. In his narration Mr. Reed went on from instance to instance. All proposed understandings or agreements were declined, and the proposers lined up on the other side, until a formidable list had been made up. Upon leaving Mr. Reed I made note of what these applicants had asked for in advance of nomination. This list I kept near at hand in the *Republican* office, checking off as appointments were made, until in due course all had been satisfied. Mr. Hanna saw that his political debts were paid.

I could understand why Mr. Reed, who soon left Congress and public life, held in deep disrespect "a business man using business methods" in politics. I also saw why Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) loved Tom Reed. Both loved honor, and were filled with upright and downright clear-sightedness that defined it.

The delegates at large of the Massachusetts delegation were Senator Lodge, Lieutenant Governor Crane, Eben S. Draper and Curtis Guild, Junior, three of them coming governors. With the special

train carrying the thirty delegates and their alternates, guests and newspaper men, was a special car in which rode William B. Plunkett of Adams and some members of the Home Market Club, who favored McKinley. Discovery by the delegates that in the windows of the Plunkett car pictures of McKinley had been placed led to sharp protest and their withdrawal. Mr. Plunkett's devotion to President McKinley is evidenced by the bronze statue he erected in the business center of Adams. When one of the great mills there making fine cottons was finished during McKinley's occupancy of the White House, the President came to Berkshire as Mr. Plunkett's guest to help dedicate it. Their friendship began long before, when the Ohio advocate of protection received a one-thousand dollar campaign contribution from the Massachusetts man, then a stranger. It was needed and welcome aid, never forgotten by the surprised recipient.

An early incident attending the arrival of the Massachusetts men was of significance. Southern prejudice prevailed in St. Louis, and when the management of the leading hotel where quarters had been engaged learned that one of the Bay State men, Doctor S. E. Courtney of Boston, was of negro blood, it was suggested that his presence would not be desirable. Lieutenant Governor Crane met the issue with characteristic tact and firmness. He said to the hotel manager that if Doctor Courtney were called upon to leave the hotel, the Massachusetts delegation would go with him, an event not calculated to advantage anybody. It disturbed Mr.

Crane that the newspapers "made altogether too much" of the incident. Doctor Courtney was of gentlemanly bearing and popular with the delegation. Mr. Crane's father had been one of the early and active abolitionists in Berkshire County, along with James T. Robinson of North Adams, Doctor Henry L. Sabin of Williamstown and others long since gathered to their fathers.

It was illustrative of the vanity of men that so many persons claimed to have been chiefly instrumental in determining the financial plank of that convention. Those who had more or less of a hand in it were many, but greater than all was the tide of sentiment among the delegates that swept the convention to its action. This sentiment had been recognized at Canton in advance of the convention. The delegates on the spot quickly saw that the candidate was a secondary matter, thanks to Mr. Hanna's masterful reaping of delegates, and the chosen one had no settled convictions on the money question. But the vital matter of the money plank the convention was prepared to settle, and very early the thought of the majority came in evidence, so that action in harmony therewith was assured. If Mr. Hanna's little group had not sensed the situation as they did, they would have been overwhelmed.

Both Mr. Hanna and his candidate entertained serious misgivings about a resolution which should boldly commit the Republican party to the gold standard. It was at Mr. McKinley's telephoned suggestion that this qualifying sentence was brought into the declaration :

"We are, therefore, opposed to the free coinage of silver except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world which we pledge ourselves to promote." But no sop could soften an issue so often evaded, but militant now. This time there could be no facing both ways. The silver question must be met. The Democrats were forcing it, and thoughtful Republicans recognized that battle must be joined.

This involved an immediate showdown. Advocates of silver were not mollified by the McKinley clause. They fought the plank in the committee on resolutions, and upon the floor of the convention. That the dissatisfaction would proceed to a bolt of delegates from silver States was not generally anticipated, so leading to one of the most dramatic incidents in convention history. The address by Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado, spokesman for the minority, a Republican from the birth of the party, was heard with closest attention. He realized that nothing he could say would affect the action of the delegates, and was deeply moved in bidding farewell to the party which had given him high honors. Mr. Teller declared the fact that he represented a State producing silver did not in the slightest degree influence or control his action. He was moved by the profound belief that "this plank means ultimate disaster and distress to my fellow men." Mr. Teller was supported by Senators Fred T. Dubois of Idaho, R. F. Pettigrew of South Dakota, Frank Cannon of Utah and Lee Mantle of Montana, Congressmen Charles T. Hartman of Mon-

tana, John F. Shofroth of Colorado, Clarence Allen of Utah and others. After the silver men had been voted down 818½ to 105½, the little company filed out of the hall, while the band played and the majority cheered and sang.

A dozen years after, when making examination of the resources of Colorado, I thought of Mr. Teller's speech and the moving of that sad procession of silver men. It appeared that Colorado's agricultural production, through the enlarging application of irrigation, was then yielding riches by the side of which the output of the silver mines had been a negligible quantity. The ruin predicted had not come, as has so often been the case with political forecasts.

Mr. Hanna moved his efficient organization from Cleveland to St. Louis well in advance of the opening of the convention. His ablest lieutenants had been directed to be early on the ground. When the New Englanders arrived, McKinley sentiment had become active and prevailing. So apparent was this that Joseph H. Manley of Maine, manager of the Reed campaign, expressed himself as disposed to give up the contest. This called from Samuel Fessenden of Connecticut the famous fighting response, "Joe, God Almighty hates a quitter!" Manley made an apologetic retreat, but the injury done was beyond repair, as unstable delegates drifted to the Ohio band wagon. Mr. Hanna, elected chairman of the National committee in advance of the nomination, became boss of the situation and of the Republican party.

Of the 901 votes cast William McKinley received $661\frac{1}{2}$, Thomas B. Reed $84\frac{1}{2}$, Matthew S. Quay of Pennsylvania $61\frac{1}{2}$, Levi Morton 58 and William B. Allison of Iowa $35\frac{1}{2}$. The vice-presidential nomination was given to Garret A. Hobart of New Jersey, and thereby the usual recognition of East and West was provided for.

William McKinley, transparently honest, was a child in financial matters, a fact which does not seem to "consist" with the framing of a tariff measure that so fundamentally affects business. But that sort of inconsistency is not uncommon in public life. Three years before the St. Louis convention its candidate had been plunged into financial disaster by a friend unwisely trusted. In gratitude to Robert L. Walker of Youngstown, Ohio, who advanced some thousands of dollars for necessary political expenditures — to be repaid out of the recipient's \$5000 congressional salary — Major McKinley began in 1892 to sign notes for his friend, a manufacturer drifting into straits. The process was blindly continued. In 1893 Mr. Walker failed, and Mr. McKinley found himself liable for \$130,000 on notes signed from which he had derived no benefit. This was an appalling situation for one so well started in public life; and likewise an appealing one to capable friends, who promptly and shrewdly extricated the victim. The property of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley was placed in the hands of three trustees — Judge W. R. Day, Myron T. Herrick and H. H. Kohlsaat — ostensibly for the benefit of the creditors. But Mr. Hanna led in raising that \$130,000

from five thousand subscribers, whose names were kept from the man whose pathway to the presidency they cleared. With much particularity Mr. Kohl-saat has now told of this episode that was known in outline to many at the time.

XLII

CHICAGO MEETS THE CHALLENGE OF ST. LOUIS

INSTRUCTIVE had been the convention in St. Louis, but even more revealing of popular thought little-understood in the East, was to be the Democratic convention in Chicago. William Jennings Bryan occupied a seat almost adjacent to mine, in the press section in the Republican gathering, sending to the *Omaha World Herald* — he was chief of its editorial staff — “comments upon the important incidents of the convention”, as he put it. I had called his attention to the brief dispatch in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* stating, to my amazement, that George Fred Williams, hitherto strong for the gold standard, had made a silver speech in Portland, Maine. “That is good news,” Mr. Bryan said; “he will be an addition to our side.”

To the newspaper correspondents Mr. Bryan would have seemed about as likely to be made the presidential candidate of his party as any one of the busy reporters, had the possibility been suggested. Yet that honor he was soon to achieve. He was never to reach the White House, but in many future national conventions was to send “comments upon important happenings”, syndicated to many newspapers. He was to become “the great commoner” of the political reporters, to play a conspicuous and

often very important part in the history of his party, to become secretary of state, but not president.

Radical Democrats welcomed the action of the Republicans. Mr. Bryan suggested in his dispatch to the Omaha paper the financial plank which was later adopted at Chicago. The Democratic convention opened July 7, but on June 30 silver Democrats had gathered and perfected plans for controlling the convention. Their mastery was complete. This was demonstrated at the start, when the national committee, having a majority of gold standard men, recommended Senator David B. Hill of New York for temporary chairman. The silver men put forward Senator John W. Daniel of Virginia, and elected him by a vote of 536 to 349. Such was the convention's right, but it was revolutionary. The national committee had admitted the gold delegation from Nebraska, but the credentials committee seated the Bryan silver delegates, and unseated four gold men from Michigan. From then on it was merely a question of what the silver majority would do to the party, with gold men in the end egging them on.

This insured an exciting convention, and plenty of incident. Contention settled about the financial plank. Senator James K. Jones of Arkansas was chairman of the committee on resolutions, consisting of fifty-one members. The minority of that body was made up of fifteen members, including all the representatives of New England States, excepting Maine. John E. Russell was the Massachusetts member. William E. Russell, two years out of the governorship, took part in the convention on the

credential of a Cambridge delegate, his home city. George Fred Williams challenged his right to do so without avail.

In power of personality and effectiveness of speech the gold men outweighed their opponents. In the debate over the platform Senator Hill of New York, Senator William F. Vilas of Wisconsin and ex-Governor Russell were pitted against Senator B. R. Tillman of South Carolina, Senator Jones of Arkansas and Mr. Bryan. The permanent chairman, Senator Stephen M. White of California, proved a disappointment to thoughtful silver delegates. Senator Tillman was in his most slashingly provocative "pitchfork" mood. Nor had Senator Jones afforded comfort to the supporters of silver. On the other side Hill, Vilas and Russell impressed even their opponents with the strength and resource of their oratory.

So was staged the convention's conspicuous event, Mr. Bryan's closing for silver. I see again "the boy orator of the Platte" as he hurried down the aisle from the Nebraska delegation, mounting to the platform two steps at a time. The order of the appearance of the silver speakers had been left with Senator Jones, who at the last moment, with a flash of good judgment, rearranged the program. Tillman had been slated to close for the silver side, but instead Bryan was given that important part. The audience had grown weary of bitterly radical utterances, and the supporters of silver were left with the feeling that their cause had been inadequately presented. Mr. Bryan improved his exceptional opportunity. He was young then, attractive in bear-

ing and quivering with earnestness. Always of religious temperament, feeling profoundly that he represented the cause of the people, the toilers of every kind, Mr. Bryan felt himself the man of the hour, and proved to be. It was a very striking convention effort, its adaptation to the moment in shining contrast with the speaking for silver that had gone before. That brief half-hour brought forward an orator of national importance, whatever might be thought of the soundness of his views.

Mr. Bryan defined the cause of silver as "the cause of humanity"; it was the paramount issue, not the tariff. "If protection has slain its thousands, the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands. When we have restored the money of the constitution, all other reforms will be possible; but until that is done, no other reform can be accomplished." He met the charge that the silver movement threatened to disturb business interests by saying he spoke for all business men, — not alone the promoters of big business, but the men employed for wages, the farmers who created wealth, the merchants of the cross-roads store, the miners who bring forth the precious metals. "You tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave your farms, and cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city." And so on to a climax that captured the attention of the country:

"Having behind us the producing masses of this

nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them, You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns ; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

Here was sensationally phrased that which a majority of the delegates had felt and feared. It was the voice and the vision they had longed for, these plain men, many of them more accustomed to the prayer meeting and the church than to the bar-room and the club. To many attendance on the convention had involved expense to be reckoned with in the family life. Some came on the contributions of neighbors out of communities where "the face value of mortgages remained the same, though the debt had actually become twice as great." Hence distrust of the gold standard, and a fanatical acceptance of the silver propaganda, with its promise of remedy for every ill.

Not only delegates, but the thousands who packed the Coliseum were swept into enthusiasm by the Bryan speech. Seldom has a political appeal called forth like rapturous response. Talking with Mr. Bryan a dozen years later about that address, he said that during its delivery, out of the great mass of cheering men, he saw only two faces, those of Governor Hogg of Texas and Ollie James of Kentucky. These men of giant frames rose above the rest, upon one side and the other, and their countenances, beaming out of the dark background, seemed to the speaker like radiant suns.

Mr. Bryan's triumph disturbed the friends of other candidates, and the convention was adjourned in the effort to chill the favorable impression made by the Nebraskan. Such tactics are not unusual in conventions, but every experienced observer recognized that Bryan's nomination on the morrow had become inevitable. It was reached on the fifth ballot. The first ballot was widely scattering. Richard P. Bland of Missouri, long devoted to the advocacy of silver, led with 235 votes, Bryan received 137 and a dozen others lesser support. Bland kept the lead on the second and third ballots, with Bryan pulling up. On the fourth ballot Bryan passed Bland with 280 to 241. Then came the break, with 652 for Bryan, and his nomination, while 116 delegates opposed and 162 did not vote. This abstention meant a split in the party. Of the thirty Massachusetts delegates eighteen refrained from voting, and on the first ballot Bryan received only a single vote. On the final ballot but half a dozen went with him.

There may be interest in the fact that the contingent of United States senators hoped to nominate Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado. His retirement from the convention in St. Louis had placed him in the public eye; to make him the Democratic candidate would deepen interest in silver and draw Republican votes. So ran their reasoning. But their plan and other schemes miscarried because the convention was so largely composed of delegates unwonted to their environment, who could not be relied upon to play the game in the ordinary way.

"What can we expect of your delegates?" was asked of senators, and they replied: "God knows! we are not acquainted with these men, and cannot tell what they will do." That Chicago convention foreshadowed the emotional Roosevelt Progressive convention of a later time.

In naming the candidate for vice-president there was adherence to the ordinary procedure, in that a man with a barrel was taken. Arthur Sewell, shipbuilder of Bath, Maine, was chosen on the fifth ballot. George Fred Williams received seventy votes on the first ballot, which dwindled to nine on the last. The idea had prevailed extensively that Mr. Williams was the scion of a rich Boston family, and his chances were shattered when his sponsor presented him as one without money. The divided Massachusetts delegation could not be united for him, but his weakness lay not there. Mr. Williams failed to get on the presidential ticket, but he came home to exercise mastery over the Massachusetts Democracy in the battle for silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. Although local Democrats who believed in the gold standard left him a pretty clear field, it was at times rough going. When Mr. Bryan brought his campaign into New England and spoke in Springfield, where Mr. Williams joined him en route to Boston, the Democratic leader was "gratified to meet a man who had been as bitterly assailed as myself."

Eastern thought misconceived these people of the West and South, beset by hard conditions. From New York had come a special train bearing what

the silver delegates called "the millionaire contingent", including Governor Roswell P. Flower, William C. Whitney and many prominent supporters of the Cleveland administration, then in disfavor with the majority in Chicago. Governor Russell came with them, but John E. Russell, better understanding the temper of the period, declined to journey in that fashion. It was a time of intense feeling, and things ordinarily accepted without comment excited wrath. The Massachusetts delegation had been instructed to support William E. Russell for president, but when the time came he withheld his name. The financial plank of the minority had been rejected by a vote of 626 to 303, and commendation of the administration was voted down 504 to 357. Upon that situation Governor Russell, always loyal to Cleveland, turned his back.

The popular Massachusetts Democrat was a favorite with the President. Russell had been especially earnest in advocating tariff reform, and was in sympathy with all of Mr. Cleveland's purposes of service. The older men looked to see Russell hold a foremost place in the Democracy. But the experience in Chicago was bitterly disappointing, and its results dispiriting. Until then I had never heard William E. Russell break into bitter denunciatory speech in discussing politics or men. His philosophic calm was gone. Just before he was to speak on the financial plank the former governor said to John E. Russell, "I cannot remember my speech, John; what am I to do?" "Take your manuscript to the platform, and slide the pages off

the desk as you read them," was the reply. Seeing this done, I was troubled and realized that a surpassing speaker was not at his best.

Such was the beginning of the physical decline of ex-Governor Russell, whose promise had come to be widely recognized. He came home disheartened. After a brief time of rest at his summer home, he went to the Maine camp of his friend, Benjamin F. Dutton of Boston, to recruit. There he died, and the body was brought a toilsome journey out of the woods. The sudden going, July 18, 1896, at thirty-nine years of age, was a shock to the Commonwealth which had shown young Russell so much favor. President Cleveland came on from Washington to attend the funeral in Cambridge. The event carried sense of the eclipse of high hopes and rich possibilities of public usefulness, and darkened the day for the many who had come to love "Billy" Russell.

This election was of great moment. The effort to place chief emphasis on protection, as the agency for insuring prosperity, could not prevail. Cleveland's unswerving resolution through four years had held together the forces of sound money in both parties. The Republicans were now come to unequivocal advocacy of Cleveland's financial policy. Politicians did not create this situation.

After going through that campaign, reading books and speeches, and talking with experts on both sides of the controversy, I was brought to the conclusion that nobody really understood the money question, — and am much of that opinion still. In-

crease in the output of gold through the opening of new fields, and better processes for reducing ore, in course of time "cut the dollar in two" — something nobody foresaw. But tying up to the gold standard was a good thing for the country. It was the best standard the world had or has since found, accepted by the leading nations, and we could not profitably attempt to dictate otherwise. A majority of the voters recognized that this country was bound to the rest of the world by indissoluble bonds then as now.

It was inevitable that Cleveland Democrats should repudiate the Chicago platform and ticket. In a convention held in Indianapolis, September 2, John M. Palmer of Illinois was nominated for president, and Simon B. Buckner of Kentucky for vice president, — the one a general on the Union side in the Civil War, and the other a Confederate general. What was left of the Populist party went to Bryan. Mr. Bryan conducted a campaign of amazing vigor and scope. He needed introduction to the people of the country, and came as near seeing them all as was humanly possible. He made four speaking tours, the first of 830 miles, the second of 3598, the third of 12,837, and the fourth of 344, weaving himself in and out of practically all the sections east of the Rockies, speaking along the way and drawing cheering crowds. The wonderful popular reception seemed to threaten Republican success, and led many bolting Democrats to vote for McKinley instead of Palmer.

The scare helped to swell the Hanna campaign

fund to vast proportions. Of the many millions raised there is no public record. Secrecy was then permitted regarding political expenditures. But the example of 1896 hastened the coming of some legal regulation of the use of money in political contests.

Major McKinley, urbane and charming, remained at his home in Canton, Ohio, where he addressed many visiting delegations. Organizations of "business men" were formed over the country to support "sound money" and the Republican ticket. Old political lines were disregarded in a surprising way, to the end that McKinley was elected in November by a popular vote of 7,106,779 to 6,502,925 for Bryan, and an electoral vote of 271 to 176.

XLIII

McKINLEY'S CABINET AND THE WAR WITH SPAIN

THUS another Ohio man came to the presidency. Possible it might have been to forecast the calling of John Sherman into the cabinet as the secretary of state so taking him from the Senate and opening the way for Mark Hanna to sit there. It would not have been difficult to predict that Joseph McKenna of California, made attorney-general, would ultimately be given place on the Supreme Bench. But no one could have foreseen that William McKinley, like James A. Garfield, was to be murdered while in office and become our third martyred President. In him also were to appear heroic and endearing qualities as he faced untoward death. That was to come during the first year of a second term.

It is worth saying that President McKinley made possible the important part of John Hay's career. John Sherman retired from the state department after one year's pathetic presence there. William R. Day, later to be appointed to the Supreme Court, was made secretary of state. But only for five months, when he was sent to Paris as a member of the Peace Commission, following our war with Spain. Mr. Hay, who had been assistant secretary of state 1879-1881, was living in Washington when McKinley

was inaugurated, a pleasant figure in its select social life, and apparently with all public service behind him. The new president promptly made Mr. Hay ambassador to Great Britain, whence he was summoned in 1898 to do his brilliant work as head of the state department under McKinley and Roosevelt.

John D. Long's appointment to the Navy Department came about through James Phillips, Jr. There was a movement by Senator Hoar and others to obtain a place in the cabinet for T. Jefferson Coolidge of Boston. Mr. Long had suffered a serious illness sometime before, and was generally supposed to be incapacitated for public life. One night word came that he was near death, and I remained at the office far into the small hours preparing an obituary for immediate use. In such cases, as office tradition came to have it, sick men were pretty certain to recover. It was so with Governor Long. A mistaken diagnosis was revised and full health came back. In talking about the McKinley Cabinet, Mr. Crane remarked that Long would be the Massachusetts man to urge but for his impaired health. I could give him reassurance on that point. But Mr. Crane, who had supported Reed's candidacy, was not in position to offer suggestions to the president-elect.

Mr. Phillips of Fitchburg, then owner of the *New York Press*, a leader in manufacturing and politics, had been in close relations with McKinley as the tariff law bearing his name was being constructed. The *New York Press* and its owner early favored Governor McKinley's nomination. It was natural that Mr. Phillips should be called into consultation in Janu-

ary, 1897. He found Mr. McKinley considering offering the place of secretary of the treasury to George F. Hoar, a post which no doubt would have been as alien to the senator's liking as it was to his experience. Other names of Eastern men were talked over, with the result that McKinley settled back on Mr. Gage, the choice of the Middle West. Mr. Phillips rather diffidently suggested that Massachusetts had other men fit for cabinet places, and mentioned John D. Long. Mr. McKinley responded warmly, but said he had been assured that his friend and former associate in the House was incapacitated for any kind of work. Mr. Phillips set him right, and was commissioned to inform Governor Long that he could have choice of three positions — attorney-general, secretary of war and secretary of the navy. Mr. Phillips met Mr. Crane and William M. Butler on his return to Boston, who welcomed the news he brought. Governor Long was deeply gratified by the offer, but in view of the fact that question of his health had been raised, felt called upon to consult his physician before making definite answer. He was assured that such service in Washington would be distinctly desirable for him. Governor Long went to Canton, expressed his preference for the navy department and was given the place. It was characteristic of Mr. McKinley's tactfulness that he expressed regret to Mr. Phillips that Vermont had voted for him in the national convention, so robbing Mr. Reed, "the greatest political leader New England had produced in the last twenty-five years", of the solid backing of his section. There was healing power in that message.

Recognition was given the gold Democrats in the appointment of Lyman J. Gage of Chicago to manage the treasury department. General Russell A. Alger of Michigan, made secretary of war, fell into disrepute because of the incompetence of his department during the war with Spain, and was succeeded by Elihu Root in 1899; one always wondered how the great lawyer could have been persuaded to take that job. No doubt he recognized that the war had brought new and difficult problems to the war department. James A. Gary of Maryland, postmaster-general, was succeeded after a year by Charles Emory Smith, editor of the *Philadelphia Press*. Cornelius N. Bliss of New York, skilled raiser of campaign funds, served two years as secretary of the interior, and was replaced by Ethan Allen Hitchcock of St. Louis. James Wilson of Iowa became secretary of agriculture. When California, in the person of Joseph McKenna, was given a place on the Supreme Court in 1898, John W. Griggs of New Jersey was made attorney-general. He coined the phrase "glory-crowned heights" to describe our campaign for the subjugation of the Filipinos, which called out sharp challenge from those opposed to the acquirement of the Philippine Islands.

Secretary Hitchcock's record in promoting honesty in the wide reach of his department stands high in a judicial consideration of the McKinley cabinet. He acquired a fortune in business and was minister to Russia when recalled to take charge of the interior department. After McKinley's death Secretary Hitchcock was retained by Roosevelt. In a resolute and thorough way he went in pursuit of the perpetrators

of land frauds. There was no blowing of trumpets. When President Roosevelt was acclaiming and accomplishing much good work, nothing was said about Hitchcock's achievements. Paying a visit to Washington I got Senator Crane to assure the secretary of my reliability. I told Mr. Hitchcock that his work impressed me, so far as I was able to learn about it, and asked for more light. He replied that his helpers, Francis J. Heney and William J. Burns, had come on for consultation, were then in the building and I could have converse with them. He summoned them and retired from his own room. For two hours was unfolded the crooked and thrilling story of stealings from the government — afterward to become public through many court proceedings and convictions — in which prominent men of the West and Northwest were involved.

Philander C. Knox, attorney-general under Roosevelt, made Mr. Heney special counsel for the government. I came home to tell the big story in several columns on the editorial page, and so to enlighten the country. The publication helped give Secretary Hitchcock credit richly deserved. What manner of man he was, extracts from a letter written from Washington on the date of November 10, 1916, may help to show:

"I have decided upon March 4 next as the date of my retirement because it has seemed a very good time to wind up the principal work that I have in hand, but this does not mean that I shall have accomplished all that I should like to have done, had I felt that my duty to myself and family would permit

longer service in the interest of clean administration. James R. Garfield, who is in full accord with the policy of the president and his administration, will take up the work where I leave it, and I feel sure that, as you rightly say, 'with youth, ability, high purpose and a capacity for hard work' on his side, he will make a record of which we may well be proud. . . . If I can at any time be of service to you I shall be only too glad to reciprocate the friendship which I am most pleased to recognize in the support you have always given me in my efforts to do my duty."

It does not come within the scope of this writing to discuss how the war with Spain was precipitated at a time when General Stewart L. Woodford, as he told me, had secured at Madrid the concessions for Cuba asked by our government. Things got out of hand, as they have a way of doing in times of national excitement. President McKinley, more than Thomas B. Reed would have been, was responsive to gusts of popular feeling.

Youth answered to the call of country with unselfish devotion as in the Civil War and always, but now North and South were together. Mistakes and inadequacies in the conduct of the war were very depressing and their results deplorable. The records of the obese and inept General Shafter in Cuba — he came from Michigan, as did the secretary of war — were worse than humiliating. Soldiers and people did their duty, and it was the navy's good fortune to bring victory. The country learned lessons in that hard school, and afterward forgot too many of them. But out of this war came the gain of a new national

unity that lessened the lingering sectionalism of the older time.

In the resolution which led to the war Congress declared that the "Cuban people are, and of right ought to be, free and independent." We took up arms in the spirit and language of the Declaration of Independence, with the statement that it was not the intention of the United States to enter upon a war of annexation and conquest. President McKinley said that annexation by force would, in the "American code of morals", be regarded as "criminal aggression."

As the war progressed talk came of retaining conquered territory, on the plea that "duty" and "destiny" demanded it. No fixity of purpose in the administration operated to check this drift. When the peace protocol was signed, August 12, 1898, the President was being drawn toward an annexation policy in the far East. This appeared in speeches made during a western journey. The administration passed from the idea of taking a coaling station to the demand for Manila, and then from the purpose to secure Luzon to insistence upon the acquirement of the entire archipelago. The Treaty of Paris was made, by which title to the Philippine Islands passed, by the payment of twenty million dollars, from Spain to the United States. Mr. Reed called the lot of that people a "canned freedom."

There followed the slow business, costly in lives and treasure and future complications, of making good our title through war on natives, rebels against Spain, who attempted to set up their own govern-

ment. We had been their allies. Porto Rico we took to keep. Sometime we shall get rid of the Philippines.

The *Republican* challenged any disposition to force an overlordship upon unwilling peoples, and then to close the door against the hope of self-government, the soul of our national life. The spirit of imperialism was being invoked, and led to the formation of the anti-imperialist league, with headquarters in Boston, which lived so long as there was need for its vigilant offices. The venerable statesman George S. Boutwell exhibited new qualities of leadership as its president, and Irving Winslow was the indefatigable secretary. The membership included many men conspicuous for conscience and influence, mostly Republicans solicitous that American ideals should not be sacrificed or weakened.

Senator Hoar was foremost in the discussions of that whole transition period, both in the Senate and outside of it. Deeply rooted in the Americanism of the fathers, he challenged a departure that violated basic belief in the right of self-government. If Lyman Abbott was ready at that time lightly to dismiss the Declaration of Independence, not so the eloquent Massachusetts senator. Mr. Hoar even asked the *Republican* to aid him in his battle for the preservation of things fundamental, telegraphing the paper for material not otherwise easily accessible, with which to reinforce his arguments,—something new in the office experience, for Mr. Hoar had no regard for an independent newspaper. That he forgot to thank us did not matter. Republicanism was his religion as

much as Unitarianism. At one time he came to a party convention in Springfield prepared to "show up" the *Republican*, but Mr. Crane, who saw no profit in such an attack, dissuaded him. In writing and speech Mr. Hoar had a style of classic beauty. The soul of his ancestry glowed within him. He honored his State, and was by it given signal honor.

Like many another man of strong convictions, Mr. Hoar was intolerant of those who disagreed with his views. Persons who complimented and even flattered him, on the other hand, rose in his estimation. Worcester people have told how, after talking with young lawyers not of the first order, who had pleased Mr. Hoar by the warmth of their praise, the senator, with shining face, would declare them to be "the coming men at the bar of Worcester county!" But they did not arrive.

In this connection I may be permitted to say that observation goes to establish that men most critical and severe in their judgments of others are apt to be bitterly resentful when themselves attacked. This general statement applies to writers with the sharpest pens. Frank B. Sanborn, with the spirit of a crusader in advocating good causes, applied wormwood and gall to those not of his way of thinking, but was not at all patient under attack. This was also true of E. L. Godkin of the *New York Evening Post*. Modern saints display human qualities when the fires of criticism are burning about them. Surely the greatest of all virtues is Charity, as time teaches the teachable, if they live long enough.

Mr. Hoar gloried in the austere virtues of old New

England, but was far from being a bigot. He combated with all his power the anti-Catholic movement in politics. Mr. Page of Maine, for many years in charge of the Senate restaurant in Washington, said Mr. Hoar possessed fine gastronomic intelligence that made him "the best entertainer of all the senators." It was the talk of newspaper men that Mr. Hoar relieved the tension of lofty statesmanship by reading what librarians call "trashy fiction."

All of which helped to humanize a great and good, peppery and devoted servant of the republic. Once, when looking out of a railroad car window when Worcester was reached, I beheld the senator, with hands clasped beneath the tails of his coat, straw hat pushed back on his head, looking up at the station clock, — the delightful image of Josh Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead." The resemblance, clear-cut and jolly, was a lasting joy.

Albert Bushnell Hart has arrived at the conclusion that the United States, with its outlying possessions and protectorates, has in fact become an empire without being willing to admit it. Ancient national borders have been widened, and responsibilities of world-embracing scope undertaken. Steps by which this status has come about make an interesting study, the more so that William Jennings Bryan must be held responsible for the most important of them all. In the hope of partisan advantage to follow, he brought enough Democratic senators to President McKinley's aid to ratify the treaty and the purchase of the Philippines. It was a blunder many citizens never forgave.

Since that far-away time we have shared in the World War, bringing its mighty changes, and drawing in its train world responsibilities that cannot be evaded by this country, however much any public men may seek to escape them.

XLIV

STATE AND NATION IN THE MCKINLEY PERIOD

FREDERIC T. GREENHALGE of Lowell succeeded William E. Russell as governor in 1894. He defeated that delightful Democrat, John E. Russell. Greenhalge was of English birth. The father, an expert engraver on copper, came to the Merrimack Print Works when the lad was thirteen years old. The son attended the local schools and Harvard, but the father's death in his junior year ended the boy's college days. He turned to teaching and the study of law; entered the Union Army in 1862, but a serious illness a year later sent him home; was admitted to the bar in 1863, when twenty-three years old. The responsibilities of citizenship were embraced and he grew professionally and in the respect of the community. He was made special justice of the police court, served in the city government, and as city solicitor and mayor, in the Legislature, and then in Congress. Such was the background.

Governor Greenhalge was a person of parts, positive and very companionable. He had marked literary ability and gift in speech. Honest beyond challenge, his courage in public life was shown when he confronted the American Protective Associations, the anti-Roman Catholic organization that found welcome among Republicans. It was an underground move-

ment used for selfish purposes. The A. P. A. majority turned out the experienced and competent clerk of the House of Representatives, Edward A. McLaughlin, and gave his place to an incompetent. One session of George T. Sleeper sufficed, when he was succeeded in 1897 by James W. Kimball, Mr. McLaughlin's chief assistant, who was long to remain in office on the basis of merit.

Governor Greenhalge and Lieutenant Governor Wolcott challenged the reactionary forces when their power seemed greatest. The two called at the *Republican* office late one night, after a party rally in Holyoke, and were doubly welcome because I desired to urge them to join Senator Hoar in openly fighting the dangerous revival of un-American doctrine. As this was explained, Governor Greenhalge's face lighted, and after expressing interest and agreement, he said my words might almost pass as a summary of what the governor and lieutenant governor had been saying in Holyoke! Their stand greatly assisted in halting the stampede of timid timeservers.

Sonnets by Governor Greenhalge were noteworthy in sentiment and expression. In a tribute to Massachusetts — the peroration of the first message — his imaginative resource and opulence of diction appear. Two months after his third inauguration, the death of Governor Greenhalge, March 5, 1896, afflicted Massachusetts. He was succeeded by the lieutenant governor, and so Roger Wolcott became governor during the Spanish War.

He was the handsomest executive of all the long line. Old Boston had reason for pride in him, but the tra-

ditions of ancestry seemed a handicap at the beginning. The habits of Beacon Street are apart from those of the rural districts. When the lieutenant governor, after making a political speech in a small Western Massachusetts town, left his shoes outside the chamber door on retiring, his host understood — he “had been to the Legislature” — and himself put a proper shine on them. The story tickled the country people. One habituated to Boston’s best does not readily apprehend limitations which the narrower life of the great majority imposes upon them. But Wolcott was royally right-hearted and broadened his understanding of life.

Birth placed Roger Wolcott beyond the necessity of earning a living, but he was eager for service. After leaving Harvard, where he was Class Day orator, he studied law and equipped himself for a place on many business boards, as overseer of his college, in the city government of Boston and as a member of the Legislature. He was active in forming the Republican Club of Massachusetts and its first president. This led to his nomination and election as lieutenant governor in 1892. He served one year with Governor Russell and two years with Governor Greenhalge. He was handsomely elected governor in 1896, riding high on the McKinley wave.

Governor Wolcott was sensitively loyal to the high traditions of the State, straightforward in thought, speech and act, transparently genuine and without mean partisanship. He was indefatigable in seeing that Massachusetts was made ready to do her part in the war with Spain, as was Lieutenant Governor

Crane. The executive department was unfailing during the hostilities and after, in all wise ways of looking after the 11,000 men who went into the army and navy from this Commonwealth.

When Admiral Sampson came to Boston, after the war, I witnessed a good example of Governor Wolcott's readiness on his feet. A dinner was given to the naval leader, Richard Olney presiding. It assembled the picked men of Boston, at a price of \$15 a plate. The extravagance was gladly indulged in to see the hero, and be able to fit famous names to faces around the tables. When Mr. Olney introduced the governor he quoted in full voice the thundering passage from the state constitution defining the powers and responsibilities of the chief executive, as follows :

"The governor of this commonwealth, for the time being, shall be the commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and of all the military forces of the state, by sea or land ; and shall have full power, by himself, or by any commander, or any other officer or officers, from time to time, to train, instruct, exercise, and govern the militia and navy ; and, for the special defence and safety of the commonwealth, to assemble in martial array, and put in a warlike posture, the inhabitants thereof, and to lead and conduct them, and with them to encounter, repel, resist, expel, and pursue, by force of arms, as well by sea as by land, within and without the limits of this commonwealth, and to kill, slay, and destroy, if necessary, and conquer, by all fitting ways and enterprises, and means whatever, all and every such person and persons as shall, at any time hereafter, in a hostile manner, attempt or enterprise the destruction, invasion, detriment or annoyance of this commonwealth."

Turning to the splendidly proportioned chief magistrate, Mr. Olney concluded in a great voice "Have you done these things?" Quick came the emphatic reply, "I have, sir!" And so the amusingly difficult challenge was disposed of.

After Governor Wolcott's retirement in 1899, President McKinley offered him a place on the Philippine Commission, and the ambassadorship to Rome, but these appointments were declined because of family reasons. Death found Roger Wolcott in 1900, when not yet fifty-four years old. A popular subscription provided a memorial of him in the State House.

Pleasant was Major McKinley's experience as President. His ability as a politician lay in recognizing the drift of popular thinking. In acting in harmony with it success was achieved. He made a tour of the Southern States and was warmly welcomed along the way. The men of the blue and gray had been fighting side by side against Spain. The President's hold on the country was manifest. All went well until September 6, 1901, when, while attending the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, he was shot by Leon Czolgoscz, an anarchist of Polish birth. The day before the President had made an address recommending a broader policy in dealing with the tariff and in cultivating relations with other countries. It revealed growth and inspiration beyond other utterances. This was the subject on which he was best qualified to lead, and the loftier conception of it offered good promise for the future.

What the death of the President September 14 meant to the shocked and stricken nation may perhaps

be told through an editorial written on the day of President McKinley's death, as follows:

THE LAMENTED PRESIDENT

Alas that we rejoiced too soon! The mockery of the great meeting in Cleveland, of the certainty of hope that possessed the vice president and the cabinet, of our grateful messages and resolutions and happy confidence! The end approached with the greater shock, and it was due to the weakness of the central force of the human organism, the heart. The engine gave out that carried our hopes, and the nation is plunged from its height of reassurance to the depths of mourning.

It was to be! With that humanity has to be content at a time like this, as it accepts the inevitable and takes up the duty of the morrow, having the faith that over all the affairs of men and of nations there is a Power that guides and rules and shapes after some broader and diviner plan than we can see or know when sorrow first enwraps us. But always the pity of it! To this deplorable end have all the fortunate circumstances of a singularly successful public career now come — this man of all others the victim of a moral pervert!

Great things have happened during the presidency of William McKinley, and to his hand had been delegated the helm of our ship of state for yet another term. It is not to be given to him

“— to see his own work out, and watch
The sandy footprints harden into stone.”

The leadership, the responsibilities, the management of delicate affairs of state must now fall into other hands than his. Theodore Roosevelt, vice president, succeeds to the presidency of the United States. The hand of an assassin has once again

turned the course of the history of the republic, it has made as well as unmade a president.

All this must be thought of, even beside the body of our dead. The people are thinking of it. They are looking with hope and faith to Mr. Roosevelt as he bows in sorrow and girds himself for the larger duties and the depressing but potential opportunity that awaits. His earnestness, his honesty of character and high purpose reassure as he steps under this sobering sense of responsibility.

After all, what is a man in the life of a nation, be he great as Lincoln was? The years of an administration, filled full though it be of great and far-reaching events, are few. The cycle of democracy is a long, long one. Hope and confidence are the words for the hour; and back of all, supreme over presidents and cabinets, are the people, banded and resolute to protect their own. Men die, but the nation, groping now and then, to be sure, must remain true to democracy, the ancient ark of our covenant as a people. For this we trust the future, and to it we must bind the present.

Elsewhere is related in full and illuminating story the life of William McKinley. It was typical of American life, of Ohio and the West. There is in it nothing of the inexplicable, incommunicable magic of genius, but much of charm, of abilities well husbanded, of success and honor. There is revealed steady growth during the passage from country lawyer to president of the United States. An average American boy, sometimes barefooted, if you please, in a godly home; then at manhood's approach a soldier in the ranks of the Union army, doing his duty; home from the great conflict ended at last, prosecuting attorney of an Ohio county, in congressional service for 15 years, twice governor of his state — these were the successive steps to the summit of our political life.

The best gift which Maj. McKinley had, next to honesty of purpose, the love for political life and integrity of character, was tact. This he had in measure large and growing. Tact trained in the unsurpassed school of Ohio politics made him a masterful politician, "the best politician of us all", Richard Olney once said of him. The art of politics is to achieve results, and this ability he had without superior in the American life of his time. From 1869 until his death Maj. McKinley's place was in public life, with the law secondary after his term as district attorney had expired. Fond of public life, equipped for it as few ever have been, his capacities and availability impressed men of discernment and power, who saw in him the highest possibilities. Thus supported and advanced, he grew upon the country and into his own large place.

By nature the contentious spirit was not in him, he shunned rather than cultivated it, but when he fought it was with courtesy and strength. Neither was it in him by nature or acquirement to set up with rugged insistence his own views against what he believed to be the wishes of the party or the people. He was responsive, within what seemed to him the lines of right and honor, to popular pressure, and his ability to compromise and yet to lead was great. The admiration of his party had come to center in him. If others thought that the yielding and the compromise sometimes went too far, that was evidence of the differences that have always existed in a republic, and will to the end of time. Due challenge had been made of his public policies.

He had the gift of clear and limpid public speech, the art of putting his views so that they should appeal powerfully to the masses. This ability and mastery grew. It was not his way to flee and to be ill-natured, and his repose of manner and of tempera-

ment were elements of power. There were no inexhaustible depths in his nature to perplex and to repel, but the rank and file read him and were more and more won to his side as he went on. In leadership that carries for the time and in achievement he was a striking personality.

Indeed the temper and viewpoint of the man were endearing to a degree remarkable. He made friends easily, and held them firmly. There was a manly cordiality in his daily life that went far to prepossess in his favor, and that wore well even in the irritating contacts of political life. Men might differ with his politics and his policies, and challenge their character and influence in the large view of the national life, but never was there any quarrel with the personality, but always respect for the geniality, the attractiveness and the worth of the man. In the virtues that wear in social life he abounded. In refining Maj. McKinley's character his tireless, never-failing devotion to his invalid wife must be given first place. In this he was the gentleman absolute, and the people felt it absolutely, not through any ostentation in the performance of duty that was pleasure and satisfaction, but because of the simplicity of the self-forgetfulness involved. A simple matter of course with the gentle husband, his gracious care for the wife, always by his side on public occasions, went home to the hearts of the people, and they made it a source of strength and power in estimating this public servant. The artless tribute which the beloved wife paid to her husband in an interview at New Orleans was as genuine as it was unconsciously touching: "He is just the same tender, thoughtful, kind gentleman I knew when first he came and sought my hand." It was a union "for better or for worse", and Mr. McKinley never thought that the "worse" came to them, but always the "better."

His domestic life, so far as those nearest to him ever saw, was a rounded buoyant whole, the richer and fuller, because of the appeal to the husband's tenderness and care. He never permitted himself to find any lack in it, his loyalty was unstinted and unstained. In this and beyond it William McKinley saw that he

"Who does not see the world in his few friends
Deserves not that the world should hear of him."

The philosophy was not formulated—it was lived.

Such was the man, president no longer, now clothed with the majesty of death, grim visitor that touches every home, but lends rarer dignity here because all our citizenship was embodied in the president. The station is uplifted, conspicuous, as if we saw the man die upon the mountain top in the sight of all. And there is the sound of sobbing women, and men are tender-hearted, broken of strength by reason of a sorrow so untoward, in its cause so wicked.

Thus we enter upon an experience, thrice repeated, as we mourn for the stricken, for him who held the chief magistracy by commission of the people, as we did in 1865 and again in 1881. Gloom has settled over the republic. The president, at rest before his time, the victim of madness and folly, commands all thoughts today. Throughout the republic, upon all its buildings, public and private, there will come the draping of black. The places where municipal, state, and federal business is transacted will be closed on the funeral day. The flag will flutter at half-mast on every staff and pinnacle, and upon the ships in the harbors and upon the waters. To these symbols of sorrow will be added the spoken words of grief, and the resolutions of governmental and civic bodies.

Then we shall bury our dead. As in the cases of Lincoln and Garfield, the funeral train will pass from the East to the heart of the West by the hushed and

saddened throngs that will almost line the way to make a pathway between uncovered heads. And when we lay the body of the president in the ground, tolling bells and minute guns will smite the air in saddest cadence to express as well as all these may the nation's sense of loss.

XLV

WHEN ROOSEVELT WAS PUSHED NEAR THE PRESIDENCY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT and Mark Hanna were chief figures in the Republican national convention of 1900 held in Philadelphia June 19-21. Henry Cabot Lodge was permanent chairman. The Massachusetts senator had reached full stature as a national personage. One's mind reverted to Mr. Lodge's disastrous start in politics as a candidate for Congress in 1886, when Henry B. Lovering defeated him. It was a mortifying failure for the proud inheritor of inspiring family traditions. Associates in independent political action still resented Mr. Lodge's support of Blaine. Colonel Lovering, former worker in a Lynn shoe shop and a Civil War veteran, was without financial backing. Plenty of money was being expended on the Republican side. Friends of Lovering volunteered to establish and manage headquarters for him. It was lonesome business, except for one dazzling day when several fine-appearing strangers entered, said they wished to contribute to Colonel Lovering's campaign fund, and put down \$2500. With difficulty the recipients managed to ask, "To whom are we indebted for this most generous aid?" "Never mind names," was the reply. "You can record the subscription as

coming from classmates of Henry Cabot Lodge." But Time was on Mr. Lodge's side. His exaltation of party brought him coveted honors, even to a belated LL.D. from Harvard, after Williams and other colleges had led the way.

Remembrance came, too, of Mr. Lodge's early appearance as a political speaker. He was repellantly cold in manner, and no mellowness or warmth relieved a metallic voice. Uphill the road seemed to stretch before this scholar in politics. But time and practice have turned into favorites many speakers at first indifferently received. It was so with Mr. Lodge, and more strikingly with Mark Hanna. Mr. Lodge had become a master orator acclaimed beyond most others before Republican conventions in Massachusetts and this national convention welcomed him.

As chairman of the national committee Mr. Hanna opened the convention proceedings. The halting awkwardness shown four years before in St. Louis had departed. Few business men beginning a public career late in life achieve what Mark Hanna did for himself. It was discovered that his voice was a fine organ, and he handled it like a practiced speaker. In manner he had become easy, almost nonchalant, gesticulating with freedom and there was no sign of trepidation in his bearing, only confidence and mastery. This was another side of the resolute manager, destined to fail here only in naming the candidate for vice-president. Fate controlled that to the overruling of both Hanna and Roosevelt. This was the upward turning in Mr. Roosevelt's career, but he saw only the overthrow of hopes for forceful and useful public

service. In what slight measure are we able to forecast that which the future is to bring!

Mr. Roosevelt had come to Philadelphia as one of the delegates-at-large from his State. As such he helped escort his friend Lodge to the chair. This was a dangerous place if he wished to escape second place on the ticket. But in the spirit of the Rough Rider, wearing the slouch hat grown familiar in politics, confident of his ability to control any situation, Roosevelt was there. As early as the previous February he had declared that "under no circumstances could I or would I accept the nomination for the vice-presidency." He purposed to run again for governor.

The manner in which Senator Platt of New York and Senator Quay of Pennsylvania proceeded to "bottle up" the vigorous reformer, as they gleefully imagined, is worth recording with some particularity. There was never a Sunday before the opening of a national convention more fateful, yet seemingly innocuously placid, than this one. Mr. Hanna and important supporters of the administration were being entertained by hospitable Philadelphians. The cats away, mice began to play. On the surface little seemed to be doing, but behind closed doors history was being shaped. The Pennsylvania delegation voted at an informal meeting to support Roosevelt. This meant that the Empire State would join the Keystone State, and then the flood would follow. Delegates from the West were eager for Roosevelt, who was cheered wherever the slouch hat appeared. Beyond President McKinley he was the hero of the occasion. Up to that Sunday New

York's governor was declaring himself absolutely not a vice-presidential possibility.

When night fell on that day he was neither affirming nor denying. The inevitable was before him, and he had been forced by Mr. Lodge and others to recognize that it would be dangerous for any American politician to act as if the vice-presidency were beneath his dignity and importance when the party really wanted him to run for the office. This was to be no hasty and perfunctory bestowal, such as had so often been the case in previous conventions. Naming the candidate for this office was the one important matter to be considered, and in that the interest centered.

Quite pitiable for the moment became the spectacle of one so self-sufficient being drawn into the grip of forces he could not control. From his first bold and assured bearing Roosevelt had passed to pleading that in instances became almost hysterical. He seemed near to tears as he begged the Kansas delegation to respect his wishes. "It must not be; it should not be!" And later came the momentarily almost apathetic resignation that compliance with the general wish brought. No wonder that scheming old politicians plumed themselves on their "slick job", — but one that coming years were to illumine with the light of their victim's great career, thus promoted.

Monday morning at ten o'clock, by agreement with McKinley, Hanna yielded to the inevitable. A fight could not lead to victory, and would create friction best avoided for the future of the President and the party. Above all things was harmony valued. From

the sinister uprising of Sunday had come an outcome of high moment to Roosevelt and the country. He afforded for his party the picturesque qualities wherein lay such exceptional popular appeal. John D. Long of Massachusetts and other possibilities, on the other hand, too much resembled McKinley. The situation was put in an extreme way by Nicholas Murray Butler of New York when he said to Mr. Hanna, "You cannot beat something with nothing." So the former assistant secretary of the navy went ahead of the secretary under whom he had served before participating in the war with Spain, which lifted him to the crest of popular favor.

Not many of us remember or appreciate that President McKinley served only six months of his second term. So near as that did the Philadelphia Convention bring Governor Roosevelt to the presidency. Back of him lay service in the New York Assembly; as president of the New York City Police Commission; the year's work as assistant secretary of the navy; leadership characterized by amazing independence as lieutenant colonel and colonel of his Rough Rider Regiment in the war with Spain; and the beginning of his governorship of New York State, which office he assumed in 1899. To him in the fall of 1901 came the presidency. He was literally shot to the summit of our public life, there to display such adequacy of resource and breadth of accomplishment as gives him place beside the few great presidents of the United States.

The Democratic Convention of 1900, held in St. Louis July 4, was of interest as a spectacle, but without potency at election time. It was turned into a

patriotic occasion befitting the day, when the Declaration of Independence was read and ancient fires of oratory were rekindled. Emphasis was placed on the departure from the foundation principles involved in the acquisition of the Philippine Islands. William Jennings Bryan was again nominated for president by acclamation, and Adlai Stevenson of Illinois was given the vice-presidential nomination again over David B. Hill of New York.

The financial plank of 1896 was reaffirmed, and on that score defeat was to be expected, for the country was in the midst of very prosperous times under the gold standard.

As to the Philippines, the candidate himself had extracted vitality from that issue when, in the winter of 1899, he persuaded Democratic senators to vote for the ratification of the Treaty of Peace with Spain. Having assisted in establishing that which was condemned, the wayfaring man could see the limping logic of Mr. Bryan's position. By the votes of Democrats and Populists in the Senate ratification had come. What seemed to Mr. Bryan clever political strategy impressed many of us at the time as the meddling fatuousness time proved it to be.

With "Prosperity" the issue of a generously financed campaign, election day brought McKinley more than 800,000 plurality over Bryan, with 292 votes in the electoral college to 155 for Bryan.

XLVI

ROOSEVELT'S FREE AND FORCEFUL PERIOD

SMOOTH-FLOWING and placid beyond other national conventions was the one held in Chicago in June 21-23, 1904, which unanimously nominated President Roosevelt. Charles W. Fairbanks, United States senator from Indiana, a conservative of the McKinley school, rather reluctantly consented to become the candidate for vice-president, and was named by acclamation. Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois, speaker of the House, permanent chairman, failing to remember his prepared address, confessed the fact, and with the preface "Let us ramble together", delivered an old-style stump speech that had quaint sound in the ears of delegates from the East. Henry Cabot Lodge read finished resolutions, having the White House stamp upon them, that gave glory without stint to the Republicans, and made the Democrats appear quite despicable in character and capacity. In this respect Mr. Lodge, too, was old-fashioned.

Those were halcyon days when the harmony of the party in full power seemed well-nigh perfect and destined to endure. Mr. Roosevelt had kept members of the McKinley cabinet about him, and sustained cordial relations with Mark Hanna until the death of that forceful person in the previous February. The country welcomed and praised the tact employed

by the President. The McKinley-Roosevelt blend of statesmanship was popular during the three years and six months precedent to Mr. Roosevelt's election to the presidency. On the night of election day in November he announced that he regarded this period of substitution as his first term, and that he would not be a candidate for reelection.

If Mr. Roosevelt possessed qualities unusual for his time, so circumstances attending his rise were without precedent. Never before had a city-born boy, nurtured amid all the social amenities, become president. He had sought rugged virtues that circumstances less settled and assured could give him. He escaped being narrowed by early environment in a way that might have prevented intimate understanding of the plainer life of the people. A dozen years of ranch life following the death of his first wife in 1884, made him a man among men at the utmost remove from the life of city clubs. Mr. Roosevelt was not only the first Republican vice-president to be nominated for president, but he was the first Republican presidential candidate to be taken from New York State. He loved out-of-doors life, had grown physically strong in it, mixed with all sorts of folk from scholars to plainmen, was assertive, ready and brave. He had prepared himself after a fashion of his own to reach the understanding and sympathies of his countrymen, and they responded to his appeal.

Proceedings in Chicago that year were in serenest contrast to the jangled and more dramatic doings of the Democrats in St. Louis a month later. The country was in no mood to leave the gold standard.

It remained for the Democratic party to recognize this fact. With William J. Bryan holding his old views, readjustment was not easy. Many followers "the peerless leader" had lost, but he remained by far the strongest single factor to be considered and conciliated.

William Randolph Hearst, who had supported Bryan in 1896 and 1900, aspired to the presidency, but rallied small following. His campaign was managed by those of his own far-flung newspaper household. Massachusetts put forward Richard Olney, so that happily by some miracle merit might triumph over compromising expediency, but with her delegates cherishing small hope of such outcome and Mr. Olney quite reluctant to have his name used. Judge Alton B. Parker of New York, choice of the conservatives, won the nomination with 669 votes, to 194 for Hearst and 38 for Olney.

Before the triumph of Parker there had been prolonged and bitter fighting over the financial plank of the platform. For sixteen hours the committee on resolutions had battled without intermission. Backward and forward the discussion went until it seemed all but impossible to reach an agreement. Then it was decided that the platform should be silent on the money question, — a confession of impotence before the great congregation of the people.

This seemed to leave Judge Parker without footing on the financial question, but he supplied that lack so far as lay within his power to do so. Promptly the candidate wired to his representative, William C. Sheehan, — "blue-eyed Billy", of the political reporters at home — as follows :

I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established and shall act accordingly if the action of the convention to-day shall be ratified by the people. As the platform is silent on the subject, my view should be made known to the convention, and if proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment.

Very cold water that was to pour over happy delegates congratulating each other that peace had been reached through much turmoil! The convention was abruptly adjourned, to the wonderment of all save the few knowing the cause for it. The news of Parker's action slowly rippled out from the amazing splash in the inner circle. There was such excitement and running to and fro as attends upon untoward events. Here was something without precedent in the history of national conventions, a thing not easy to deal with. But with the night session came the answer arrived at in conferences of leaders. After discussion lasting until long after midnight, it was voted to send this telegram to Judge Parker :

The platform adopted by this convention is silent upon the question of the monetary standard because it is not regarded by us as a possible issue in this campaign, and only campaign issues were mentioned in the platform. Therefore there is nothing in the views expressed by you in the telegram just received which should preclude a man entertaining them from accepting a nomination on said platform.

The occasion afforded opportunity for Mr. Bryan to deliver what seemed to me up to that time his supreme oratorical effort. After the wearying con-

test in the committee on resolutions he had gone to bed threatened with pneumonia. Just before midnight he came into the convention, walking down the aisle looking like a desperately sick man. Mounting the platform he began in words almost inaudible, "My voice is gone, but if you will bear with me for a few moments, I think it will come back." There was the utmost of attention, and soon the magnificent voice came into full tone. For long Mr. Bryan pleaded. No one who listened will forget the bravery of his bearing, or the fear all shared lest he might be doing himself irreparable harm. Coming out of the great hall with its clamor into the quiet night, I chanced to fall in behind New York delegates, and overheard Perry Belmont saying, "Now I understand how that man gets his great following. He is a giant, isn't he?"

The Democrats put up a creditable fight in the ensuing campaign for men without hope. As always the newspapers made known every fact about the candidate. The country learned all about Esopus and Judge Parker's family past and present, the food he liked, his favorite flower, his boyhood and manhood, his tastes in everything,—all that could be gathered to feed full the public curiosity was provided. But the candidate of the Republicans needed no introduction. He was in easy command of such battle as there was. No conservative Democrat, no matter what his uprightness and dignity of bearing, could expect to win the national election that year. The Democrats could only go through the motions and mark time. President Roosevelt was elected by an enormous plurality: Roosevelt 7,623,486, Parker, 5,077,971, a plurality of

2,545,515. Electoral vote: Roosevelt 386, Parker 140.

So Roosevelt came into his own, had free course, glorified himself exceedingly, and served the nation after his own abounding fashion, so that progress in democracy was gained. So frequently did the President expound the primary virtues that "Tom" Reed of Maine once said, with amiable irony, "If there is one thing more than another for which I admire you, Theodore, it is for your original discovery of the Ten Commandments." Henry Cabot Lodge ventured at another time to suggest that the President was preaching too much. Promptly the unanswerable challenge came back, "Don't the people like it? Don't the people like it?" They surely did. Mr. Roosevelt knew his audience, and might truthfully have been called the country's most effective promulgator of self-evident truths. In this way he gained strong hold upon the respect and affections of men and women throughout the land. He was in public life as insistent and popular in advocacy of honorable living as were Doctor J. G. Holland and Reverend E. P. Roe among the writers of their time, all of them appealing to the honest instincts of the great average of worthy people. The amount of good accomplished by men who, with speech or pen, practice the "line upon line and precept upon precept" method, may not have been sufficiently recognized by critics of the severely intellectual type. Emotions lie nearest the surface and are most easily played upon. There is danger in that, as well as gain for the public well-being.

Differing so widely from McKinley in temperament,

training, and outlook upon affairs, the emphatic Roosevelt kept as nearly as it was possible for him to do his pledge "to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley." Self-repression was practiced during the first Roosevelt term, but in methods of approaching governmental problems the men were poles apart, the fighter and the politician of gentler habit.

When the Congress of Colombia in 1903 refused to ratify a treaty agreed to by representatives of that country, permitting the United States to construct the Panama Canal, with intent to compel a larger payment from our government, the check was annoying. It seemed as if time must be taken to bring about the removal of the obstacle through another agreement, unless we adopted the alternative of a Nicaraguan Canal. But there was to be no waiting. A bloodless revolution in Panama, November 4 of that year, promptly following the adjournment of the Colombian Congress, declared the independence of Panama. Finding excuse under an ancient treaty, by order from Washington, United States marines from near naval vessels prevented troops of Colombia from moving over the Panama Railroad; and within a few days President Roosevelt recognized the independence of Panama. In due course the United States paid \$40,000,000 for the rights of the French company, which had reached the limit of its financial resources. The United States concluded a treaty with Panama on more favorable terms than had been incorporated in the treaty with Colombia, and the way was clear for building the canal, and

for the sanitation of the cities of Colon and Panama.

The whole brisk process constituted a cavalier proceeding for the circumvention of an obstreperous weaker power, and was repugnant in some of its aspects to minds regardful for the national self-respect. Businesslike and effective in promoting progress the whole affair was, and that viewpoint appealed to popular favor as clever roughriding. It had no unfavorable influence on Mr. Roosevelt's political prospects. That our government has since paid money to Colombia to salve the past does not make our record satisfactory, even though there is a measure of comfort in the fact when contemplating the wonderful construction that links the Atlantic and the Pacific. A marvel of honest and thorough workmanship is the completed task. No other undertaking by our government has been so cleanly and efficiently performed, and national pride glows within the citizen who beholds the mighty achievement.

Roosevelt's career of ceaseless activities was directed to good ends. He busied himself all the way with worth-while things. This was the case in youth and manhood ; always a definite objective was before him. Too many restless natures drift, and for men of that type perils await. Behind this man's striving was determined purpose. The measure of his accomplishment was remarkable, for concentration and courage tell. He was self-centered to an extreme. About his personality in thought he saw the world revolve. This habit of life made him masterful. He had the insistence of his virtues.

The ordinary man is inconsequent, and becomes the prey of those having greater resolution. Few do their own thinking, and neglect of thought invites incapacity. It is easier to drift than to row, to follow than to lead. Hard work has rewards that the indifferent fail to discover, being unwilling to pay the price. Tenacity of purpose is the fulcrum achievement must have. Power to put things through is the resultant of the silent processes that go to the making of character. In the perpetual equipping of himself, Roosevelt indeed made his own career. Of set purpose he became one of the great and useful Americans, an example to the youth of the nation for all the years.

But such a character inevitably develops ruthlessness that is a part of the will to dominate. The result is intolerance of opposition, whatever may be the motives animating it. Old friends have to contribute to what is desired for the time being, or be repudiated. Injustices are sure to be involved, such as philosophic observers must see and deplore, while ardent followers generally refuse to admit their existence.

In this way cults arise. The disposition to establish them, wherein the object of admiration is regarded as "without spot or blemish or any such thing" is not confined to the United States, though the practice is very prevalent among us. The person who should contribute to all such enterprises for the exaltation of individuals would be in for a large investment. That much of this hero worship is lip service is to be feared. Seekers after prominence enlist in such campaigns for self-exploitation purposes. At their best living men are human, and dead ones in life fell short of

perfection. And there we have the cornerstone upon which modern writers are building a better understanding of history.

Few presidents have been without intolerances in pursuit of worthy results. In theory and practice President Roosevelt was the apostle of "the square deal." But there were glaring exceptions in the application of the doctrine, due to temperamental intensities. When he assumed the governorship and met the newspaper men at Albany he told them he proposed to talk freely with them. "But," he sharply added, "if you print anything I do not wish to have reported, I'll deny it!" There perhaps may be found the genesis of the "Ananias Club", so designated by the newspapers, wherein were pilloried men whom the chief magistrate charged with lying about what he had said to them. That was a fearful burden for the president of the nation to lay on men who did not know about that Albany ultimatum, — some of them, at least, known to be truthful in other relations. But was the punishment adjusted to the crime, when the authority of the greatest office was cast into the balance to weigh so heavily against the private citizen?

When Mr. Roosevelt came to Boston and was entertained by Governor W. Murray Crane, Patrick A. Collins, mayor of the city, was one of the guests. Learning that Mr. Collins was indisposed the next day, the governor called on him. In course of the talk the mayor was asked how the interesting guest had impressed him. "Roosevelt would be a mighty good man to go fishing with," was the reply, "but I would not care to have him row the boat." In that way men

of sound sense regarded President Roosevelt, and thereby did him injustice, as a survey of his work establishes. Might it not further be said that in manner and speech this strong and useful servant of the people not infrequently misrepresented himself?

XLVII

TAFT PUT FORWARD AND ELECTED PRESIDENT

His years in the White House gave President Roosevelt such control of the Republican party as enabled him to name his successor. Some challenge of this supremacy was shown in the candidacies of Vice-President Fairbanks, Speaker Cannon, Governor Hughes of New York, Senator Knox of Pennsylvania and Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin. But the scattering opposition rallied only 277 votes to 702 for Taft. Of these opponents Governor Hughes most appealed to the reform sentiment of the country through his fine record as governor and proved independence of character, — but not to the President. No American ever relished authority more keenly than did this many-sided man. Power he was to delegate, but not to one who might grow into a possible rival. It was seen, to Roosevelt's regret, that Elihu Root could not be elected president. Roosevelt was also fond of Secretary Taft, whose entire public career commended him. Mr. Taft was of the official family, and no outsider need apply. Friends of the President were in control of the national convention held in Chicago, July 16-19, 1908. If they could not renominate their favorite, they were ready to do his bidding.

Roosevelt's popularity appeared when Senator

Lodge, delivering his address as permanent chairman, called the President "the best-abused and the most popular man in the United States." Spectators in the galleries began cheering and shouting that continued for nearly an hour, while the orator and the delegates waited. It was largely an extraneous performance illustrative of popular feeling, but showing also how ill-befitting are such intrusions upon a body supposed to be deliberative in character. The past offers no encouragement to hope that the time is to come when such demonstrations will be rendered impossible. National political conventions will no doubt continue to be huge spectacular events beyond other gatherings in American life, with above ten thousand outsiders in the galleries lending color and entertainment too informally and flagrantly proffered.

We may profitably consider what William Howard Taft's preparation for the presidency had been. There was no exceptional strenuousness in his youth. He was well-born, and advantaged by good health. His father, Alphonso Taft of Cincinnati, a lawyer of standing, served for a year as attorney-general in 1876, near the conclusion of President Grant's second term. At Yale Taft of '76 stood second in a class of a hundred and twenty-one, and so was salutatorian. He was class orator by vote of his mates. These honors show a good student and popular. Taking up his father's profession, Mr. Taft was admitted to the bar in 1880. He earned money by reporting for two Cincinnati papers that year; in 1881 he became assistant prosecuting at-

torney for Hamilton County, and held the place until 1883. He made progress in the practice of law, and in 1885 became assistant county solicitor. In 1887 he was made judge of the Superior Court. President Harrison in 1890 made Judge Taft solicitor general of the United States, in which office he did important work until appointed to the United States Circuit Bench two years later. This carried him back to Ohio. He served as professor and dean of the Law School of the University of Cincinnati from 1896 to 1900.

Then came Mr. Taft's call to national service other than legal and judicial, and the manner of it sheds light on his character. He had opposed the acquisition of the Philippines, and when in 1900 President McKinley tendered him the presidency of the commission to govern the Islands, Mr. Taft demurred. Putting the case as one of present duty, upon which past dissent did not bear, Mr. McKinley prevailed. In 1901 Mr. Taft became governor-general of the Islands. It was a trying position, where the occupant must mediate between the American military and civil authorities, and difficulties were to be expected. Mr. Taft ruled and directed with wisdom, tact and breadth of discernment. His judicial mind and sympathetic feeling fitted him for pioneer work in the field of colonial government that had been opened to us over night, as it were. No part of Mr. Taft's life yielded finer service than this period, when he, with others of like views, sought to make our adventure in these far-away islands of benefit to their inhabitants. His govern-

ment bore no taint of official selfishness, no aggrandizing tendencies, only the sincere desire to improve local conditions.

Never in the long past had there appeared pro-consul of temper and purpose like this one, and the men and women who came with him were honest and helpful, — thousands of them, all bent on serving and not exploiting the people. Conferring in 1902 with Pope Leo XIII at Rome, by direction of President Roosevelt, the governor-general effected the purchase of agricultural lands held by religious bodies in the Philippine Islands. Thereby possibilities of serious misunderstanding were removed. A well-ordered school system was put in operation, and in other ways the natives were methodically assisted toward better conditions and ultimate self-government.

In 1904, having twice declined appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States, because of devotion to pressing public duties, Governor-General Taft resigned to become secretary of war in the cabinet of President Roosevelt. He had earned release from very trying climatic conditions. In 1906 Secretary Taft was sent to Cuba to adjust the insurrection there, Secretary Root being in South America, and acted for a short time as provisional governor. The next year President Roosevelt sent him to Panama and Cuba to study conditions; and to Japan and the Philippine Islands, the return journey being made by way of Russia. These matters of moment, in an era that now appears distant, reveal the extent of Mr. Taft's participation

in the difficult outside problems that grew out of the war with Spain and the terms of its settlement. World ranging duties like these had not before fallen to a cabinet officer. They vividly exhibited the far-flung expansion that had come to this country.

The Democratic convention was held in the attractive Colorado city of Denver, July 7-10, an environment new to most Eastern delegates. It was the most Western point yet chosen for a major political convention, though since then the convention has gone to San Francisco. During the four years since the campaign under Judge Parker, Mr. Bryan had strengthened his hold on the party. He gave support to the conservative nominated, and thereafter labored for progressive control. He took respite for a tour around the world, and received unusual attention while abroad for an American without public office. On his return he addressed a great meeting in Madison Square Garden in New York City, August 30, 1906, and practically assumed the Democratic leadership. It was his to take, as 1908 was to demonstrate. Despite the ambitious push of William R. Hearst for delegates, and the dissent of restive conservatives, Bryan received $888\frac{1}{2}$ votes in the convention to $59\frac{1}{2}$ for George Gray of Delaware and 46 for John A. Johnson of Minnesota. In the final showdown the name of the New York editor did not appear. John W. Kern of Indiana was nominated for vice-president.

Bryan's ardent friends insured this third and last opportunity to run for president. Massachusetts delegates most prominent in the management and

proceedings were George Fred Williams and Christopher T. Callahan, later judge of the Superior Court. It was an exuberant affair. Early in the sessions applause for Mr. Bryan was sustained for eighty-seven minutes, which broke the cheering record for national conventions; and when Neighbor Dunn of Nebraska made the nominating speech, the first mention of Bryan produced an hour of applause. It had been intended to outdo the Roosevelt demonstrations in Chicago, and this was doubly achieved. But whatever the delegates in Denver were thinking about and planning, the nation was not to be set aflame for the Radical Democracy and its wildly acclaimed leader.

So far as appeared in Denver the political situation invited study and thought. It was found to be suggestive, but in no degree alarming. Especially interesting was the delegation from the new State of Oklahoma, at that time our outpost experiment station in dealing with social problems, where were supposed to be registered in constitution and legislation the heartbeats of the people. In such claim there was much of assumption as well as of warning. Legislation in constitutions invites difficulties that never end. This we are now seeing. But laws can be reshaped in harmony with popular desire. Time is the great sifter of experiments in legislation, and, given time, the residuum is found not to be without traces of what human experience has taught.

When the campaign began neither Mr. Taft nor Mr. Bryan inclined toward the speaking tours later undertaken by both. Bryan got going in August

and kept circulating practically until election day. Taft came under full headway in late September and kept at it. The September Vermont and Maine elections gave the Republicans just enough worry to inspire full speed in their well-financed campaign operations. November brought a sweeping Republican victory, with Taft's plurality about 1,270,000 and his electoral majority 159.

An inauguration day the stormiest and most bitter of them all greeted the Taft administration March 4, 1909. The rude shift had been preluded by charming weather. Blizzard conditions of snow, sleet and freezing tore down all wires of communication and isolated Washington. Philadelphia was the nearest point where wires were working, and thither newspaper men carried their dispatches. To politicians believing in omens — and there are some such — it seemed a sinister and ominous beginning. Time confirmed them in the opinion that the day truly forecast heavy political storms to come, that ended in the gloomy election of Taft's isolation four years later.

The weather stress sadly impaired the parade, and compelled President Taft to deliver his address before the small and very select audience in the Senate chamber. This carried disappointment to the throng which had braved the storm to see the President sworn in at the East front of the Capitol, and filled the cup of their discontent. The fact that the new executive later reviewed the bedraggled parade in front of the White House afforded slight consolation. After listening to the address of his

successor, Mr. Roosevelt left the Capitol and went straight to Oyster Bay. Washington was not to see him again in any official capacity.

It has seemed to me that good points in President Taft's administration have been accorded insufficient recognition. His period in the White House fell in the midst of the rising tide of progressivism, — an intense and widely diffused desire for changes in men and methods calculated to curb the oppressive use of power, and to produce results more favorable to the people as a whole. Such desire should always be present in a living democracy. That it may be inflamed and made use of by demagogues and politicians fully as selfish as those whom it is proposed to overthrow is the danger ever present. To differentiate intelligently, to commend good service, and to help in the wise direction of the mass force that is involved are the vital office of the newspaper. The dividing lines between opposing forces in politics get blurred. Much of foolish and distorted appeal there will be. To discern keenly, and to sift the chaff from the grain, are the tasks that fall to every impartially-minded and conscientious editor and voter, the one in his office and among men, and the other when, after due weighing and reflection, he stands alone with his pencil and God in the voting booth.

There would be interest in a comparative study of cabinets. Changes in the cabinet Roosevelt inherited from McKinley were many, due to retirements and natural causes, and during his two terms many shifts were made. Elihu Root of New York was

taken from the war department and made secretary of state when John Hay died; William H. Moody of Massachusetts served both as secretary of the navy and attorney-general; George B. Cortelyou of New York was postmaster-general and secretary of the treasury; Victor H. Metcalf of Colorado secretary of the navy and of commerce and labor; and Charles J. Bonaparte of Maryland secretary of the navy and attorney-general.

In the state department three men served, — John Hay for four years, Mr. Root three and a half years, Robert Bacon of New York six weeks. Three men were secretary of the treasury, — Lyman J. Gage of Illinois four months, Leslie M. Shaw of Iowa five years, George B. Cortelyou of New York over two years. There were three attorney-generals, — Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania three years, Mr. Moody two and a half years, Mr. Bonaparte over two years. There were three secretaries of war, — Mr. Root for over two years, Mr. Taft four and a half years and Luke E. Wright of Tennessee nine months. There were five postmasters-general, — Charles E. Smith of Pennsylvania five months, Henry C. Payne of Wisconsin nearly three years, Robert J. Wynne of Pennsylvania four months, Mr. Cortelyou two years and George von L. Meyer of Massachusetts two years. Six men were secretary of the navy, — John D. Long eight months, Mr. Moody over two years, Paul Morton of Illinois one year, Mr. Bonaparte a year and a half, Mr. Metcalf two years, Truman H. Newberry of Michigan five months. There were three secretaries of the

new department of commerce and labor, — Mr. Cortelyou over four years, Mr. Metcalf two and a half years and Oscar S. Straus of New York two and a half years. Only two men were at the head of the interior department, — Ethan A. Hitchcock of Missouri five and a half years and James R. Garfield of Ohio two years. But James Wilson of Iowa stood alone, for long years, as secretary of agriculture.

Besides Secretary Wilson, Mr. Taft took from the Roosevelt cabinet George von L. Meyer of Massachusetts to be his secretary of the navy. A wiser choice, as the future disclosed, would have been the retention of James R. Garfield in the interior department. In such event it is fair to suppose that department would not have become the storm center of criticism it was under Richard A. Ballinger of the State of Washington, so prejudicing the country against the administration. Just why Mr. von L. Meyer was favored is not apparent, so giving Massachusetts two seats in the cabinet. He was not a familiar figure at home. When he was chosen by the state committee to preside over a state convention, for example, a clever and influential Republican remarked on the side, "I see we have a stranger in our midst to-day. The big fellows are taking care of a generous giver."

Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania was made secretary of state, Franklin MacVeagh of Illinois secretary of the treasury, George W. Wickersham of New York attorney-general, James M. Dickinson of Tennessee secretary of war, Frank H. Hitchcock, credited to Massachusetts, best known as a political

manager, postmaster-general and Charles Nagel of Missouri secretary of commerce and labor. It seemed like a strong body, and included two Democrats, MacVeagh and Dickinson. But it was challenged as a conservative cabinet by leaders of the progressive wing, distrustful of "the interests", which Taft called to book in the courts quite as vigorously as Roosevelt had done. That was a time fevered with suspicion, and Taft's judicial methods seemed tame after what had gone before. Ballinger's resignation came after he had forced the retirement of Gifford Pinchot, head of the forestry division, and drawn the full fire of Roosevelt's supporters. Walter L. Fisher of Illinois, a Chicago lawyer, conservationist and reform leader, was the successor of Ballinger. But implacable enmities had been aroused. Mr. Dickinson resigned from the war department after two years, and was succeeded by Henry L. Stimpson of New York, Roosevelt's friend, who had been defeated as the Republican candidate for governor.

Economy was regarded in the Taft régime at the start and all the way. With all the inspiring force that won surpassing favor for Roosevelt, he seemed to relish blazing a new path more than perfecting it for everyday use. Leaders are not always patient administrators. Sense of this appeared in Roosevelt's argument for the advancement of his secretary of war. In effect, this was that while he had led the way in attacking entrenched evils, the problems remaining to be solved were constructive and called for Taft's legal training and ability. It was appar-

ent also that Roosevelt's successor must deal with a situation not unlike that which came to Cleveland when he followed Harrison and inherited an empty treasury. President Roosevelt was fertile in plans for spending money, and perhaps it is within bounds to say that we never had a chief executive who paid less regard to economy in Federal expenditures. Multiplied experiments in the line of social regeneration by law involve an ever-growing army of Federal officials, as the people are finding out. The increase in officialdom during the half-century constitutes an appalling showing when one stops to consider it. Still the process goes on, while state responsibility is being lessened.

President Taft failed to satisfy the country in the matter of tariff revision, and larger plans for dealing with the tariff were brought to naught. He early called a special session of Congress wherein the demand for downward scaling was met by the Payne-Aldrich bill which revised the tariff upward when made law. The President reluctantly approved the measure, perhaps influenced by liberal treatment of Philippine products. But he had come to hold ideas much in line with the later thought of McKinley, and with Mr. Blaine's consistent contention. The tariff should be more studiously considered, and mutually desirable reciprocal arrangements entered into with other countries. He created a tariff commission, and endeavored to secure reciprocity with Canada. This measure of statesmanship, welcomed by the Democratic House, and accepted by the Senate, won general favor, though

disapproved by agricultural interests. But Canada emphatically rejected the proposition by a large majority at a general election. The tariff was in politics there as here, and attempts to lift it into the realm of fairer consideration made no headway. Old methods were given new lease of life in both countries.

It fell to President Taft to appoint five of the nine justices of the Supreme Court and to name the chief justice. That he selected Edward Douglass White, who had been on the court since 1894, a Roman Catholic, trained not in the English Common Law but in the Louisiana system, and a former Confederate, called out some narrow criticism. But the choice revealed the breadth of the President's view, and time richly vindicated his action. Time also was to make the appointing power the successor of his appointee.

In dealing with threatening troubles in Mexico, sending our troops twice to the border as a measure of precautionary suggestiveness, President Taft acted with poise and wisdom. He promoted arbitration treaties. At that time, as later when a private citizen, he looked toward an international body authorized to dispose of troubles between nations that might otherwise lead to war.

William Howard Taft did what he believed to be his public duty simply, steadily, without undue consciousness of self. A natural dependability invited confidence. One never felt that he gave himself first consideration. Rather that he thought of serving the common good. He has not exhibited challenging leadership, but has appealed as a re-

liable quantity. Never feverishly anxious about honors or personal distinction, he has met life squarely and maintained a sensible amiability and width of outlook. Life did not appeal to him as a battle for advancement or supremacy, to be won on the run. He has lacked purpose to advertise himself, and walked straight on without band music or fireworks. These characteristics account for the progress of "Big Bill" Taft from student days at New Haven to the presidency and the office of Chief Justice of the United States.

XLVIII

MR. CRANE'S RECORD AS GOVERNOR AND SENATOR

WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE'S service on the Republican national committee brought wide knowledge of politics, but nothing could have been further from his mind than thought that this might lead to official position. He was absorbed in an industry that appealed to him, and in which he had become, as nearly as any man could be, the leader and most trusted adviser among manufacturers of fine writing paper. He had thoroughness, clear sight, wisdom with tact, each year growing in all his relations, joined to decision and courage. Politics had been his diversion. When such ability to serve was given wider scope, the public service was advantaged.

On the physical side Mr. Crane had been so slenderly endowed that his training in books was narrowed to comparatively short periods in Wilbraham and Williston Academies. Under so much handicap he went back to Dalton, and at a time when boys of his sort were thinking of college, began in the rag room of his father's paper mill, and so up. An indomitable spirit, early revealed, was the source of his mastership. At twenty-six years of age, on his own initiative, in face of his father's doubts, Mr. Crane went to Washington and secured the

contract for making treasury and bank note paper for the government. The slender young man from Berkshire appeared like a stripling to the veteran manufacturers, backed by the New England delegation in Congress, who had long done this work, but he underbid and prevailed over them. The senior Crane gave "the boy" the use of an old mill, but said its existing equipment must suffice. For many weeks Mr. Crane worked in seclusion with his superintendent to perfect the process and meet the requirements of his contract. Interesting was the intimate story of that harassing period until success was reached. The qualities invoked marked all his private and official life.

When Roger Wolcott became governor in 1897, Mr. Crane came in as lieutenant governor. Rather unwillingly he had become a candidate for the nomination in the state convention. Samuel E. Winslow of Worcester was his rival there. The sharp fight between them brought knowledge of the Berkshire man's exceptional and growing personal following. In later years the men were to serve together in Congress, Mr. Crane as senator and Mr. Winslow in the House. For three years Mr. Crane was lieutenant governor. He was disposed to quit the job just before his final year, not finding its demands sufficiently vital, but happily was persuaded not to do so.

He became governor in 1900, and brought to the executive chamber clearly defined business purposes that were to be carried out to the letter. Messages of governors had for long been encyclopedic in char-

acter, carrying long statements of department conditions that distended messages to the extent of a full page or more in the newspapers. It was a practice calculated to blunt the edge of popular interest, and to bury recommendations the governor might make. Beyond other messages those of Governor Crane went to the point. In two columns that the people would read, his first inaugural touched salient points and asked for legislation. The General Court was responsive to him then and later. He led by good sense and clearly unselfish persuasion, and seldom employed a club, though knowing how to wield one if public interest should demand it. In personal affairs he never used a club, preferring rather to suffer injustice, of which he never spoke. Strong in upright manliness, he was womanlike in forbearance and charity of judgment.

In promoting sound business considerations in state affairs Governor Crane admitted no political bias. Democrats were consulted as well as Republicans in weighing the public advantage. The executive recognized that through understanding with the legislative branch progress is brought about, and he took counsel with senators and representatives. Matters moved smoothly and in the right direction. Appointments were carefully made. When judges were selected there was little delay in action. Governor Crane studied each case in advance, so far as that was possible, and was ready to act when the time came. In this way contests were forestalled and heartburnings avoided. No better judge of men has occupied the governor's chair. By making John B.

Smith of Boston, one of the best informed newspaper men in the State, his private secretary, Governor Crane reinforced himself along this line. He also shattered the ancient tradition that speech-making was necessary to the success of a governor.

Excellent was Governor Crane's performance through three years, with some exceptional things standing out. The sale at par of five million dollars of Fitchburg Railroad common stock, which had been acquired by the Commonwealth when the Hoosac Tunnel was sold, was a striking achievement. So little value had been attached to this stock that the holding dropped out of the statements of the state treasurer. Possession of that stock, however, became important to an interest which desired to control the railroad. To have obtained any financial return upon this stock would have been acclaimed a fine thing. But Governor Crane knew what the average executive would have failed to understand. He declined to sell at twenty-five dollars a share, holding for a hundred dollars, and the other party positively declared the trade off and walked down the long State House steps. The governor smiled and waited. Again came an offer of fifty dollars with the same result, then of seventy-five dollars and finally par had to be paid.

In March, 1902, a strike of teamsters in Boston was permitted to rise to alarming proportions. It extended to railroad men and threatened to tie up business and place an embargo on the city. The situation had become of state moment. Through personal mediation, being without other power, Gov-

ernor Crane brought the contending parties to agreement and peace. This was accomplished in fashion characteristic of the man. He summoned both parties to the State House for conference. The employers were placed in the council chamber, and representatives of the strikers in the governor's room. The governor learned at first hand the facts underlying the conflict, and then sought basis for settling the dispute. He passed from one room to the other, promoting reasonableness and better judgment, until an agreement was effected. Boston's grateful sense of relief was almost pathetically shown.

May of the same year brought the great strike in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania, where both sides were unyielding. As winter drew near and nation-wide suffering impended, Governor Crane and others urged President Roosevelt to employ his good offices along the line of the Massachusetts precedent. Governor Crane went to Washington and explained to the President and Attorney-General Knox — who was sensitive to the constitutional limitations of the presidency — the process which had been employed here. Intervention followed. This time the contestants were assembled in the same room, with some resultant friction that had been avoided in Boston. But the outcome was the resumption of work at the mines, and the appointment by President Roosevelt of a commission of prominent men to inquire into the whole question and advise terms of settlement. These terms were accepted by both parties, and remained in effect for three years.

September 3, 1902, President Roosevelt and Governor Crane were put in gravest peril at Pittsfield, and their narrow escape from death startled the country. The President was completing a tour of New England by a visit to the governor at Dalton. The most careful arrangements had been made for driving the President in state to his special train at Stockbridge. He was welcomed at Pittsfield by the mayor and spoke to a throng filling Park Square. Then the fine carriage, drawn by four horses, in which rode the two dignitaries and George B. Cortelyou, secretary to the president, started towards Lenox. About a mile from the center a crowded car going in the same direction crashed against the carriage, killing William Craig, a secret service guard, who rode on the box, and seriously injuring the expert driver. Beyond shock the three passengers escaped injury. The negligent motorman had his day in court and was put in jail for a short time. The shame of that affair still remains in Berkshire.

The high regard in which Mr. Roosevelt held Mr. Crane in the years before he broke with so many cherished friends appeared in the President's desire to place Mr. Crane at the head of the treasury department before Secretary Shaw was appointed, and also in the effort to make him secretary of the navy to succeed John D. Long. These tenders were declined, and Mr. Crane was reserved for the larger and more congenial public work yet to come.

As governor, Mr. Crane made an altogether exceptional record for business efficiency, for broad

democracy, and for doing large things in his quiet way. The *Christian Register*, the Unitarian weekly, said when he retired from the governorship, "He has shown by his example that people of all classes, from teamsters to college presidents, could understand and appreciate modesty, simplicity, honesty and unfaltering devotion to the interests of the people. As he passes out of office, it would be difficult for a stranger to learn by the record of his acts and utterances to what political party he belonged, to what church, and what his attitude in regard to national questions that did not come directly in the line of his personal duty and responsibility." Prominent men tendered Mr. Crane a testimonial dinner soon after he left the governorship, which was graciously declined. He was gratified by the appreciation, but did not care to face the public laudation. Harvard honored him by conferring the degree of LL.D.

The appointment of Mr. Crane to the United States Senate to fill the unexpired term of George F. Hoar was made by Governor John L. Bates October 12, 1904. Mr. Crane's term as governor had expired in January, 1903, when Mr. Bates succeeded him, after having served as lieutenant governor during Governor Crane's three terms. Mr. Hoar and Mr. Crane differed widely in their characteristics, the one having the oratorical temperament, legal training and experience in statesmanship, and the other being a born executive and endowed with keen perception and judgment in public affairs. In political opinions the two had agreed. The choice by Governor Bates

was approved by the people at the moment, and time brought ample vindication of it. For oratory Henry Cabot Lodge remained, and his associate brought experience and training along practical lines that strengthened the representation of Massachusetts in Congress and rendered it increasingly effective under conditions unlike the old order in many ways. The one senator supplemented the other. Mr. Lodge was the better educated, more cultivated and brilliant, and had the finer intellectual polish, but Mr. Crane possessed the sounder judgment, the warmer heart, and greater ability in dealing with men and forecasting the future.

On his way to Washington to take up his senatorial duties I found Mr. Crane studying sketches of senators published in the *Congressional Record*. He sought knowledge of those who were to be his associates, and to find some common meeting ground. He made men his study quite as much as affairs, for on the human factor the accomplishment of things will always depend. In 1910, after Mr. Crane had been six years in the Senate, Samuel G. Blythe, one of the best Washington writers, could say of the junior Massachusetts senator, that he had "more ability, more shrewdness, more potential power than almost any senator", — a verdict in which Washington correspondents of that day joined. Chauncey M. Depew writes in his Autobiography, "One of the wonders of the Senate was Senator W. M. Crane of Massachusetts. He never made a speech. I do not remember he made a motion. Yet he was the most influential member of that body. His wisdom,

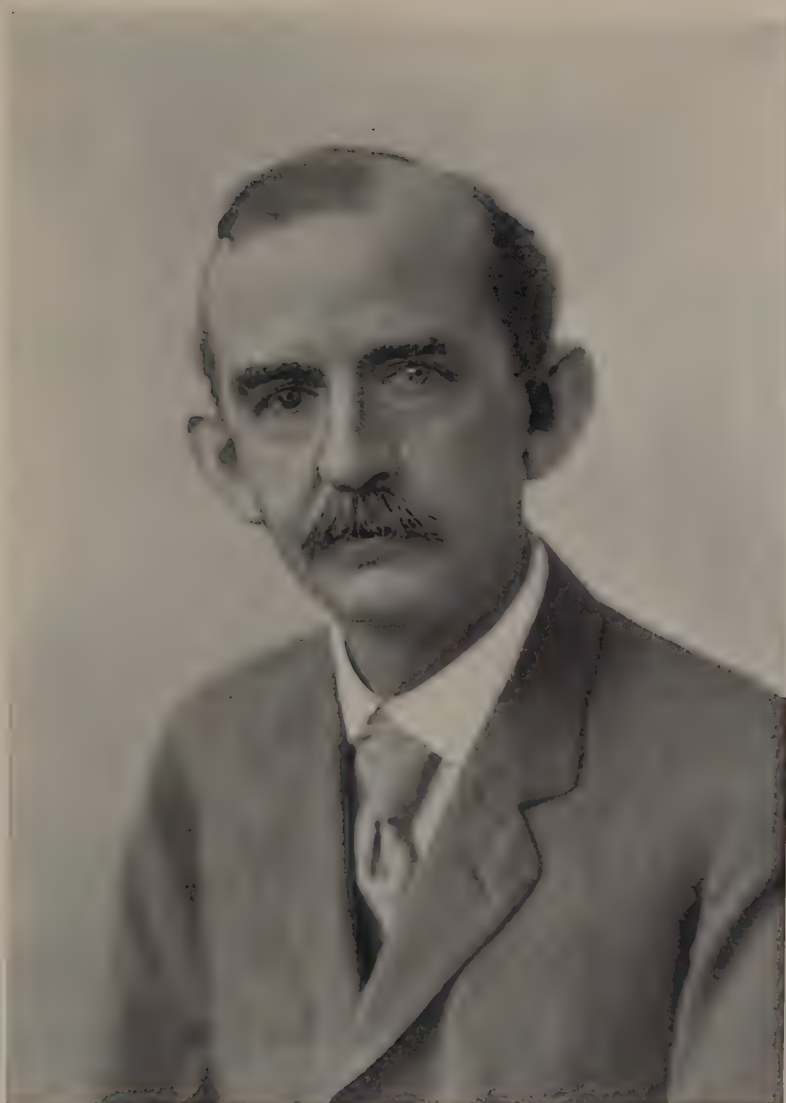


Photo. 1912, Moffett, Chicago

*Wm Munday Crane
June 1912*

tact, his sound judgment, his encyclopedic knowledge of public affairs and of public men made him an authority."

Mr. Depew tells of being made the object of a vicious attack by Senator Jeff Davis of Arkansas, and continues, "When he finished Senator Crane went over to his seat and told him he had made a great mistake, warned him that he had gone so far that I might be dangerous to him personally, but in addition to that, with my ridicule and humor, I would make him the laughing stock of the Senate and the country. Jeff, greatly alarmed, waddled over to my seat and said, 'Senator Depew, I hope you will not take seriously what I have said. I did not mean anything against you. I won't do it again, but I thought you would not care, because it won't hurt you, and it does help me out in Arkansas.' I replied, 'Jeff, old man, if it helps you, do it as often as you like.' Needless to say, he did not repeat."

Mr. Depew does not expound all sides of that incident. It illustrates Mr. Crane's appeal to humor as a solvent for strained situations. One had to watch the play of his features at times to discover when, with serious front, he was jollyng somebody. Scarcely one among his friends was spared, and when Mr. Crane's byplays were taken at their seeming face value, the perpetrator laughed infectiously, and was very happy. He was more refined in this kind of fooling than Eugene Field, though at times, with the utmost soberness, both acted like mischievous boys. Not infrequently Mr. Crane had purpose

in his fun. He had rare amusement with the Arkansas senator, the while he was leading him into the path of pleasantness and good sense. It was needed help, brought about to the satisfaction of all concerned. Mr. Crane delighted in seeing Jeff Davis move over to make his peace with Mr. Depew, and relished telling of that incident, and others like it. He had understanding in his dealings with men.

Mr. Crane was on good terms with all the senators and had influence with most of them, regardless of party lines. His interest in people was genuine, and ready sympathy found expression in doing things for them. He was liked and respected in Washington as at home. In party councils he was influential, and presidents turned to him for information, advice and service. Always a party man, he was yet a patriot when national need arose for rising above party. If the stand which Mr. Crane took against condemning the United States to international isolation, after the World War, when he had left the Senate, had prevailed with Senator Lodge and other Republican leaders, wisdom would have been more nearly justified in many who professed to be guided by it, and thereby many troubles at home and abroad might have been escaped or mitigated. But Mr. Crane's record was kept straight to the end. Though the frail body wore out, the perceiving spirit did not fail.

In all this State, there has been no more helpful friend to all sorts and conditions of men and women. He was always carrying the burden of some one in trouble, and doing it seemingly as a matter of course.

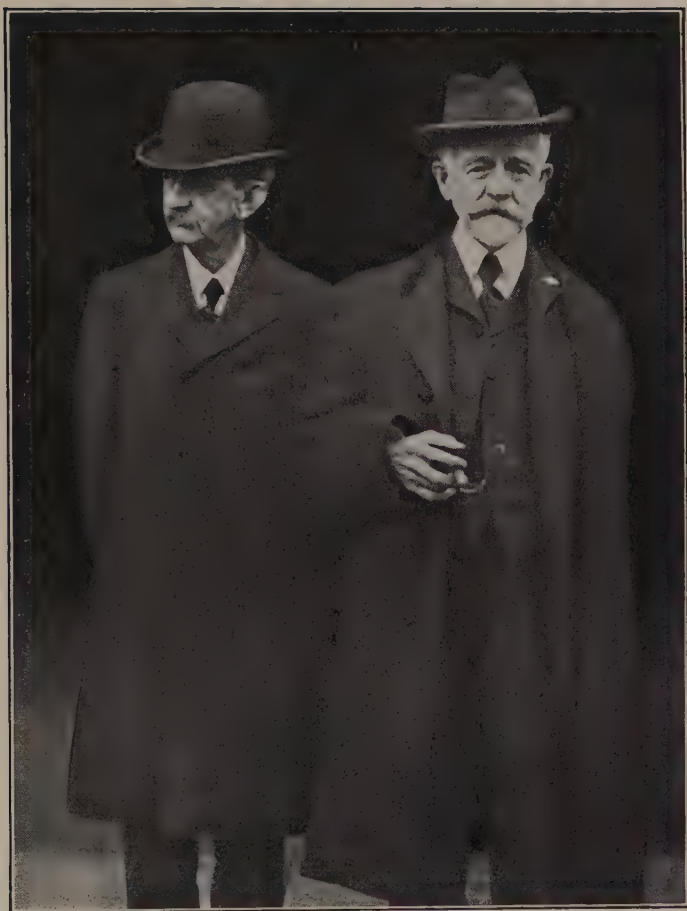
Throughout his official life, he was the same kind, faithful, honorable friend and good citizen that the men, women and children of the region where he was born knew and loved. To arraign Senator Crane, with such a record of service public and private, as an enemy of the people, as some misinformed or self-seeking people did, was a grotesque infelicity and a grave injustice.

On that beautiful day, October 4, 1920, when Mr. Crane's body was laid in the pleasant God's Acre at Dalton, over which he had exercised watchful care beyond other townsmen, the spectacle was moving beyond any other within my experience. Thousands of men and women, from places near and remote, came together to honor the memory of one who had come very near to them. The people gathered revealed to one another the things their friend had done in kindness and service, so that an amazing unity of experience and fellowship was disclosed that day. He whose eyes were closed had linked them in a bond of affection and regard that seemed of marvelous extent and tenderness, something of which the living friend had appeared quite unconscious.

Yet some sense of this affection must have come to Mr. Crane when in 1913, after his resignation from the Senate, he came back to Dalton. At this conclusion of his public life, he was greeted on his sixtieth birthday by a surpassing gathering of the people of the town and county, and presented with a loving cup. The event was in fact an uprising of the representative men of Berkshire, though the

inscription on the cup confines the affair to Dalton.
Fit were the words engraved thereon, as follows:

Winthrop Murray Crane
Lieutenant Governor 1897-1899
Governor 1900-1902
United States Senator
October 12, 1904-March 3, 1913.
Unselfish Worker For the Town
Commonwealth and Nation
An Expression of Affection
From the People of
Dalton, Massachusetts
And a Remembrance of His
Sixtieth Birthday
April 23, 1913.



SENATORS CRANE AND LODGE.

[Courtesy of George A. Bacon].

XLIX

SOME DIFFERENTIATION OF GOVERNORS

WHEN John L. Bates came to the governorship with the advent of 1903, Curtis Guild, Junior, became lieutenant governor, the place he had sought three years before. Mr. Bates was a lawyer of East Boston the son of a widely-known Methodist minister, and a favorite among people of that denomination. He was an attractive speaker, a high-minded gentleman, with a ministerial air that repelled some politicians. His rise in politics had not been promoted by the Republican managers, and he was assisted by men who were at odds with the old guard. As speaker of the House of Representatives he won political standing and made friends active in his behalf. After Mr. Bates had served as lieutenant governor with Governor Crane, his promotion met with general acceptance. He had found his place in the line and belonged to the ruling order. His first year passed pleasantly. The renominating speech was made by Senator Hoar in the fall of 1903 — this was to be the senator's last appearance in a state convention — who expressed perfect satisfaction with all things Republican. "Everybody I think has been satisfied with Governor Bates. We expected from him a great deal. But he has

risen to the demands of his high office beyond our highest expectations." Everything seemed as rosy as that, and the Republican governor defeated Colonel William A. Gaston by thirty-five thousand votes.

Next year, 1904, the political sky had become overcast. Governor Bates made an old neighbor of East Boston, Judge Emmons, police commissioner of Boston, and the selection proved unpopular. The governor vetoed an overtime bill and won the disfavor of Labor men who turned with unanimity to the Democrats when they nominated William L. Douglas of Brockton. Labor leaders projected into the campaign what they called "the flying wedge" of speakers against Bates. Mr. Douglas had maintained amicable relations with the people in his shoemaking establishment. He kept at his right hand an adviser who smoothed out difficulties with the workmen. Republicans who originally had favored Bates against the old leaders became critical of him when their expectations of seeing milk and honey flowing for them were not realized. In some way, too, the farmers were made lukewarm toward Governor Bates. The nomination of Douglas availed to heal open sores on the Democratic side, and the party which had been out of the executive office for a dozen years came back with unlooked-for strength. Douglas received a plurality of thirty-six thousand. Mr. Douglas made a dignified and sensible governor, and was quite content with the single term. He did not ask leading Democratic politicians to steer him, but got on very well in his own way.

Curtis Guild, Junior, who had served three years as lieutenant governor, even though one of them was under a Democrat, received the Republican nomination for governor in 1905, according to party practice, and defeated Charles W. Bartlett, the Democratic nominee, by a plurality of 22,500. Eben S. Draper, the wealthy Hopedale manufacturer, brother of General William F. Draper, was barely elected lieutenant governor over Henry M. Whitney by 1941 plurality. But this insured Mr. Draper the governorship after Guild, barring political accidents.

Governor Guild had vim, sentiment, oratorical power and self-confidence. Coming out of the Back Bay atmosphere, he was democratic in feeling and practice. His father had founded an important weekly newspaper which the son, after serving his apprenticeship, enlivened with vigorous political editorials. Along that line lay his ambition. He had been Class Day orator in 1881 at Harvard, and thereafter politics and military service drew him. He was one of the delegates-at-large to the St. Louis Republican convention of 1896, and later did campaign speaking at home and in the central West and South. When the war with Spain came, Curtis Guild, a brigadier general in the state military service, entered the national army. He served as lieutenant colonel and inspector general on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee until the break-up of the 7th Corps in Cuba. He declined a colonial commission after that, and the office of first assistant postmaster-general. He could have been chairman of the National Civil Service Commission. He went

with Roosevelt on a speaking tour of the West in 1900, when Boston pleasantry had it that General Guild objected to having his associate's name appear on posters in larger type than his own.

During the three years 1906-1909, Governor Guild was forceful, and his messages were colored with the eloquence that was natural to him. He was sent as special ambassador to Mexico in 1910, before the régime of President Diaz came to its sad end. In 1911-1912 the ex-governor was ambassador to Russia, and discharged the duties of the position with success. He acquired several foreign decorations. He was of kindly nature and made warm friends in both political parties. A Bostonian of distinction, his death at fifty-five years, April 6, 1915, was a sorrow to many throughout the State.

Eben S. Draper, frank, genuine, courageous, succeeded to the governorship in 1909. He had a plurality of sixty thousand over the Democratic nominee, James H. Vahey, of Watertown. Louis A. Frothingham of Boston was chosen lieutenant governor. The next year there was renewal of the contest between Draper and Vahey, and the governor's lead was reduced to eight thousand. Draper represented high tariff, the Payne-Aldrich law was unpopular, and Massachusetts voters were restive. His third nomination brought defeat to Governor Draper, who was beaten by Eugene N. Foss, who had left the Republican party on the tariff issue and taken the Democratic nomination away from Lawyer Vahey. The Foss plurality reached thirty-three thousand.

Eugene Noble Foss of Boston had to be reckoned with after he became active in politics. As a Republican he had been for lower tariff and reciprocity. He had plenty of assertiveness. When he became too obstreperous along that line to suit the old-timers, Mr. Lodge turned on him with coldly sarcastic severity. The manner of it aroused Foss's lasting resentment. Mr. Foss faced Mr. Lodge as well as he could then and after, but made no headway. But he was a resourceful fighter, and like Benjamin F. Butler changed his base of political operations. Turning to the Democrats in 1910, Mr. Foss became a candidate for Congress in the 14th district after the death of William C. Lovering of Taunton necessitated a special election. The Republicans put up William R. Buchanan of Brockton, who had been secretary to Governor Douglas, and thereby earned the distrust of his own party. Foss, a resident of the 11th district, was elected as a tariff reformer on the understanding that he would only serve out Lovering's term. In his hearty, bluffing way Mr. Foss then sought the Democratic nomination for governor, and after many ups and downs carried it off. He was elected governor after a campaign of variegated appeal, and held the executive office for three years from 1911-1914. It was in many ways a remarkable political performance, but did not serve to enroll him among the governors of lasting reputation. He afterward sought honors from the Republicans without success, and so established his fame as the political stormy petrel of his time.

Democratic control of the executive office was to persist. This was permitted in 1913 by the wide-reaching Republican split which Roosevelt's new party, launched the year before, had brought about. The impetuous Augustus P. Gardner, member of Congress from the 6th district, and Senator Lodge's son-in-law, defeated Everett C. Benton in the Republican state convention, and became the candidate for governor, with no unity of support behind him. Gardner set up his own campaign committee and did not coöperate with the regular party committee. Such confusion meant disaster. Charles S. Bird of Walpole was the Progressive candidate, and made his memorable speaking tour which reached every hamlet in the State. There was political excitement comparable to the far-away Butler period. David I. Walsh, lieutenant governor under Foss, was the Democratic candidate. To make the confusion worse confounded, Governor Foss entered the race on nomination papers.

Here were four aspirants for the executive office, all vocal, creating a medley of contention. Unlimited talk and back talk was heard about the State, and the turmoil ended in the election of Mr. Walsh by a plurality of over fifty-five thousand. Bird led Gardner, and Foss was a poor fourth. The figures were Walsh 183,257, Bird 127,644, Gardner 116,299, Foss, 20,349. Nor was that the extent of the Republican wreckage. The Democrats had been given not only the governorship, but the offices of lieutenant governor, secretary of state, state treasurer and auditor and attorney-general. They secured

a majority in the executive council. The folly of vituperative Republican disagreements appeared in high relief on the morning after that election day.

David I. Walsh, who assumed office in 1914, possessed attractive personal qualities, and made an excellent governor. He promoted well-considered liberalism, and conducted himself with dignity. The compilation of his state papers will repay examination. He was the first person of the Roman Catholic faith to occupy the executive office, and was given two terms. Among other well-considered appointments he named two admirable judges from Western Massachusetts, James B. Carroll of Springfield for the Supreme Court, and Christopher T. Callahan of Holyoke for the Superior Bench.

Creation of judges by executive appointment has worked well in Massachusetts. The four western counties have made worthy contributions to the higher courts during the half century. For sixteen years Marcus P. Knowlton of Springfield was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and for seventeen years John A. Aiken of Greenfield was Chief Justice of the Superior Court. On the Supreme Bench sat John Wells of Chicopee, James D. Colt, James M. Barker and John C. Crosby of Pittsfield and John W. Hammond of Northampton, — all except Wells and Colt first serving on the Superior Court, as did Justice Knowlton. In the Superior Court have been Justin Dewey of Great Barrington, James R. Dunbar of Westfield, E. B. Maynard of Springfield, Franklin G. Fessenden of Greenfield, Loranus E. Hitchcock of Chicopee, Henry A. King and William

Hamilton of Springfield and Richard W. Irwin of Northampton. Judge Aiken served seven years before he was appointed chief justice.

Ex-Governor Walsh was elected to the United States Senate in 1919 to succeed John W. Weeks. He has acquired a good degree of prominence in that body, and is regarded as a national figure in the Democratic party. By standing nearer to his colleague, Mr. Lodge, than to President Wilson in considering problems growing out of the World War, Senator Walsh greatly disappointed many Massachusetts people whose regard he had won. He has had an important public career, stands out as the most conspicuous Massachusetts Democrat, and perhaps the time has not yet come to write "finis" to his political record. His senatorial term will expire March 4, 1925.

Samuel W. McCall, who won distinction in the national House of Representatives for independence and statesmanslike quality during twenty years of service, retiring by his own desire in 1913, defeated Governor Walsh and became governor in 1916. He served three years, and was an individual and forward-looking chief magistrate. He came very near election to the United States Senate instead of Mr. Weeks in 1913, a place for which he was fitted by experience, understanding and temperament. Mr. McCall's scholarly tastes have been widely recognized in the bestowal of the degree of LL.D. by nine colleges and universities. He has published five books, two of them courses of lec-

tures delivered at Columbia and Yale universities. He stood with Thomas B. Reed in opposition to the acquirement of the Philippines, and as his warm friend has written sympathetically of that great American. Mr. McCall declined an opportunity to become president of Dartmouth College, his Alma Mater. In cultural accomplishment he easily led all the governors of modern times.

Then followed, after apprenticeship as lieutenant governor, Calvin Coolidge, the modest and very able Northampton lawyer, whose quiet efficiency and remarkable gift of expression made their deep impress in Massachusetts, and led him to the vice-presidency. Much he owes to the late Edwin U. Curtis, the resolute and capable police commissioner of Boston, who shaped the issue upon which Governor Coolidge gained national recognition. As a politician Mr. Coolidge has violated all the rules through observance of which it has been supposed success must be won. He has catered to no faction or interest. He could not be a glad-hand statesman if he tried, which he has never done. His words are trenchant, exact, meaningful, and the delivery of them cold. He is much of a philosopher, and never seems to woo popular favor, but has gathered it in surprising measure from the start. On the intellectual side he is keen, penetrating and sure-footed. No one has accused him of being hot-headed. He believes in the fundamental doctrines that underlay the old greatness of New England and the nation, and trusts in them. His direct mental processes have been deemed not unlike those of Lincoln.

The Longmeadow man's answer to an inquiry as to how his boy was getting on, would not apply to Calvin Coolidge. "Well," was the reply, "they tell me my boy is progressing, but I do not see that he is getting anywhere." How aptly the old gentleman's words epitomized many political movements that have furiously arisen and rapidly or gradually subsided. But Vice-President Coolidge has kept to an old-fashioned stride that up to date has carried him over much political ground. What the full story of his public life may prove to be remains to be developed and written.



Photo. by Bachrach

GOVERNOR COOLIDGE IN THE EXECUTIVE CHAMBER.

L

EXTREME BITTERNESS OF THE REPUBLICAN SPLIT

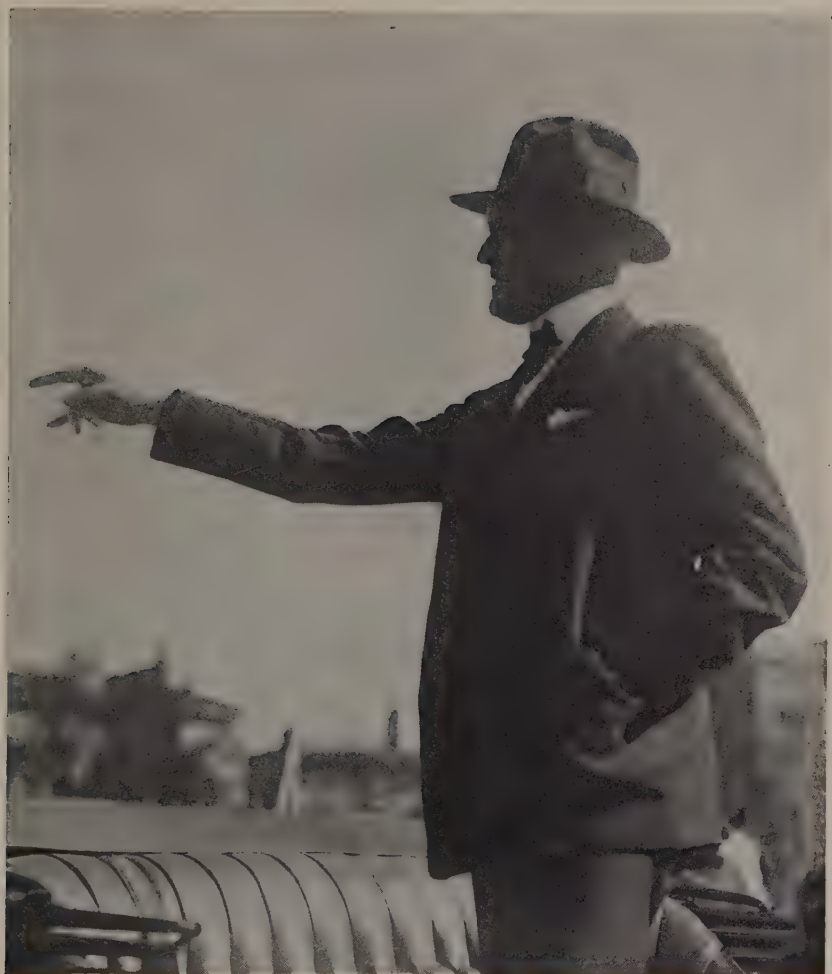
THOSE observant of politics come to realize how much depends on the point from which participants look at any given phase of it. When partisans differ, being filled with the purpose to have their way, each magnifies his side. That which is the usual course of procedure, hitherto accepted, becomes of sinister portent when the side from which we differ is in the way to gain by it. Disputants dis-temper themselves with bad feelings, both the un-wise and the usually sensible, until judicial poise is lost. In no other place of human contact is the truism that men are but children of a larger growth more sharply in evidence than when ambitions clash in the desire for political power and opportunity.

Mr. Roosevelt, soon at odds with the President he had made, and driven by the restless energy that was his in superabundance, was ready to take back the reins of administration. Things not moving wholly according to his methods were going wrong, and the remedy that the country needed was plain to him. Impelled by all the power of his self-centered being, he had to undertake the business of setting the country right. In this attitude of

mind lay the strong man's strength and his weakness. His desire to bring about righteous results in public affairs, his shrewdness in bending men of all sorts to his purposes, his perfect assurance of infallibility — no monarch of history was more certain that his rule was right — made Roosevelt an inspiring leader and enabled him greatly to serve his time. But his assertive methods also set the limits of his service. Leadership such as Lincoln had regarded the point beyond which men coöperating cannot be driven, else they fall away. Our greatest leader had thought for the place where patience and fair persuasion must be summoned to smooth the way.

Mr. H. H. Kohlsaatt quotes the former President as saying, some years after his announcement of November 8, 1904 — that he would “never be a candidate for or accept another nomination” — that he stood ready to “cut his hand off” if thereby he could recall that statement. The naïve assertion revealed a mental attitude that was to intensify itself. In taking the position he afterward regretted, Mr. Roosevelt had properly regarded the three and one half years of McKinley's unexpired term as constituting his first term, and recognized the strong feeling against a third term. This view promoted confidence in him and was approved by the country.

But after-events have more than once negatived pronouncements of that sort. Every one familiar with politics accepts them with reservations. With what seemed like much backing and filling in 1911, that promise of election night 1904 was cast into



PHOTOGRAPHIC SILHOUETTE OF GOVERNOR McCALL.

[Courtesy of George A. Bacon].

the discard. There had been some clever stage-setting, as when eight governors, — Stubbs of Kansas, Johnson of California, Aldrich of Nevada, Vesev of South Dakota, Hadley of Missouri, Osborn of Michigan, Glasscock of West Virginia and Bass of New Hampshire, — called on Roosevelt to become a candidate. Early in 1912 Mr. Roosevelt dramatically declared "My hat is in the ring!" and the Republican house began the disastrous division against itself which terminated in the in-harmonious national convention of that year. It is to be doubted whether Elihu Root or any one else substituting in the presidency could have satisfied the ex-president. He was always and openly distrustful of White House action after he left it until his death. This circumscribed his usefulness after his return to private life.

So we get the background and simplest explanation of the manner in which the supporters of Roosevelt and Taft came to such bitterness and the great split in the party. The preliminaries of the national convention of 1912, held in Chicago, differed not from those of other years, except that there was more openness about them, because of the greater concentration of public interest. By request of President Taft, for the first time representatives of the important press associations were permitted to report the proceedings of the national committee. This body, sitting in advance of the convention, functioned as it had done when McKinley and others were nominated and Roosevelt was the beneficiary of its proceedings and offering no dissent. Political

committees are never strictly judicial, though some approximate fairness more nearly than others. Vernal delegates from the South have always disturbed the peace of the Republican conventions. Angry challenge and reprobation by Roosevelt of this committee's work went to the length of declaring that no honest man could vote for William Howard Taft, and so all prospects of harmony were dissipated. So also two honest men seeking good ends in public affairs, each supported by unjust as well as just men, were brought to the rending involved in the abrupt parting of their ways. Into such fevered contests bias enters to take away men's ability to deal fairly with opponents. Soon the glow of what they esteem to be righteous indignation comforts them in unbending, and sometimes misdirected hostility.

The atmosphere of Chicago was charged with emotionalism even beyond the silver convention of the Democrats in 1896, where another national committee was under fire. Delegates were kept stirred. All of the ability to create dramatic interest which Roosevelt possessed and awakened in others was brought to bear. Demands grew imperative and resentments multiplied. The onslaught had two effects. It aroused Roosevelt's supporters to great enthusiasm, and it also deepened the resistance of those opposed to delivering the party into the hands of one whose nature it was to exact complete subjection. It came to be expected that violence would appear in the convention, or that the hall might be captured in advance, after the fashion employed

by General Butler's supporters long ago in Massachusetts, and by Bryan delegates in Boston at a later time. Intemperance of speech not only came from irresponsible lips, but began with the managers of the factions.

Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana in the first meeting of the committee asserted, "By fraud and misrepresentation and brutal control of political machines the Taft managers have stolen district and state conventions; with the eyes of the nation centered on Chicago they will fail in the brazen effort to steal the presidential nomination itself." Representative McKinley of Illinois, manager on the other side, declared, "The first disappointment Mr. Roosevelt will experience before the governing bodies of the Republican party will be the collapse of his contests. The most charitable thing that can be said concerning them is that he either knows nothing about them personally or he has been misinformed from the start." Fighting talk rose to its extreme when Ormsby McHaig, who had sought Southern delegates for Roosevelt, announced, "If we are robbed of any delegates there will be a political revolution in this country. We have had offers by telegraph of one thousand crack shots from Oklahoma to march right down to the Coliseum and clean out the whole caboodle of those who could dare to do such a thing!" Representative McKinley complained that he had to guard carefully negro delegates to keep agents of George W. Perkins from buying them for Roosevelt. Mr. Perkins retorted that the Taft men had better stop talking

about campaign funds. "We are spending our money as individuals, but Taft is spending the people's and the interests!"

Let it be said, by way of an aside, that all this was quite intelligible to experienced convention-goers. At one of my earlier conventions I had sought enlightenment. Going to the headquarters of the South Carolina delegation I approached a fine-looking negro, saying I was interested in one of the candidates — no name given — and asked how support for my friend could be won. The reply was instant and baldly revealing. "A little sugar, sah, will do it!" I had learned the way, but did not linger to walk therein. At another convention I saw the manager of General Alger's candidacy, at a roll-call of a Southern delegation, stand in sight of the press tables checking in a little red book as names were called. Were the goods being diverted?

Small wonder that Senator Borah, supporting Roosevelt, and other men of sense, quietly advised that the Coliseum be amply guarded lest the good name of the Republican party be seriously affected by some outbreak of the hot-heads. Fighting men from the West who supported President Taft offered themselves as bodyguards of prominent advocates of his renomination. The whole affair placed American politics on exhibition in an unlovely light.

Feeling was tense when the convention opened June 22. Mr. Roosevelt had arrived in Chicago on the 15th amid popular acclaim and had taken command of his forces. His attitude toward those opposing him was implacably intolerant. Four years

before he had said the party must name Taft or "take me"; now the order was reversed, and Taft must be left and Roosevelt taken. Extraordinary ability to command was evidenced, but not power to convert. A stirring Roosevelt meeting in the Auditorium on the 17th saw him looking toward repudiation of the convention. Perhaps some talk of a possible compromise that would give the nomination to Governor Hadley of Missouri had influenced Roosevelt to come to Chicago. But there was no vitality in that suggestion. The issue had been Taft and Roosevelt, and so, clearer now, it remained.

The choice of Elihu Root, candidate of the Taft men, as chairman, brought reassurance. Mr. Root, not physically imposing, one of the great men of his time, never vociferous but always adequate, radiated composure and strength. Men remembered the time not distant when the presiding officer stood out as the ablest member of the Roosevelt cabinet, and his chief had admiringly proclaimed his readiness to crawl on hands and knees from the White House to the Capitol, if so he could make Root president. Mr. Root was now the commanding figure against Roosevelt in a political crisis. It was noted, too, that a line of policemen extended across the floor before the platform, and that another line hugged the wall to the rear of the stage. In command was the officer who had mastered the Haymarket anarchists, a lawless episode not then forgotten.

Very early Mr. Root's ability to conduct an orderly convention was tested. William Flinn, force-

ful exponent of the Pennsylvania school of politics, head of his delegation, offered noisy objections to the rulings of the chairman and became unparliamentary. Showing not the slightest sign of heat, Mr. Root called Flinn to order without avail. Then advancing a bit on the platform and turning the gavel in his hand so as to grasp the head and make the handle a pointer, he aimed it at Flinn, saying, "The gentleman from Pennsylvania will take his seat, and do it now!" That was all. Iron resolution was in the level voice, the obstreperous delegate subsided and delegates generally relaxed with a sense of relief.

From Tuesday until Saturday the sessions were stretched. Heated oratory marked the way, but no votes were changed thereby. The division, violently stated, was deepened. The final session accomplished the renomination of President Taft and Vice-President James S. Sherman of New York, who was to die October 30, before the election. The President had a majority of the Convention, and the vote stood Taft 561, Roosevelt 107, LaFollette 41, Cummings of Iowa, 13, absent 6, Hughes 2, not voting 344. The silent 344 followed Roosevelt's orders, while the 107 who voted for him did so to preserve their party regularity.

The Massachusetts delegates were evenly split and the factions bitterly antagonistic. Much friction lay back of that division of 18 to 18. Both Roosevelt and Taft had spoken in the State before the primaries, and the colonel went to the length of charging the President with misrepresentation and untruth. Slowly was his once-beloved friend roused

to reply. Those who listened to Taft's speech in Springfield will remember his regretful attitude. But he became very plain spoken, saying :

"I dislike to involve myself in a personal controversy with a man to whom I am greatly indebted and the debt of gratitude I have never denied, and therefore kept peace for two months of misrepresentation, because I wanted to go through the campaign without being compelled to speak. But, my dear friends, when you are backed up against a wall, and a man is hitting you in the eye, and punishing you in every way, both above and below the belt, by George, if you have any manhood in you, you have got to fight." For one of placid and philosophic temperament that was stiffly put !

The vote of Massachusetts Republicans in the presidential preference had given Taft 86,089, Roosevelt 81,854, LaFollette 2005. But through a ballot mix-up in voting for delegates at large the Roosevelt group, headed by Charles S. Baxter, received 84,834, and the Taft group, headed by Senator Crane, 76,854. This discrepancy came about through the candidacy of Frank Seiberlich of Boston, who ran as an Independent pledged to Taft. When careless Republicans marked everything on the ballot labeled Taft, they caused thousands of Taft ballots to be thrown out. Every election shows with varying degrees of emphasis the need of kindergarten instruction in the marking of ballots. Mr. Roosevelt accepted the result of the preferential voting as binding, and asked the four men chosen delegates-at-large — Charles S. Baxter of Medford, George W.

Coleman of Boston, Frederick Fosdick of Fitchburg and Albert Bushnell Hart of Cambridge, — to vote for Taft. This they declined to do. Inharmonies of the Bay State delegates are of slight moment now, though involving angry disputation in that hectic convention.

Sensible Republicans left the Coliseum more depressed than jubilant. American politics and a proud party had been placed on exhibition in aspects to be regretted. There was no rejoicing. Straight Republicans left Chicago in solemn mood. They had kept the citadel of party control, but must now look forward to a defensive campaign. There could be no glow of crusading in the business of maintaining an established order, and the spectacular appeal would lie on the other side. All agreed that opportunity had been opened wide for the Democrats, if they could summon the wisdom to make use of it, — a matter of doubt at that stage.

The bolters held a mass meeting in Orchestra Hall after the regular convention, called themselves Progressives, nominated Roosevelt, and laid plans for formally launching their new party at a later time. The shouting and singing mounted high, but there was a deep undercurrent of sadness that appeared more plainly that night as men who had been lifelong Republicans contemplated the wide-open breach and the many uncertainties for all concerned that lay in the unknown future. Senator Borah, Governor Hadley and Governor Dineen of Illinois were among those who declined to follow Roosevelt on this departure.

LI

HOW BRYAN CLEARED THE WAY FOR WILSON

CLOSE watch of the Republican convention in Chicago had been kept by William Jennings Bryan, reporting for a newspaper syndicate. He found "the Republican party passing through the same convulsions which the Democratic party passed through sixteen years before" in the same place. The reference was to the convention of 1896 out of which he had come as the standard bearer. He expected the Republican convention to "exert a marked influence upon the Democratic convention about to begin at Baltimore", and was to make that prediction good. Bryan's convention mastery has not been exceeded in the politics of my time. With many limitations outside of convention halls, within them he has displayed exceptional power. Without Mr. Bryan, Woodrow Wilson would have failed of nomination in 1912. The elements which contributed to the outcome of that convention were many, but Bryan's remarkable ability to influence men in the mass cleared the way for their operation and the achievement that was to put the Democracy in power. Back of Bryan, of course, lay the indirect but vital contribution made by Roosevelt and the warring Republicans.

In Baltimore as in Chicago the issue was sharply drawn between what was called the reactionaries and the progressives, the old guard and those bent on their overthrow. What had been done by the Republicans made it plain that only by appealing in a clean-cut way to the liberal thought of the country could the Democrats hope to win the election. Falling short of that, Roosevelt's election would follow. Conservatives argued without understanding that if their plans prevailed the party could be unified in a way to command success over the divided Republicans. Mr. Bryan better comprehended the essentials of the situation and the temper of the people. Progress had been made in composing old differences, and the candidacy of Champ Clark, the popular speaker of the national House, had been widely promoted in the process. When those advocating the candidacy of Governor Wilson of New Jersey sought support for him they found the party committees far and near committed to Clark. Influential supporters of Bryan were pushing Clark. The surface signs indicated a sure thing for him, and there was impatience that Mr. Bryan seemed obdurate and disposed to "go back on his friends." He stood in the way of carefully perfected plans and was to wreck them in order to serve his party.

The program of harmony by which bosses were to be placated got so far as to make Judge Alton B. Parker temporary chairman and there it stalled. Mr. Bryan nominated John W. Kern of Indiana in opposition to Parker, Mr. Kern named Mr. Bryan,

and the ballot gave Parker 579 votes and Bryan 510. Old line leaders imagined that Mr. Bryan had been suppressed. But from that point the strength of Champ Clark, well schooled in old-style politics and having engaging qualities and many friends, began to decline, and the prospects of Governor Wilson, fitter in inspiring leadership and forward-looking statesmanship, to rise. Through his daily newspaper dispatches Mr. Bryan appealed to Democrats for aid in defeating the compromisers, and protesting telegrams began to pour in on the delegates. People at home saw more clearly the things at issue than disturbed men in the heated arena, as so often happens. The sentiment in favor of Wilson, who had brought about a moral revolution in the government of New Jersey, was voiced through newspapers and individual opinion. Delegates were affected in all these ways, and the opportunity Wilson's nomination would give the party became increasingly realized. The convention was passing out of the hands of the managers, and those experienced in politics could see that with sufficient time Wilson's nomination must follow.

Bryan secured the time so needed and longed for. He employed bold tactics and made them effective for delay and the coming of better judgment. He also blasted the certainty that otherwise Roosevelt would obtain a third term in the presidency. Beyond any doubt Bryan was the pivot upon which great history turned. Senator Ollie James of Kentucky, long and prominently identified with Bryan and his policies, now supporting Clark, also hitherto

a Bryan man, was made permanent chairman. He was incensed over Bryan's present position, but proved a scrupulously fair presiding officer. It appeared that Clark had a majority of the convention, but not the two thirds necessary to nominate. Governor Wilson stood next in the favor of the delegates, and there was lesser support for Governor Judson Harmon of Ohio, Oscar Underwood of Alabama, Governor Simeon E. Baldwin of Connecticut, Governor Burke of North Dakota and Governor Foss of Massachusetts, whose lightly-regarded candidacy hampered the Bay State delegates to the disgust of many of them.

The convention had been sitting three days when, in the night session of June 27, with characteristic courage and highly dramatic method, Mr. Bryan demanded that the convention declare to the country that the Democratic party is still the party of Jefferson and Jackson, and will refuse to nominate any man in any way under obligation to, or under the domination of, J. P. Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan, August Belmont or others of the privileged classes. The explosion of a bomb could not have produced greater excitement. In the midst of the stress Mr. Bryan stood determined and compelling. He asked that the delegations of States which harbored any of these citizens — Belmont being a delegate from New York and Ryan from Virginia — should purge themselves of these men. The Empire State and the Old Dominion would do nothing of the sort, — nor could they. The average delegate stood aghast at the spectacle and wondered whether the proceed-

ings were to end in a riot. Virginians resented the reflection on their state convention and themselves, but in the end they were to vote for Wilson. Out of the infinite turmoil of that session the convention adopted, by a vote of 880 to 196, the main part of Mr. Bryan's demand, — that is, it was resolved not to nominate any man beholden to Messrs. Morgan, Ryan and Belmont. It was thereby made manifest to the country that this was a progressive and not a reactionary body. The singling out of these men made a highly personal issue, but it served Mr. Bryan's purpose. This a majority of the delegates, startled at first, soon saw.

Governor Wilson, in the face of temporizing advice from his managers in Baltimore, had swiftly sensed the coming line of battle and taken his forces to Bryan against the selection of Judge Parker as chairman of the convention. Wilson's political and moral instincts did not fail him. He became the leader of the people's hope, and there he remained until the triumph of the nomination went to him. After voting long for Harmon in stolid fashion that earned the contempt of a majority of the delegates, New York swung to Clark, but the conservatives could not at that time give him the nomination. Bryan's blocking tactics had availed. Then came the slow advance of Wilson's candidacy. He won few votes at first, but they continued to come in ones and twos, representing the conscience of delegates who, refusing longer to be bound by the unit rule, had broken away. It was known that in practically every delegation, so held, there were

men whose real choice was the governor of New Jersey. Bitter feelings had been engendered and strong men were in despair over the deadlock. Speaker Clark came on from Washington to issue a bitter reply to Mr. Bryan, to go over carefully the roll of his delegates, to reach the conclusion that he could prevent Wilson's nomination, and to resolve that this should be done.

But despite Clark's decision to stick, on the second ballot of the ninth day came the overwhelming movement to Wilson. When Illinois was reached on the first ballot, Roger Sullivan announced "18 for Clark, 40 for Wilson." Behind that lay the story of a fight in Chicago between Hearst and Sullivan. The editor achieved a Clark delegation, but the boss had preserved a respectable front in defeat by supporting Wilson. He did not forget, and had assured the supporters of Wilson that when the time came Illinois would help them. When the key log had been started the jam broke. Wilson gains followed, and on the first ballot of that day Wilson's vote rose to 633, while Clark dwindled to 306, the same number at which the Grant men in the Republican convention of 1880 went down to defeat. On the succeeding and final ballot, Senator Bankhead of Alabama, without consulting his principal, took the liberty of withdrawing the name of Mr. Underwood, — and so the nomination of Wilson came with resistless rush.

In the naming of candidates for the vice-presidential nomination, a District of Columbia delegate proposed Mr. Bryan. This called him to his feet.

He declined to stand, and seconded the nomination of "not one man, but two, Governor Burke and Senator Chamberlain of Oregon." It was Mr. Bryan's final appearance before the convention, and with manifest feeling and singular impressiveness he declared, "I have never advocated a man except with gladness, and I have never opposed a man except in sadness. If I have any enemies in this country, those who are my enemies have a monopoly of hatred. There is not one single human being for whom I feel ill-will. Nor is there one American citizen in my own party or in any other whom I would oppose for anything unless I believed that in not opposing him I was surrendering the interests of my country, which I hold above any person."

In the balloting which followed Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana gained the votes of some who did not propose to follow Mr. Bryan, but the nomination for vice-president went to him by virtue of exceptional service as governor. No executive of his time, excepting only Wilson, had carried through so well-considered a program of betterment in state affairs. He was as well-liked in Indiana as he afterwards came to be in Washington, where there was so little occasion to employ the strength that lay beneath his kindly considerateness.

An outstanding feature of the convention had been the speech of Judge John W. Westcott of Camden, New Jersey, who placed Governor Wilson in nomination. In beauty of phrasing and fire of faith in his man, Judge Westcott led the other speakers. At first doubtful of Wilson, because of early support

of him by men of selfish intent in state politics, Judge Westcott had come to have profound belief in Wilson's ideals of government, his spiritual strength and capacity to lead. The years after the Baltimore convention served to increase Judge Westcott's admiration, and he again performed the nominating office for President Wilson in the Democratic national convention of 1916. In 1922 Judge Westcott made a permanent contribution to public understanding of the real Wilson by issuing a small volume entitled "Woodrow Wilson's Eloquence." It gives an angle no student of Wilson should overlook.

I did not witness the launching of the Roosevelt Bull Moose party in Chicago August 5-7, 1912. The news side was already common knowledge, and we could rely upon the Associated Press for the rest of it. The oratory would be stirring, but the affair seemed likely to prove ephemeral in the long story of American politics. Early in my newspaper career I had confidently looked to the coming of a new party; now I knew the strength of old ties and that the Republican party would be hard to kill. Out of present troubles the old name must emerge. The progress made by the Democrats would deepen this feeling. Roosevelt probably would lead Taft in the voting, but that must insure Wilson's election, and to him the country would look for the accomplishment of reforms. That Chicago convention was of short order. The Progressive delegates organized on Monday and listened to the address of Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana as temporary chairman; on Tuesday the delegates acclaimed Mr. Roosevelt for

fifty-five minutes, and listened to twenty thousand vigorous and carefully considered words in denunciation on the old order and in glowing exposition of his purposes in captaining a new departure; on Wednesday permanent organization was effected, Roosevelt was nominated for president and Hiram Johnson of California for vice-president, and the platform was adopted which embodied the points set forth in the leader's speech. Roosevelt declared in concluding his intense and dramatic effort, "We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!" So all felt as adjournment was reached on Wednesday evening, after the delegates had sung the Doxology and received the benediction. In cheering, singing and fervor that Chicago convention surpassed the other political conventions of that year and of all years.

The bitterness of the campaign continued until the day upon which the people registered their verdict. It was decisive. Wilson received 435 electoral votes, Roosevelt 88 and Taft 8. The popular vote for Wilson was 6,293,019, for Roosevelt 4,119,507, for Taft 3,484,956. Wilson's plurality was 2,173,512. But the combined vote of Roosevelt and Taft exceeded that of Wilson by 1,405,474. Wilson carried Massachusetts, receiving 174,057 votes, to 156,018 for Taft and 141,925 for Roosevelt. The national upheaval gave control of Congress to the Democrats. The new political era progressives called for had arrived, but not according to their program.

As a good loser Taft was incomparable. It is evidence of bigness to encounter crushing defeat

and to emerge from personal disaster with dignity and sweetness of spirit. The election of Wilson and the overwhelming return of the Democrats to power marked the end of Roosevelt's public career. There was left a fame secure, the devotion of a great following and the prospect of a return to the Republican party.

LII

WILSON'S THEORY AND PRACTICE AS AN EXECUTIVE

NOTHING is better worth study in political history than the uplifting and undoing of parties. There can be no intrenchment of power in perpetuity, as each generation of politicians finds it necessary to learn. Looking back over fifty years we see that a democracy must always be building and rebuilding.

In ordinary political times the Republicans functioned to their satisfaction by "standing pat." It is the attitude long continuance in power begets. Radicalism as a saving grace protested and challenged. When there seemed to be sufficient popular response along the line of protest to warrant action, something was done to relieve the pressure and save the situation. In such yielding the Republicans exhibited helpful astuteness. Credit came to them as the result of concessions to imperative outside demand. But despite all this, the teachings of its earlier years, and Roosevelt's prodding, the Republican party was slow to apprehend when the patience of the people had been strained to the point of retributive action.

The Democratic party, more the home of dissatisfied elements, achieved national victory in our time

under the pressure of positive leadership within the party, aided by Republican mistakes. The dynamic force of Tilden, Cleveland and Wilson led the Democracy to important service of the nation. Even though Tilden failed of the presidency, he lifted the party to a higher plane and set it facing toward success. The impelling power of the three men was persistent. In each case independent support was drawn by the strength of inspiring purpose.

Such leadership, if the sound progress of popular government is to be assured, both parties must have. This at the moment of writing seems lacking. The intensive growth of the country tends to the sectionalizing of politics through the widening alliance of material interests. Looking to the Federal Government as the guardian and promoter of prosperity does not lessen, but increases, and dangers attending such attitude multiply. There will always be delicate world relationships to be seen and adjusted in a large way, — with the consent of the Senate. Not only is there need for competent leaders, but they must be able to win support adequate for the accomplishment of results that will conserve the welfare of a people whose problems grow more complex and difficult of solution and settlement.

It was my good fortune early to discover the explanation of Mr. Wilson's public life. Study of American history taught him faith in the right intent of the people. But they must have a standard to rally under and one trusted to point the way. "I believe we have not made enough of leadership," he wrote in an essay on "Democracy in the United

States", and also in his first book, "Congressional Government", he laid emphasis on responsible leadership. That afforded insight and starting point for an article published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of January, 1912. This was promised long before, but in the press of many matters the engagement had been forgotten. Call came for "copy" and time was short. Governor Wilson was not consulted, save through a single letter, but the results of personal inquiry into his work at Princeton and Trenton were woven about the text of leadership. It was an exposition without bias, entitled "The Political Evolution of a College President." Time has shown that this contribution gave the key to the purpose of the governor of New Jersey and the president that was to be.

The political revolution of 1912 lent particular interest to the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson, March 4, 1913, when I learned more intimately of his plans. His coming meant a new deal in policies and personalities. Changes confronted official Washington, the extent of which none could forecast. Just a score of years had elapsed since March 4, 1893, when Cleveland had taken the presidency for his second term. Since 1897 McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft had occupied the White House. Like Cleveland when he first entered the office in 1885, Mr. Wilson did not know Washington by contact as these Republican predecessors had done. Much he had to learn — and how much he was to learn. He entered the Federal capital in person an unknown quantity, where he was to occupy the White House

for eight years, and thereafter to make his home in the city. When Mr. Wilson, somewhat of an invalid now, slips in and out of the theater, Washington people make it clear that they have come to know that stranger of ten years before.

Very suggestive was his finely written inaugural address, in which he said, "This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication." What a task seemed to confront the new head of the government, and yet how much greater its magnitude than any one could then realize. No one could have dreamed that this president was to be tried in the fire of a conflict vaster than the war for the preservation of the Union in which Lincoln suffered and grew strong. Not yet is the measure of it realized, nor will be, perhaps, until seen in the revealing light of another half-century. But much it is to have lived in a period so disturbing and of portent that of a certainty is to be only slowly disclosed.

In his first term Wilson's theory of the presidency was applied to normal conditions. He was to lead the way and induce his party in Congress to forward measures of reform. The quality of the cabinet was for him to determine, and it proved well above the average. Some of its poorly esteemed members did better than critics predicted,—like Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, so contemptuously regarded by Walter Hines Page, the brilliant and lamented. The North Carolinian was subjected to a shower of jibes when he ordered the Navy to go dry. Yet events were to justify Josephus in what seemed to many his "plumb foolishness." Mr.

Page was an able man, but Daniels was not wholly despicable. Editor Daniels had been a Bryan devotee, and George Harvey claimed credit for leading him to Wilson and the ensuing opportunity he could not have foreseen.

Mr. Bryan's supremacy in the Baltimore convention and his party, foreordained his selection as secretary of state. His convictions made it inevitable that grape juice would take the place of wine at diplomatic dinners. If the War had not upset the world, Secretary Bryan's negotiation of thirty treaties designed to check the beginnings of wars, upon which his heart and hopes were set, would have assumed larger importance. But in any event it would have appeared that the oratorical temperament, too intensively developed, interferes with such attention to official business as executive efficiency requires. Mr. Bryan for a time enjoyed the office. He did not break with his Chautauquan past. His care for "deserving Democrats" led to some misfits in our diplomatic service in countries to the southward, but the President saw to it that important posts in Europe were filled by men creditable to the country. A high standard was kept by Mr. Page and John W. Davis at the Court of St. James, Brand Whitlock in Belgium, James W. Gerard in Germany, William G. Sharp in France, David R. Francis in Russia, Thomas Nelson Page and Robert Underwood Johnson in Italy, Henry Morgenthau in Turkey and Joseph E. Willard in Spain.

When the War broke out, and as we became indirectly and directly involved, the President took

full control of the national policy. The diplomatic correspondence with Germany and Great Britain — at that stage there was much feeling against England — sustained with ability during the troublous interval, was conducted by the head of the government. When the time came that Mr. Bryan could not go along with his chief, he resigned with good temper and dignity, and Robert Lansing was made secretary of state, June 23, 1915. There was a less perfect loyalty behind the attractive Mr. Lansing's departure from the state department February 13, 1920. An even keel was kept during Bainbridge Colby's brief occupancy of the office from March 22, 1920, to March 4, 1921.

Franklin K. Lane, of California, a charming person, became secretary of the interior. His keenness of insight, active humane instincts, and the endearing qualities that marked him, appear in the remarkable letters published since his death that was so genuinely mourned. Judge Lindley M. Garrison was brought from New Jersey to be secretary of war. He had positive ideas, but resigned February 10, 1916, and the heavy burden of the war department fell on his successor, Newton D. Baker, whose intelligent work a writer in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* has slightly treated. The much-berated Albert S. Burleson, former member of Congress from Texas, was in charge of the post-office department to the end of the Wilson régime, and during the War was chairman of the telegraph and telephone administration. He had business ability and more than ordinary obstinacy. The office of attorney-

general was filled for a year by James C. McReynolds, who was appointed to the Supreme Bench in 1914. Thomas W. Gregory of Texas then conducted the department of justice until 1919, and was succeeded by A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania, who had been active for Wilson at the Baltimore convention. For two years before Mr. Palmer had been alien property custodian.

The conspicuous business man of the cabinet was William G. McAdoo, a well-born Southerner and lawyer of New York, who inspired and consummated the building of the tunnels under the Hudson River. Beyond the burden of caring for the finances of the country, charge of the railroads was put upon him. He was also chairman *ex-officio* of the Federal Farm Loan Board, the Federal Reserve Board and of the United States section of the International High Commission. Under McAdoo's régime was enacted the much-criticized Adamson eight-hour law, which the Republicans have not disturbed. In the midst of problems ever multiplying, Secretary McAdoo retained poise and driving power. It was easy to find fault with one so placed, for the public had to be discommoded at many points, but complicated tasks were pushed with steadiness. Few in the government service or outside of it shared in the prosecution of the War more intensely and devotedly than the head of the treasury department. He resigned December 28, 1918, and was succeeded by Carter Glass, later appointed senator from Virginia, when Secretary Houston of the department of agriculture was transferred to the treasury.

David F. Houston, a distinguished educator, had been called from the head of Washington University at St. Louis to take charge of the agricultural department, where he did exceptional work for seven years. William C. Redfield of New York was secretary of commerce until November 1, 1919, when Joshua B. Alexander of Missouri succeeded him. William B. Wilson of Pennsylvania was the secretary of labor.

In initiating his leadership President Wilson revived the practice of one hundred and twelve years before by reading his message at a joint meeting of the two branches of Congress. This was calculated to concentrate attention, and the precedent is followed by President Harding. It was an amazement to those familiar with Washington that Wilson was able so soon to get Congress to pass a tariff law and to establish the effective Federal Reserve system. The late George P. Lawrence, thoroughly familiar with Congress, doubted whether "the wild horses of the Democracy" could be made to pull together, — and the thought was general. Tariff legislation had been the rock upon which the Democrats split in Cleveland's time, but now under the watchful, able leading of Oscar Underwood of Alabama the House pulled pretty steadily until a bill lowering the tariff was framed, and, by agreement of the Senate, enacted into law. That alone was enough to distinguish an administration, but always the President was planning and moving forward. Always, too, he was a partisan, for Mr. Wilson believed in party responsibility. There he felt his leadership

must be applied in order to avail. He welcomed independent support, but in thought and action he was a Democrat, and a better one than many of his party realized.

Mr. Wilson had profound sympathy with the average life of the people, but he could not, like Mr. Roosevelt, make this knowledge common. He was never a stalled conservative, but made progress intellectually and politically, along lines well considered and helpful. Unprejudiced progressives saw this. No other executive I have known so constantly concerned himself with underlying principles, and no other was so familiar with them. Early in the War period, in an interpretative talk, President Wilson said his first concern was for the principles upon which the fathers had planted and developed a new nation. Each stake he had driven and was to drive must be in alignment with those principles. From act to act there must be the same line running straight and true back to the ancient belief and practice of our democracy. In the light of this statement it was possible to understand Wilson's course in dealing with the War from the beginning. It made plain many things at Paris and before he took that memorable journey. Self-interest never accounted for him, but deep faith in popular government and the desire to preserve and extend its blessings did.

Well known is the story of the nomination of Charles E. Hughes by the Republicans in 1916, and the campaign which resulted in the reelection of President Wilson. The events of the War, and the

stages by which power passed from the executive to the Senate are also in the minds of this generation. Through the constitutional requirement of a two-thirds majority for the ratification of a treaty, senatorial control of our foreign relations — that so irked John Hay, Richard Olney and other secretaries of state — seems established, and presidential dominance so far broken down. The League of Nations, based primarily on President Wilson's abiding belief that "the greatest forces in the world and the only permanent forces are the moral forces" failed to commend itself to the dominating power in the Senate. Thereby senators determined that the United States should remain outside great matters vitally affecting our national well-being and international standing.

In many ways the War threw light on public men, Roosevelt and Taft among the rest. While our country was striving to play its worthy part, ex-President Roosevelt was disagreeing with methods. The other former president was aiding the government that is always our government, whatever the party in power. Mr. Taft expounded the duty and privilege of service in all the training camps, and when asked to head the very difficult commission that dealt with the relations of labor and industry during the crisis, accepted and served with an ability and wisdom never to be forgotten. Subordination of self is not easy to most of us, but there are occasions when it becomes primal obligation. Joseph H. Choate, eminent Republican and citizen, said to his countrymen, "From the day the Presi-

dent appeared before Congress and made that wonderful address of his — one of the greatest state papers since the foundation of the government — from that moment all doubt, all hesitation, all unwillingness was banished from the minds of all the people, and he is now our chosen leader for the great contest. By no possibility can we have any other, and we must uphold him through thick and thin from now on until the end of the war.”

Beside Mr. Choate’s masterly enunciation of the mind of the nation in high mood, memory may well cherish words of President Wilson addressed to the National Army, September 3, 1917:

“The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom. Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it, and then let us live up to it, and add a new laurel to the crown of America. My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you.”

“How do you estimate Wilson?” is a question grown familiar. Men are not on all sides equally developed. Seekers after truth make allowances for this, and historians are expected to note inadequacies and give credit for excellencies of development. The resulting portrait is most judicially conceived when prejudices are eliminated or quali-

fied. A near view foreshortens outlook, while it promotes acquaintance. We realized these limitations in Lincoln's time when misconceptions of him were so many and warmth of appreciation rare in exigencies of national distress. The shortsightedness was in evidence when Hayes and Cleveland and Roosevelt wrought upon the problems with which they had to deal. Difficult it was for people of their generations to keep fixed in view the purposes of these men which lifted them above minor failures of accomplishment.

Even more so it has been in the case of Wilson, who lacked, like some of the others, the charm of magnetism that contributes so much to enhance popular estimate of those in office. Intense seriousness was predominant on Wilson's public side, and his play of humor, revealed in personal relations, reached the people only in slight measure. His state papers were superior and distinguished for clarity and beauty of expression. True, he was naturally and exceptionally self-contained. But without that absorption, limiting success in some ways, would he have moved so directly onward with attention concentrated upon ends of moment? There lay the first duty of which he never lost sight.

Handicap was recognized when he confessed that his was a single-track mind. But he blazed a way for the world's benefit, kept to the lines of his purpose that was surely of heroic proportions, and mourned or was impatient when men for personal or partisan reasons balked leadership now seen to have been of profound import. Loftier sweep of

statesmanship we have not seen, infused as it was with unselfishness and embracing the highest conceptions of moral duty. Struggling peoples of the earth saw this and welcomed it. There was at times failure to coördinate elements participating in problems so many, so varied and so difficult. It is not easy to allay political jealousies, even in time of war. Strong forces were arrayed to hamper, and he feared betrayal ever lurking about him. But there were remarkable successes. And always the endeavor to serve was sustained, the vision remained, and it was followed with undeviating loyalty to the end of his endurance. In a time of much petty and sordid politics, nowhere in this man's public record did low motives enter to impair the moral power that is to be more fully appreciated as the years pass.

Wilson is to stand as a conspicuously thoughtful citizen, called to gravest responsibility, whose effort as President was for the advancement of a more effectual democracy; and, more than all, as the prophet with the true social vision in the world upheaval. Beyond peradventure, to my mind, Woodrow Wilson will be seen as the epic figure of his period, whose outstanding proportions time will not blur or reduce. He among the leaders of the nations kept spiritual alignment with the hopes of all self-governing peoples.

When idealism can be joined with the good sense that is in the mass of people, injustices of old orders give way. Such union of power and freedom for progress Wilson invited. But as a nation we dodged the opportunity of centuries for bettering the world,

in fear lest our isolation, already gone, might be lost. The United States put aside — it is to be hoped only for a time — the brotherly relationship that brought the gratitude of many peoples.

LIII

STRESS AND DEVOTION IN THE WORLD WAR

LEADERSHIP directed the devotion that rose to flood tide in the World War period. Never can the sweep of it be forgotten. For the determination of the point at which the United States should enter the War, so that a united nation might bring its whole strength to bear; for mastership fit for so momentous a crisis; for the marshaling of our vast resources; for choice of the man to be trusted with supreme command in France, and protected in it; for the releasing of the power of army and navy, and the huge augmenting of them; for inspiring and impelling the people to do their part, — for guidance in all these things, we looked to the President. This commander-in-chief had been trained in peaceful pursuits. Political opponents styled him "the professor", and deemed him a coldly logical novice in affairs when the very soul of Americanism burned within him. But already he was known as a leader positive-minded and fit for great leadership.

Time and events have proved that view to have been the right one. This will not be denied but acclaimed when the invalid in Washington, broken in his great service, passes from this life. Woodrow Wilson rose to be something like the inspirer of a

world beset by evil, and that will be recalled to America's credit. He became a foremost figure in a canvas broad as the international troubles of his time, and there he will be seen and studied as a most interesting historic personage. To belittle one so placed is to challenge with blind futility what has already been established.

The management of no other war in which the United States had been engaged was comparable in efficiency with this one. Better outfitting and care of soldiers and sailors was possible through the readier production of things needed, and the advance in medical and surgical knowledge and practice. Inevitable lacks there were, because so little time was permitted, but steadily achievement caught up with need. Comprehensive plans were perfected and coöperation was invited and secured. All business enterprises that could be utilized were enlisted. The war and navy departments were made to function beyond precedent in order to meet the greater need. Leaders of business and professional life were called on throughout the country and set to work in Washington and at home. Eager patriotism was methodically utilized. The profoundest depths of national feeling were stirred and became visualized in service. The purpose of the country was made practical. All of us went to work and were kept at work, ready to sacrifice and to do what we could. Morale was looked after among the soldiers and sailors and people at home in fashion never before thought of, much less realized. The energy set loose seemed like a miracle.

And so — never let this be lost sight of — the American people were brought, and very quickly, it seemed, to a solidarity and power and scope of action unmatched in all the history of mankind.

All this we have seen and history will tell of it. Such was our outstanding and consummate accomplishment. It was not politics, or the product of politics, but the arousement of a mighty people moved by one purpose into matchless action. So far as politics entered into that period, on the one party side or the other, it was a pest and detriment whose bad consequences remain. This, too, will be more and more clearly apprehended. The people at work stood together. We have fallen apart since then, as must have been in times more normal, for "normalcy" is prosaic, even if necessary and useful after crises have been surmounted. Men of all sorts, the most conspicuous as well as the humble, were tested. We came to know our neighbors for better or for worse, and the revealment does not fade from the mind, or ever will while people of that generation remain.

When we engaged on the side of the world's well-being, there was need for unprecedented accomplishment. Things of every kind must be done, and quickly. That they were done with a speed that broke all records is the great matter. We got to France with a breadth and completeness of equipment that amazed beholders, despite inevitable shortcomings. Vital achievement was rapidly brought about. Ordinary conditions that govern business in time of peace could not be permitted

to hamper progress. So we pushed ahead. Waste there was, and had to be. But the measure of it, seen in the backward look, appears far less than might have been anticipated. All our wars have disclosed unpatriotic profiteering, and this one, where the opportunities were greatest, resembled others. Let exposure and punishment follow and overtake the guilty. But the sum of this dishonor falls below what might have been looked for, and for this result much credit belongs to business leaders of large experience who reënforced the government with advice and unpaid watchfulness of priceless value. Our mobilization extended so widely as to comprehend intellectual resources of every sort that were employed where education and expert training advantaged the prosecution of the War. What a grand army we rallied of fighters and workers and business people and scientists — men and women — all sinking thought of self to help distressed humanity. Pride and thankfulness rise in the retrospect as we felt them when in the midst of that stupendous fellowship of service.

Some outstanding facts will assist future generations to realize the magnitude of the war effort we have beheld and shared. There were 4,800,000 men serving in the armed forces of this country, including the army, navy, marine corps, and other services, — about five for each one hundred citizens. In the Civil War ten of each one hundred inhabitants in the Northern States served as soldiers or sailors. Those in the army of the World War were about four million. These totals do not include

the men engaged in making munitions, running railroads and building ships. Those who went overseas were 2,086,000, and 1,370,000 of these fought in France. The average American soldier had six months of training here, two months overseas before entering the line, and one month in a quiet sector before going into battle. For the nineteen months of our participation in the war, the cost was \$21,850,000,000 up to April 30, 1919. We shipped 7,500,000 tons of freight to France. Informed imagination only can to any degree understand what these totals represented in the way of achievement infinitely varied. Nor do the figures record the volunteer effort of many sorts that attended upon the men in service.

What was accomplished by our people in France constituted a striking display of American resourcefulness on the European stage. Ability to bring about great things so promptly and thoroughly was made possible by system and the unlimited money and supplies we could summon. Fine as was the fighting record, it was matched by those who had the forwarding and supplying of the troops. We at home remember the mysterious movements that accompanied the task of getting our army across the water. There were many troop trains that workers of the Red Cross were called upon to meet at any hour of the day or night with supplies in their hands and good cheer in their greetings. We wondered whither those trains were bound and at what ports they were to discharge the men. It is possible now to uncover that mystery, and to

know the sailing points and the number of men embarking at each port. From New York there sailed 1,656,000 men; from Newport News 288,000; from Boston 46,000, from Philadelphia 35,000; from Montreal 34,000; from Quebec 11,000; from Portland 6,000; from Halifax 5,000; from Baltimore 4,000; and from St. John's 1,000.

It was the duty of the navy people to safeguard these passengers as they were moved across the menacing ocean. The navy armed, manned, and convoyed the troop transports, and no one of them was lost on its eastern voyage. Good fortune attended good care. There were 1,057,000 men landed in French ports, and 1,025,000 in Great Britain. From England to France an American cross-channel fleet carried men and cargoes. Nearly half of all the cargo shipments consisted of food and clothing, and the next largest elements were engineering and ordnance supplies. To protect this transportation from submarines we laid 56,760 mines in the North Sea in five months. Side by side with the functioning of the army went achievements of the navy to match. The return of our troops, after the Armistice, was accomplished more rapidly than they had been sent over, for reasons that are obvious.

The successful manner in which the processes of the selective draft were formulated and carried out constitutes a monument to Enoch H. Crowder, provost marshal general, and those in every locality who assisted him. No light task it was that pulled so incessantly on nerves and heart strings. Clothing, housing, training the new army of 2,800,000

chosen out of the 24,234,021 men registered between the ages of eighteen and forty-five inclusive, took precedence in the minds of the people and the business of the country. The government commandeered all the wool and other staple articles and controlled the production of clothing through all its stages. Soldiers in France were always sufficiently clothed and fed. An organization was built up called Service of Supply to look after distribution. To this work of getting things where they were needed were assigned one fourth of all the troops who went overseas. Facilities for receiving and handling the varied equipment had to be constructed by American engineers, who built seventeen new ship berths, one thousand miles of standard-gauge track, and one hundred and twenty-five miles of narrow-gauge track. The necessity for ample means of communication was met by the Signal Corps, which strung in France one hundred thousand miles of telephone and telegraph wires. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company gave its best operating service. Scattered over the greater part of France when the Armistice came were construction projects that represented many permanent improvements, and so not all the magic of American enterprise vanished when the cause which brought it there was removed.

The expenditure of some \$800,000,000 exhibits the scale on which construction work proceeded. That sum was about twice the cost of the Panama Canal, and on similar work overseas nearly as much was laid out. Practically a quarter of this, or \$199,000,000 of the \$800,000,000, went for building cantonments, each

one of which was made ready in substantially 90 days. This rush was costly, but made it possible to get the draft army under training before the winter of 1917 set in and made the men available just in time for the critical action of the summer of 1918. As for the other \$600,000,000, \$163,000,000 went for the ordnance department projects, \$139,000,000 for miscellaneous camps and cantonments, \$137,000,000 for quartermaster corps projects, \$74,000,000 for National Guard camps, \$23,000,000 for hospitals, \$22,000,000 for regular army posts, \$13,000,000 for coast artillery posts, \$8,000,000 for aviation and signal corps projects, and other construction \$40,000,000—a total, to be exact, of \$818,000,000. Housing construction provided for 1,800,000 men, or a greater number than the population of Philadelphia.

The work done in France was colossal. Storage space constructed there was more than nine-tenths as large as the amount built at home. The hospital capacity was twice the new capacity at home. The labor force in France consisted largely of American soldiers and German prisoners, although French and English civilians and Chinese coolies were used wherever available. To economize tonnage materials were obtained in Europe, so far as was possible, sometimes at high prices. The engineer corps ran its own quarries, logging camps and sawmills. Only such materials as could not be obtained abroad—chiefly machinery and steel products—were bought in the United States.

All these illuminating facts and more are embodied in a report made by instruction to Newton D.

Baker, secretary of war, by Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, then chief of the statistical branch of the General Staff. Thereby it is possible to appraise achievements of the war department too little understood. To bring them about a host of men of business ability were drawn from civil life. No labor was too great for regular army officers and citizens so united. There were some "Willie Boys" escaping draft, who did not count. It was a grand union of effort effected at no time previously. Secretary Baker promptly and wisely saw his duty was to make the war department function at top speed, to assume responsibility for all its work, to allow proper freedom in taking responsibility, and to insist upon results. Progress was facilitated, not hampered. Secretary Baker not only did not interfere with General Pershing, but he prevented others from interfering with him. Some of us can remember how this attitude contrasts with the conduct of the war department in the Civil War, and the short conflict with Spain. In the one Secretary Stanton, General Halleck, various committees of the Senate and House, and others, constantly interfered with the conduct of the army. In the other there was General Alger's muddling, which began with the selection of General Shafter. The country was fortunate in Pershing and in Baker. The general's feeling in the matter is expressed on an autographed photograph in these words:

"To Mr. Newton D. Baker, to whose confidence and support as secretary of war I am indebted for whatever success has been mine in the

World War, from his friend and comrade, John J. Pershing."

The Red Cross, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Knights of Columbus, and other organizations aided the government with a zeal that never slackened. "Drives" took on the fervor of crusades with sacred intent. They developed civic leaders and promoted community fellowship. There was lasting advantage in the bringing about of a more homogeneous citizenship through the draft camps.

There was possibility of distraction in Colonel Roosevelt's request, personally presented to the President, that he be permitted to lead a division of volunteers to France. Mr. Wilson was at first inclined to accede to the desire of the ex-President. But the method of conducting our part in the War was a fundamentally important matter to be determined in the light of authoritative military judgment in the war department. The decision not to send Mr. Roosevelt to Europe thus came to rest on the shoulders of Secretary Baker. His reasons for it were that he did not believe the volunteer principle would enable us to win the War, and he did not see how we could make a conspicuous exception and still maintain the true principle of universal obligation to serve.

That reasoning President Wilson shared and supported. The sound sense of it commanded the respect of the army and of most people. In this world-enveloping tragedy there was no place in the military service for any personality, however important otherwise, who might divert attention that should be concentrated with order and method and

perfect concord upon the accomplishment of the stern business in hand.

Half a century and more of years have passed since the Northern States were sprinkled with long blue overcoats that had been worn in the Civil War. For years afterward they served former soldiers in peaceful pursuits. With the passing of time these reminders wore out and faded from observation. We came to share in the hope that this country might never again participate in war. After the conflict with Spain, not long enough to make the uniform so much a commonplace, our optimism revived. Now the World War has brought to all sections habiliments of the National Army worn here and across the seas so many that they will linger long in civilian use. Thus has History repeated itself, and faith been thrice assailed.

Our time has not brought the Peace foretold by prophets and poets. Still the resort has been to the arbitrament of force and hate. What then? Still must we look forward to the reign of reason and honor among nations, despite all that hampers. Can this foremost democratic nation do other than cherish its Christ-born hope and move in a sensible way toward it with steady purpose, seeking to lay hold on "the promises"? The boundaries of the Eternal Purpose are at no time within man's measurement, but the obligation to cling to faith and carry on the work of human betterment abides with us as it did with the fathers. Like them must we "wait on the Lord", whose coming is to appear in the hearts of men.

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